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MICHAEL, ESQ. OF THE

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THE
MODERN STANDARD DRAMA:

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTING PLAYS,

With Critical Remarks,

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, ETC.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING

THE POOR GENTLEMAN,
HAMLET,
CHARLES II.
VENICE PRESERVED,

PIZARRO,
THE LOVE-CHASE,
OTHELLO,
LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS,

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF MR. WILLIAM E. BURTON.

NEW YORK:

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THE MODERN STANDARD BOOKS

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MEMOIR OF WILLIAM E. BURTON.

MR. BURTON was born in the city of London. His father was a printer of celebrity, a capital scholar, and author of the celebrated "Biblical Researches," in which work much erudition is displayed. William received a classical education, commencing at the St. Paul's school, where the comedians Elliston and Mathews also graduated. The early death of young Burton's father altered the destination of the son's life; he was induced to give up his studies and assume the direction of the printing office. But his partiality for literature and literary pursuits was too predominant to be kept under by the engrossing calls of business. At the age of eighteen he edited a weekly newspaper; and started a monthly magazine, of which he was at once the editor, chief writer, printer and publisher.

An intimacy with several of the leading actors brought with it a desire to try his powers on the stage. He played as an amateur for several of their benefits; and his success induced him to resign his printing office, and enrol himself as a regular member of the Thespian corps. In a few months his assiduity and display of genuine talent recommended him to the notice of Mr. F. Saville, the manager of several theatres on the coast of Kent: he engaged Mr. Burton as his stage director—a responsible situation for a young and inexperienced actor; but attention and tact overcame the attending difficulties. On abandoning this situation, as his talents began to claim a wider sphere for their exercise, he went to Windsor, where George IV. was holding his court; and here the young comedian first acquired that decided popularity, which has since invariably attended his professional career. He was the first person who played Paul Pry out of London; and this has continued to be one of his most attractive performances. On leaving Windsor he joined the Nor-

wich circuit, filling the situation occupied for many years by the father of Mr. Chippendale, a veteran actor of excellent abilities. Mr. Burton remained in this city seven years, playing as extensive a range of character as was ever filled by any one performer, although eccentric comedy was perhaps his strongest line. His popularity was excessive. He was recognised as the principal provincial actor in England; and many offers were made to him by Charles Kemble, Morris, Bunn, Laporte, and other managers, to induce him to try the London boards.

On the retirement of Liston from the Haymarket in 1832, Mr. Burton accepted an engagement with Morris. His success was all that could be desired. His extraordinary comic powers were universally admitted; and the best critics of the day wrote warmly in his favour. But the unexpected return of Liston to the boards, deprived him at once of his principal range of characters; and, after "starring" it at several of the other theatres in London, he turned his attention to the United States. He connected himself with the Philadelphia stage, and settled down as a citizen of the great republic.

While exerting himself prosperously as an actor in England, Mr. Burton had not suffered his literary talents to remain inactive. He wrote several dramatic pieces, one of which, "Ellen Wareham," was played at five different theatres in London on the same evening. Another piece ran for ninety nights at one of the minor theatres. He was at one time the editor of the Cambridge Quarterly Review. He was also a member of the celebrated Shakspeare Club, of which Macready, Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Kenny Meadows, the Landseers, and other eminent men, were fellow-members.

In the United States, Mr. Burton's theatrical career has been a series of successes. He has been a stock actor, a "star," and a manager; and in all these professional departments he has won the favour and good will of his large and intelligent audiences, to an extent rarely experienced. A public dinner was given him in New York some few years since, by the friends of literature and the drama; and similar honours have been awarded to him in many other cities. But whilst thus ever fortunate in winning golden opinions from the masses, his ceaseless enterprise has

made him enemies among portions of the less fortunate of mankind. When lessee of that beautiful structure, the Opera House in New York, it was destroyed by fire, and circumstances showed that it was beyond a doubt the work of an incendiary. On this occasion a magnificent and extensive wardrobe, the property of Mr. Burton, was consumed, together with his private wardrobe, manuscripts, books, and other articles of considerable value. He was not insured to the amount of a dollar. The citizens of New York expressed their sympathy with the manager; and a complimentary benefit at the Park placed a handsome sum at his disposal.

Mr. Burton erected at his own cost the National Theatre in Chesnut street, Philadelphia, one of the most complete and capacious houses in the Union. He monopolized here all the theatrical business of the city; but the failure of the United States Bank, in connection with some difficulties amongst the owners of the ground, on which the theatre stood, compelled him to give up the possession, by which he suffered a ruinous and irretrievable loss. It is but fair to add, however, that he has since paid all his liabilities, and is once more on the full tide of successful management.

Whilst he has accomplished so much theatrically in this country, Mr. Burton has shown a remarkable degree of versatility, industry and talent, by his literary enterprises and achievements. He is well known as a contributor to many of our principal periodicals, and as the editor for several years of Cary & Hart's "Literary Souvenir," of which all the prose contents were from his pen. In 1836, he started the "Gentleman's Magazine," which soon became the popular "monthly" of the day, and attracted general attention by the vigor and independent tone of its criticisms. This work was afterwards transferred to Mr. Graham, and was published under the title of "Graham's Magazine."

At the present time, Mr. Burton is the lessee of the Arch St. Theatre in Philadelphia, and of one of the Baltimore theatres, and is celebrated for the excellent taste of his productions, and for the finished manner in which they are placed upon the stage. As an actor, he is well known to the public; and in a wide range

of comic and eccentric parts, is admitted to be without a peer. His conceptions are original, and his personations remarkably free from mannerism. His humour is rich and racy. Indeed, if the success of an actor's comic exertions may be measured by the amount of merriment, the uncontrollable laughter, he produces, then will it be difficult to speak of Mr. Burton in terms of praise too extravagant. His *physique* is admirably adapted to the character of his versatile personations. Mathews himself did not possess greater flexibility of features; and those who have seen Mr. B's *Ollapod*, *Dogberry*, *John Jones*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, &c., will admit that few actors can convey so much meaning by the shifting expressions of their faces. Much of the effect of his performances arises from the exercise of this faculty. We have seen him keep an audience in roars of inextinguishable laughter, for minutes in succession, while an expression of ludicrous bewilderment, of blank confusion, or pompous inflation, settled upon his countenance. His voice is strong, clear, and musical, and capable of a great variety of intonations. Although his success has been marked in all his literary and managerial enterprises, it is as a comedian that his talents especially qualify him to excel—it is on the stage that his most lasting laurels must be won.

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No. XVII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.



THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PARK THEATRE.

NEW YORK :

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.
PHILADELPHIA—73 DOCK STREET, OPPOSITE EXCHANGE BUILDING.
BALTIMORE—JARVIS BUILDINGS, NORTH STREET.

1846.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

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WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

YEARLY CONVENTION

HELD AT THE

THE 1901 CENTRAL

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This favorite comedy was first brought before the public the 11th of February, 1800, at Covent Garden Theatre. It had a most successful run, being received for a number of nights by large audiences with roars of laughter. Munden, Lewis, Fawcett and Mrs. Mattocks are said to have been irresistible in their several characters; and if we may credit Mrs. Inchbald, the humble but excellent part of *Humphrey Dobbins*, in the hands of Waddy, was made the most finished character in the piece. *Corporal Foss* is hardly equal to his prototype, Sterne's Corporal Trim; but he serves to fill up the picture agreeably.

The presuming, self-complacent *Ollapod*, with his jumble of martial and medical allusions, and his propensity to seize upon expressions that may be twisted into a pun or some other sample of small wit, is an amusing fellow, although one cannot help thinking all the while that he deserves a good kicking. This part was one of those in which the late Mr. Finn was most celebrated. It is not unfrequently played by Mr. Burton, who gives to it a remarkable degree of finish, and never fails to make it one of the most laughter-provoking characters of the stage. Mr. H. Placide has also a well-merited reputation in the part.

We learn from Peake's "Memoirs of the Colman Family," that the author received for the "Poor Gentleman" the sum of £550, then the customary price for a five-act comedy; that is to say, 300*l.* on the first nine nights,—100*l.* on the twentieth night,—and 150*l.* for the copyright—or, to come still farther down to details, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per night for the first nine nights—100*l.* on the twentieth night—and 100*l.* on the fortieth night. Thus was the plan settled by Cumberland with Sheridan at Drury Lane, and Harris at Covent Garden, for remunerating authors, instead of their (generally losing) benefits. The copyright was usually understood to be a distinct bargain—the proprietor of the theatre was to have the refusal, at any bona fide price offered by a bookseller. Mr. Harris was accustomed to pay an author one or two hundred pounds above the 550*l.* when the drama was very successful, which was the case with most of Colman's plays.

The following remarks by Mr. Peake upon the subject of dramatic writing will not be inappropriate in this place; "Alas! times are sadly changed for authors; but in those days there were no ruinous salaries, nor was the *star system* in vogue (the stepping-stone to the downfall of the drama in England.) *Live and let live*, was then the actor's motto. At that period, an author could write for a company, but now it must be for an individual: and the individual is paid such a monstrous sum for his nightly performance that the manager is incapacitated from giving a proper remuneration to the author, whose brains have created that which the over-paid actor has to deliver. The evil does not rest here: to administer to these single enormous salaries, the humbler members of the profession are compelled to accept terms upon which it is hardly possible to exist. No person of respectable education would now think of venturing on the stage for a livelihood, whatever might be his talents, for he would be certain to have to exert himself, merely to throw the proceeds of his labour into the already well-filled pockets of three or four actors. Under these circumstances is it astonishing that the drama has declined? If the writers of the present day had Lewis, Johnstone, Quick, John Palmer, Fawcett, Munden, Bannister, Emery, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren, Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Pope, *cum multis aliis*, to act for them, there would be no outcry against authorship.* We should again see comedy on the boards; but the star system has driven away authors from the theatres, and extirpated the race of good second-rate actors, without whose assistance no play can be properly represented. There is no rule without an exception; yet the truth of the foregoing remarks will be pretty generally acknowledged; and when the stars cease to shine, the managers will then have to recur to the invention of the authors; but, alas! it will be too late, for the *profession* of the actor is nearly extinct. The regiment is broken up, and there is no *depot* for recruits."

Nearly half a century has elapsed since the "Poor Gentleman" was produced: and it still holds firm possession of the stage. With the exception of the "School for Scandal," we know of no modern comedy, which seems to retain its place in the public favor more securely. This is true, we believe, as well in regard to England as to the United States; but the play is so thoroughly *English* in all its characters and allusions, that it is not a little extraordinary its popularity should be such in a country where the local wit cannot be so keenly relished and appreciated. It must have merits of a durable nature to stand the test of transplantation so well.

* NOTE.—Not one of these admirable performers was ever paid a "star salary."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden, 1800.</i>	<i>Chesnut St. 1845.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>
<i>Sir Robert Bramble</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Thayer.	Mr. Bass.
<i>Sir Charles Cropland</i> ..	" H Johnston.	" Bowers.	" Crocker.
<i>Lieutenant Worthington,</i>	" Murray.	" J. Scott.	" Barry.
<i>Ollapod</i>	" Fawcett.	" Burton.	" Placide.
<i>Frederick Bramble</i>	" Lewis.	" Brougham.	" Bland.
<i>Farmer Harrowby</i>	" Townsend.	" Eberle.	" Anderson.
<i>Stephen Harrowby</i>	" Emery.	" Owens.	" G. Andrews.
<i>Humphrey Dobbins</i>	" Waddy.	" Greene.	" Fisher.
<i>Corporal Foss</i>	" Blanchard.	" Dunn.	" De Walden.
<i>Warner</i>	" Davenport.	" Phillips.	
<i>Valet</i>	"	" Blankman.	" King.
<i>Emily Worthington</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.	Miss A. Fisher.	Mrs. Bland.
<i>Miss Lucretia Mac Tab,</i>	" Mattocks.	Mrs. Hughes.	" Vernon.
<i>Dame Harrowby</i>	" Powell.	" Rogers.	Miss Fanny Gordon.
<i>Mary</i>	Miss Sims.	" Hilson.	" Flynn.

COSTUMES.

SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE.—Moroon-colored coat with brass basket buttons, old-fashioned suit, white silk stockings, shoes with buckles, white cravat, George wig, old gentleman's hat.

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND.—Fashionable surtout coat, velvet waistcoat, white trowsers, Wellington boots, round opera hat.

LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON.—Blue uniform, with red cuffs and collar, tight dark pantaloons, Hessian boots, military hat, gray hair.

OLLAPOD.—First dress: old-fashioned black coat and waistcoat, leather breeches, military boots. Second dress: Yeomaury jacket, sword, helmet, belt, &c.

FREDERICK.—Plum-colored surtout and pantaloons, trimmed with fur, velvet waistcoat, Wellington boots, black cravat, round hat.

FARMER HARROWBY.—Brown surtout coat, red waistcoat, dark corduroy breeches, top-boots, George wig, farmer's hat, colored neckerchief.

STEPHEN HARROWBY.—Short smock frock, leather breeches, blue speckled stockings, short black gaiters, black leather stock, hair soaped and flowered, red pig-tail, and carter's whip.

HUMPHREY DOBBINS.—Dark gray coat (with black buttons), waistcoat, and breeches, white lambs'-wool stockings, shoes with brass buckles, gray hair, old man's hat, white stock and buckle.

CORPORAL FOSS.—Corporal's red jacket, buff waistcoat, white breeches, black gaiters, Chelsea pensioner's hat, black leather stock.

VALET.—Blue striped jacket, white waistcoat and trowsers, shoes, white apron.

EMILY WORTHINGTON.—Plain white muslin walking dress.

MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB.—French-gray flowered satin dress, white satin petticoat, lace ruffles, stomacher and neckerchief, cap, apron, high-heeled shoes.

DAME HARROWBY.—Dark chintz gown, red petticoat, check apron, coloured neckerchief, cap, and black shoes.

MARY.—Chintz gown, white petticoat and apron, cap, coloured neckerchief, and black shoes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Farm-House Kitchen.*

Enter DAME HARROWBY and MARY, R.

Dame. Sure, my measter wont be worse than his word, and fail to come back from Lunnun to-day?

Mary. That's what he won't, mother. Feyther be as true as the clock, which, for certain, do go but indifferent now, seeing it do stand still.

Farmer Harrowby. [*Without.*] Woho! gently wi' 'em! So, there!

Dame. His voice, Mary, warn't it?

Mary. I do think so, 'fegs. Stay! [*Looking off, L.*]—Dear! here be a new drove of rare horned cattle coming into the yard.

Dame. Nay, then, I'll warrant my old man be among 'em.

Mary. Yes, there be feyther, as sure as twopence.

Dame. Run, Mary, 'tis my measter—run! [*Exit Mary, L.*] If I ben't all of a twitter to see my old John Harrowby again!

Farmer H. [*Without.*] Gently wi' 'em! So boys, soho! See 'em well into the yard, Will, and I'll be wi' you, and the rest of the beasts, bye an' bye.

Enter FARMER HARROWBY, L., followed by MARY.

Well, mistress, how am you?—buss! [*Kissing her.*] So! Well, and how am you?

Dame. [*R.*] Purely, John, I thank you. Well, and how am you?

Far. (c.) Why, I be come from Lunnun, you see. I warrant I smell of smoke, like the Nag's head chimney in the Borough.

Dame. And what be the freshest news stirring up at Lunnun, John?

Far. Freshest news! Why, hops have a heavy sale; wheat and malting samples command a brisk market; new tick-beans am risen two shillings per quarter; and white and grey peas keep up to their prices.

Mary. [L.] Dear! how pleasant 'tis to get the news fresh from Lunnun! La, feyther! if you would, but one of these days, just carry I up to Lunnun, to learn the genteel fashions at Smithfield, and the Borough, and see the modish ladies there a bit?

Far. No, no, Mary! bide at farm, and know when you am well. But, mistress, let's hear a little how and all about it, at home.

Dame. Why, first and foremost, John, our lodgers be come.

Far. No! you don't say so!

Mary. An hour after you left us, feyther.

Dame. The old gentleman, Lieutenant Worthington—

Mary. And his daughter, Miss Emily—

Dame. And his sister-in-law, Madam Lucretia M' Tab—

Mary. And his old soldiering servant, Corporal Foss—

Far. Whew! fair and softly! One at a time! one at a time!

Dame. The lieutenant be a staid-looking gentleman; and Madam Lucretia—

Mary. She be an old maid, feyther; and as frumpish a toad as ever—

Far. Why, your old maids, for the most part, are but a cross-grained kind of a cattle. Howsomdever, disappointment sours the best of folks.

Dame. But Miss be the prettiest little creature—

Mary. And as sweet-tempered, feyther—

Far. Be she, though?

Mary. No more pride nor our curate. She will fetch a walk with I, in the field, as I go a milking; and speak so kind, and so soft; and carry my pail, if I would let her; and all with so much decension and fallibility—

Far. Bless her heart!

Stephen Harrowby. [*Singing without.*] "There was a regiment of Irish dragoons"—

Far. What a dickens! Be that son Stephen keeping such a clatter?

Dame. Ah! the boy be crazed, I do think, about soldiering, 'ever since the lieutenant's servant, Corporal Foss, have discoursed to him about champaigning.

Far. Soldiering! I'll soldier the dog, an' he doesn't stick to the plough, wi' a devil to 'un.

Enter STEPHEN HARROWBY, L., in a short frock, military spatterdashes, a black stock round his neck, his hair dressed like a soldier's, and a carter's whip in his hand.

Ste. Feyther, you am welcome back to country quarters. Charming weather for the young wheat, feyther.

Far. Why, you booby! who ha' made thee such a baboon?

Ste. A haboon! [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! This be milentary, feyther.

Dame. The lad's head be cracked, for certain.

Far. Cracked! Dang me but it shall be cracked, an' he don't keep to his business! Answer me, you whelp, you! Who ha' soaped up and flowered your numskull after such a fashion?

Ste. Lord, feyther, don't be so vicious! Corporal Foss have put I a little upon drill, that be all.

Far. Upon drill! and leave the farm to go to rack and manger?

Ste. No, feyther, no; I minds my work, and learns my exercise, all under one. I practise "Make ready!" and "Present!" in our bean-field; and when the corporal cries "Fire!" I shoots the carrion crows, as do the mischief.—See, feyther, Corporal Foss have given I this pair of splat-terdashes. He wore 'em when he went to beat the Spaniels, at Giberalter.

Far. I'll tell thee what, Stephen—I have a great mind to beat thee worse nor e'er a spaniel was beat i' the world. I'll tire thee of soldiering, I warrant thee. Wauns! let me come at him!

Dame. No, John.

Mary. Hold, feyther, hold!

[*Both interfering.*]

Ste. Don't be so hasty, feyther. I minds my business,

I tell 'ee. I ha' sowed three acres of barley before breakfast, already.

Far. Well, come, there may be some hope, then, yet. And how did'st sow it, Stephen?

Ste. I sowed it to the tune of the Belleisle March. Tol diddle de dol, &c. [*Sings, and crosses to R., and back to L.*]

Far. A plough-boy, wi' his hair dressed, sowing barley to the tune of the Belleisle March!

Ste. Well, I ha' got the team at the door, wi' a load of straw for Squire Tallyho. Woho, my hearties! I be a coming to you. Feyther, Corporal says that our foremost horse, Argus, if he warn't blind, would make a genteel charger.

Far. Oh, plague o' the corporal!

Ste. 'Twould do your heart good to hear him talk, in our chimney corner, about mowing down men in a field of slaughter. Well, well, I be a going, feyther. Woho, old Argus and Jolly, there! The corporal was wounded, feyther, in the left knee, wi' a hand grenadiero.

Far. Wauns! an' you don't go, I'll—

Ste. Well, well, I be going. [*Shoulders his whip.*] To the right about, face! [*Faces about.*] "God save great George our King!" [*Exit, marching and singing, L.*]

Far. He shan't bide on the farm: I'll turn him adrift—I'll— [*Crosses to L.*]

Mary. [*Crying.*] Don't ye, feyther! don't ye be so bent against poor Stephen!

Far. Hoity toity! and you, too! Why, the whole house will be turned topsy-turvy.

Mary. No, indeed, feyther. Though Stephen be a little upset with the corporal, nobody shall turn I topsy-turvy, I do assure you, feyther.

Emily Worthington. [*Calling without, L.*] Mary!

Mary. There! if that ben't Miss Emily calling! Now, do, feyther, do forgive brother Stephen—Coming. miss! Now do, feyther. Coming! [*Exit, R.*]

Far. Pretty goings on, truly! Dang it, I wish, somehow, we hadn't let these lodgers into the house; but 'twill help us out with our rent, and—

Dame. [*Shaking her head.*] Ah, John Harrowby!

Far. Why, what now, deame?

Dame. By all I can pick out from the corporal, who do

love to gossip over his beér, our money be but in a ticklish way.

Far. Eh! why, how so?

Dame. A desperate poor family, I fancy.

Far. What, then, the lieutenant—

Dame. Have been in the soldiering line for thirty long years; but an ugly wound in his arm, which he got in the wars beyond sea, have made him unfit for his work any more, it do seem.

Far. Poor soul!

Dame. He be now upon half-pay; which be little enow for so many mouths in one family.

Far. Poor soul! His landlord in Lunnun wrote uncommon well, sure, about his character, and honesty, and so forth.

Dame. True, John; but he could stand it in Lunnun no longer, you do see.

Far. Why, lookye, deame: I didn't, of a certainty, intend to let our best parlours for nothing; but I wish I may be shot if I can give harsh treatment to an honest man, in misfortune, under my thatch, who ha' wasted his strength and his youth in guarding the land which do give us English farmers a livelihood.

Dame. Ah, John, you am at your old kind ways, now!

Far. Hark! he be opening the parlour door. Leave us together a bit, mistress; I'll speak to 'un, and—

Dame. Well, I'll go, John. Ah! bless thy good old heart! I do like to do a good turn myself; but, somehow, my old man do always get the start o' me. [Exit, L.]

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, R. D. F.

Far. [Bowing.] A good day to you, sir. You am welcome into Kent, sir, to my humble cottage, here.

Wor. Oh, my landlord, I suppose. Farmer Harrowby?

Far. Yes, sir, I be Farmer Harrowby. I hope all things am to your liking at Stock's Green, sir; I hope the lodgings, sir, and my wife, have been agreeable to you, sir, and so forth.

Wor. Nothing can be better. You are well situated here, Mr. Harrowby.

Far. We am all in the rough, sir—farmer-like; but the place be well enow for poor folk, sir.

Wor. [*Aside.*] What does he mean by that ?

Far. I be content in my station. There be no reason why a poor man should not be happy.

Wor. [*Half aside.*] A million !

Far. Am there ? Well, now, I can't see that : for, putting the case now, sir, that you was poor, like I—

Wor. [*Angrily.*] I will not suffer you, sir, to put a case so familiarly curious.

Far. Nay, I meant no offence, I'll be sworn, sir.

Wor. But if you wish to know my sentiments, as far as it may concern yourself, in any money transactions between us, be assured of this : I have too nice a sense of a gentleman's dignity, and too strong a feeling for a poor man's necessity, to permit him to wait a day for a single shilling which I am indebted to him.

Far. [*Aside.*] Dang it ! he must be poor ; for your great gentry, now-a-days, do pay in a clean, contrary fashion.

Wor. [*Pulling out a purse.*] I shall settle with you for the lodgings, Mr. Harrowby, weekly. One week is due to-day, and—

Far. No, sir, no ; under favor, I would like it best quarterly—or half-yearly—or at any long time may suit your conveni—I mean, may suit your pleasure, sir.

Wor. Why so ?

Far. Because—humph ! because, sir—Pray, if I may make so bold, sir, how often may the pay-days come round with the army-gentlemen and such like ?

Wor. Insolent ! Receive your money, sir, and let me pass from your apartment. [*Offers it.*]

Far. Then I wish I may be burnt if I take it now, and that be flat, sir ! [*Rejecting it.*] You am a brave, good gentleman, I be told, sir, wi' a family, and—and—and—In short, there am some little shopmen in our village, who may press you hard to settle by the week : pay them greedy ones first, sir ; and if there be enow, at last, left for I, well and good : and if you am inclined for riding, sir, there be always a gelding at your service, without charge. I be a plain man, sir, but I do mean nothing but respect ; and so I wish you a good day, sir. [*Exit, L.*]

Wor. How am I mortified ! What has this man heard ? Is there a state more galling than to need the decent means

of maintaining the appearance which liberal birth, education and profession demand? Yes, yes—there is an aggravation! 'Tis to have a daughter nursed in her father's afflictions, with little more to share with her, than the bread of his anguish, the bitter cup of his sorrows; to see, while I am sinking to my grave, my friendless, motherless child—Let me draw a veil over this picture; 'twere not philosophy, but brutality, to look upon it unmoved!

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Sir Charles Cropland's house
—a table, gold chairs, &c.*

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND *discovered at breakfast—his Valet de Chambre adjusting his hair.*

Sir C. (L.) Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Val. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir C. [Yawning and stretching.] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country, at this dull time of the year?

Val. It is very pleasant to-day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring! All the world's in London.

Val. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir C. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful—it spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here, is to raise supplies for my pleasure elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town on this wise expedition?

Val. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Umph! When Mr. Warner comes, show him in.

Val. I shall, Sir Charles.

[*Exit, R.*

Sir C. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes issued from the bank of Nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.

Enter WARNER, R.

So, Mr. Warner!

War. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles.

Sir C. A very tedious time—three days, Mr. Warner.

War. Ah, good sir! things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it devilish difficult to live upon their estates.

War. The country about you so charming!

Sir C. Look ye, Warner: I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent—

War. The most beautiful part of the country!

Sir C. Curse beauty! We don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

War. A land of milk and honey!

Sir C. I hate milk and honey!

War. A land of fat!

Sir C. D——n your fat! Listen to me: my estate being in Kent—

War. So woody!

Sir C. Curse the wood!—no, that's wrong—for it's convenient; I am come on purpose to cut it.

War. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and, then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir C. But you are not the forest, and why the devil do you groan for it?

War. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir C. And I shall have views for my posterity: I shall take special care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect.

Re-enter VALET, R.

Val. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir C. Show him in. [*Exit Valet, R.*] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me, this morning. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

War. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart. Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir C. What do you mean by duties?

War. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil: such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit, R.*]

Sir C. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.

Enter OLLAPOD, R.

Ah!. Ollapod!

Oll. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave! Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. [*Laughing.*] He! he! he!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Oll. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles, I have now the ho-

nour to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir C. Explain.

OLL. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter.—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir C. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

OLL. On that head! [*Laughing.*] He! he! That's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dray horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle! I confess his figure struck me.—I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir C. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favorable sort.

OLL. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed—Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles—I told him the day before, I killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar.—We then talked of physic: I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean, six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so 'twas natural. He! he!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Take!—Oh, nobody can miss.

OLL. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association, dose the men, and drench the horses, he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C. Well, you have jumped at the offer?

OLL. Jumped! I jumped over the counter; kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of

Lieutenant Grain's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service!

Sir C. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Oll. Water for—Oh! laurel-water. He! he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made, has ceased to operate.

Sir C. A mistake!

Oll. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled and flourished with great eclat; but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a deuce of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the d——d diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C. But in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

Oll. He! he! I should be sorry not to feel the pulse of a pretty woman now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. Any new faces since I left the country?

Oll. Nothing worth an item—nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, a most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of farmer Harrowby.

Sir C. Indeed!—Is she come-at-able, Ollapod?

Oll. Oh, no; full of honour as a corps of cavalry, though plump as a partridge, and mild as an emulsion. Miss Emily Worthington, I may venture to say—

Sir C. Hey! who?—Emily Worthington!

Oll. With her father—

Sir C. An old officer in the army ?

Oll. The same.

Sir C. And a stiff maiden aunt ?

Oll. Stiff as a ram-rod.

Sir C. [*Singing and dancing*] Tol de rol lol !

Oll. Bless me ! he is seized with St. Vitus' dance.

Sir C. 'Tis she, by Jupiter !—My dear Ollapod !

[*Embraces him.*]

Oll. [*Returning the embrace.*] Oh, my dear Sir Charles !

Sir C. The very girl who has just slipped through my fingers, in London !

Oll. Oh ho !

Sir C. You can serve me materially, Ollapod ; I know your good nature in a case like this, and——

Oll. State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Oh, common enough. Saw her in London by accident ; wheedled the old maiden aunt ; kept out of the father's way ; followed Emily more than a month without success ; and, eight days ago, she vanished. There's the outline.

Oll. I see no matrimonial symptoms in our case, Sir Charles.

Sir C. 'Sdeath ! do you think me mad ? But introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come, mount your horse ; I'll explain more as you go to the stable ; but I am in a flame—in a fever, till I hear further.

Oll. In a fever !—I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage wagon.

Sir C. [*Aside.*] So, a long bill as the price of his politeness !

Oll. You need not bleed, but you must have medicine.

Sir C. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Oll. [*Laughing.*] He ! he !—Come, that's very well—very well, indeed ! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony, and gambouge.

Sir C. Oh ! d—n scammony and gambouge !

Oll. At night, a narcotic ; next day, saline draughts, camphorated jalap, and—

Sir C. Zounds ! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop !

Oll. Galen forbid ! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish. Then we'll throw in the bark. By the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer bitch—

Sir C. Well, well—she is yours.

Oll. My dear Sir Charles ! such sport, next shooting season ! If I had but a double-barrelled gun—

Sir C. Take mine, that hangs in the hall.

Oll. My dear Sir Charles ! [*Aside.*] Here's a morning's work ! [*Aloud.*] Senna and colinquinida—

Sir C. [*Impatiently.*] Well, be gone, then !

Oll. [*Going.*] I'm off ! [*Returning.*] Scammony and gambouge—

Sir C. Nay—fly, man !

Oll. [*Alternately going and returning.*] I do, Sir Charles. A double-barrelled gun !—I fly !—The bark—I'm going !—Juno, the bitch !—A narcotic—

Sir C. Oh ! the devil !

[*Pushing him off, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter FARMER HARROWBY and CORPORAL FOSS, R. U. E.

Far. (R.) We am not discoursing about your master's bravery, nor his ableness, Mr. Corporal ; it be about his goodness and that like.

Foss. (L.) A good officer, do you see, can't help being a kind-hearted man ; for one of his foremost duties tells him to study the comforts of the poor people below him.

Far. Dang it ! that be the duty of our churchwardens ; but many poor people do complain of 'em.

Foss. An officer, Mr. Harrowby, isn't a bit like a churchwarden. Ship off an officer, we'll say, with his company, to a foreign climate : he lands, and endures heat, cold, fatigue, hunger, thirst, sickness ;—now marching over the burning plain ; now up to his knees in wet, in the trench ; now—Rot it, farmer ! how can a man suffer such hardships, with a parcel of honest fellows under his command, and not learn to feel for his fellow-creatures ?

Far. Well, and that be true, sure! And have your master, Lieutenant Worthington, learnt this?

Foss. His honour was beloved by the whole regiment. When his wife was shot in his arms, as she lay in his tent, there wasn't a dry eye in our corps.

Far. Shot in his arms! And was she, though?

Foss. I never like to think on't, because—Pshaw! [*Wiping his eyes.*] I hate to be unsoldier-like; I whimpered enough about it, seventeen years ago.

Far. Nay, take no shame, Mr. Corporal, take no shame. Honest tears, upon honest faces, am, for all the world, like growing showers upon my meadows—the wet do raise their value.

Foss. However, he had something left to console him, after her death.

Far. And what ware that?

Foss. 'Twas his child, Mr. Harrowby. Our Miss Emily was then but three years old. I have heard his honour say, her mother had fled to the abode of peace, and left her innocent in the lap of war.

Far. Pretty soul! she must ha' been quite scared and frightful.

Foss. She did'nt know her danger. She little thought, then, that a chance-ball might take her father, too, and leave her a helpless orphan, in a strange country.

Far. And if it had so fell out?

Foss. Why, then, perhaps, nothing would have been left her but a poor corporal, to buckle her on his knapsack. But I would have struggled hard with fortune, to rake up a little pittance for the child of a kind master, whom I had followed through many a campaign, and seen fight his first battle, and his last.

Far. Do give us your hand, Mr. Corporal. I'll be shot now, if I could see an old soldier travelling by, wi' his knapsack loaded in that manner, and not call him in, to cheer the poor soul on his journey!

Foss. I thank you very kindly, Mr. Harrowby; but Providence ordered things otherwise; for, on the thirteenth of September, in the year eighty-two, a few months after my poor mistress's death, the bursting of a shell in the garrison crushed his honour's arm almost to shivers; and I got wounded on the cap of my knee here. It disabled us both from ever serving again.

Far. That turned out but a badish day's work, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. It turned out one of the best day's works, for the service, that ever was seen, Mr. Harrowby; for, on that day, our brave General Elliot gave the Frenchmen and Spaniards as hearty a drubbing, at Gibraltar, as ever they had in their lives. A true soldier, Mr. Harrowby, would part with all his limbs, and his life after them, rather than our country should have lost the glory of that day.

Far. And how long, now, might you lay in your wounds and torments, Mr. Corporal?

Foss. 'Twas some time before either of us could be moved; and when we could—being unfit for duty any longer—I followed his honour, with little Miss Emily, into America, where the war was newly finished: for things are cheap there, Mr. Harrowby, and that best suits a lieutenant's pocket.

Far. I do fear it do, indeed, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. But we had a pretty cottage in Canada, on the banks of the river St. Lawrence; shut out from all the world, as I may say.

Far. Desperate lonesome, sure, for soldiers, who am used to be in bustle.

Foss. Why, we soon grew used to it, Mr. Harrowby; and should never have left it, perhaps, if something had'n't called his honour, a year ago, into England.

Far. Well, I must away about the farm; and do tell your master, Mr. Corporal—tell him gently, though, for he be a little touchy like, I do see—that if so be things am cheap in America, they mayu't be found a morsel dearer here, when a wounded English soldier do sit at the door of an English farmer. [Exit, R.]

Enter STEPHEN HARROWBY, L.

Ste. [Singing.] "Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, Oh!" If you am exposed to drill a bit, corporal, now be your time.

Foss. You are back early to-day, my honest lad.

Ste. Yes: I do love to be betimes at parade. You'll never find I last comer, when men am to be mustarded. I ha' finished my work out right.

Foss. You have lost no time, then.

Ste. No ; I ha' lost a cart and horses.

Foss. Lost a cart and horses ?

Ste. Ay, as good ; for as I ware a coming back, empty-handed, wi' our cart, I thought I might as well practise a little, as I walked by the side on't ;—so I held up my head—in the military fashion, you do know—and began a marching, near-foot foremost, to the tune of the British Grenadiers.

Foss. Well ?

Ste. Dang it ! while I ware a carrying my head up, as straight as a hop-pole, our leading horse, blind Argus, drags lean Jolly, wi' the cart at his tail, into a slough.

Foss. Zounds ! so you plunged the baggage into a morass ?

Ste. I don't know what you do call a morass : but they am sticking up to their necks in the mud, at the bottom of Waggon Lodge Field.

Foss. Oh, fie ! you should have looked to them better.

Ste. Looked to 'em ! Why, how could that possible be, mun, when you teach I to hold my nose to the clouds, like a pig in the wind ?

Ollapod. [*Without.*] Here, Juno ! Juno ! Put my pointer into your stable, my lad. Thank ye—if ever you're ill, I'll physic you for nothing.

Ste. Oh, that be Mr. Ollapod, the pottercarrier.

Enter OLLAPOD, with a double-barrelled gun, L.

Oll. Stephen, how's your health ? Fine weather for the farmers. [*Crossing to R.*] Corporal, I've heard of you ;—charming spring for campaigning !—I am Cornet Ollapod, of the Galen's head ; come to pay my respects to your family. Stephen, how's your father, and his hogs, geese, daughter, wife, bullocks, and so forth ? Are the partridges beginning to lay yet, Stephen ?

Ste. (L.) Am you come to shoot the young birds, before they am hatched, wi' that double-barrelled gun, Mr. Ollapod ?

Oll. (c.) Come, that's very well ! very well indeed for a bumpkin ! Thank you, good Stephen : I owe you half a one ! [*To Corporal Foss.*] I hope your master, Lieutenant Worthington's well, whose acquaintance I covet. We soldiers mix together as naturally as medicine in a mortar.

Foss. Is your honour in the army, then?

Ste. He be only a coronet in the town corpse.

Oll. [*Aside.*] I wish that lout had a locked jaw! Our association is as fine, and, I may say, without vanity, will be as healthy a corps, when their spring physic is finished, as any regular regiment in England.

Foss. Why, your honour, I have seen a good deal of service in the regular way, and know nothing about associations; but I think, an' please your honour, if men take up arms to defend their country, they deserve to be thanked and respected for it; and it doesn't signify a brass farthing what they are called.

Oll. Right—the name's nothing: merit's all. Rhubarb's rhubarb, call it what you will. Do you take, Corporal? do you take?

Foss. I never took any in all my life, an' please your honour.

Oll. That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, corporal: I owe you one! Now introduce me to the family.

Foss. I can't without orders; and his honour has walked out.

Oll. That's right: exercise is conducive to health. I'll walk in.

Foss. Under favour, your honour, I stand sentinel here, and I can't let a stranger pass without consulting the garrison. If you please to saunter about for half an hour, I shall speak to our ladies, and—

Oll. Well, do so. Stephen, come with me about the grounds.

Ste. I don't like to march wi' you, Mr. Ollapod—you am no regular. Dang me if I budge wi' him, corporal, without your word of command!

Oll. But d—n it, I'm of the cavalry!

Ste. No matter for that. You am upon our ground, and unhorsed. Now, corporal.

Oll. Well, if I must, I—

Foss. March!

Ste. Come, pottercarrier. [*Sings.*] Tol de rol, &c. [*Exeunt Stephen and Ollapod, L., and Corporal Foss into the house, R. U. E.*]

SCENE II.—*A Parlour in Farmer Harrowby's House—chairs and a table, with work-boxes, pens, ink, paper, &c.*

MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB *discovered looking over a shabby memorandum book, R., and* EMILY WORTHINGTON *at needlework, L.*

Luc. Miss Emily Worthington, you have worked those flowers most miserably, child.

Emily. Dear, now, I am very sorry for that. I was in hopes they might have sold for something in London, that I might have surprised my father with the money.

Luc. Sold!—Ah, you have none of the proper pride which my side of the family should have given you. But let me look over my expenses since we have been here. [*Reads.*] “*To one week's washing and darning for the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, one and sevenpence.*”—By the bye, Miss Emily, that sprig of myrtle is thicker than a birch broom, and the white rose looks just like a powder-puff.

Emily. Indeed, I copied them from nature, grand aunt.

Luc. Grand aunt! You know I hate that hideous title; but 'tis the fault of your wild American education.

Emily. Nay, there can be no fault in that; for my dear father educated me himself, in our little cottage in Canada.

Luc. He might have taught you, then, a little more respect for me, who am of the elevated part of the family.—[*Reads.*] “*Snuff from the chandler, a halfpenny.*”—You know, child, I am your relation on your deceased mother's side, and of the noble blood of the Mac Tabs.

Emily. Yes, I know that now; but my poor mother had no relation on her side, when her father, Lord Lofty, abandoned her for marrying.

Luc. My brother, Lord Lofty, acted as became his rank. You will please to recollect he was one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

Emily. Was he, indeed! And you were born only three years after him, grand aunt!

Luc. Miss Emily, your ignorance is greater than—[*Rising*—] I meant his title is one of the most ancient of the barony; and he might well be offended at the marriage of my deceased niece, his daughter; for, you know, your father is a mere—But, no matter.

Emily. Indeed, but it does matter, though. My father is a gentleman by birth, education, and manners; and that's a character as well deserving respect as the proudest peer in the realm.

Luc. And pray, what have I insinuated against your father? On the contrary, you might remember how handsomely I have offered him my countenance.

Emily. I remember it was a year ago that you came, and said you would live with us: when your brother, Lord Lofty, died so much in debt, and left you destitute.

Luc. More shame for him! But didn't I, then, affectionately fly to your father, and tell him I would allow him the honour to maintain me for the future? And haven't I, notwithstanding his obscure situation and narrow finances, kindly lived at the lieutenant's charge, in the most condescending way in the world?

Emily. Condescending!

Luc. Yes, Miss Emily; but, it seems, by forgetting me, you forget yourself.

Emily. No, indeed. I know my situation. I am a poor officer's child, born in the seat of war; reared afterwards in the wilds of America—reared by a kind father, with more cost than his poverty could well bestow. He has dropped, in our retreat, many and many a tear of affection on me; and, as often as I have seen him mourn my mother's loss, I have wondered to think that *her* father, in splendour could be so hard-hearted, while mine, in poverty, was so kind!

Luc. Still on the cruelty of your mother's relations! But, would you be guided by me, Miss Emily, I would make your fortune. Had you followed my opinion, before we left town, relative to Sir Charles Cropland, as a husband—

Emily. Oh, pray don't mention his name!

Luc. And why not, Miss Emily?

Emily. Because I am sure he is a libertine. The familiar looks he gave me—

Luc. Looks! psha! Sir Charles's are the manners, child, of our young men of high fashion.

Emily. 'Tis a great pity, then, our young men of high fashion have so insulting a way of noticing lowly virtue. A coxcomb, that stares humble modesty out of countenance,

must be a very cruel coxcomb; and 'tis a sad thing for the heart to be unfeeling, when the head is empty.

Luc. Ha! another of your Canada crotchets, hatched on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where solitude sits brooding on romance! But will you follow my counsel!

Emily. In respect to Charles Cropland? No—never. You received his visits without my father's knowledge. I would not wed the worthiest man without his consent; and he would not command me to wed the wealthiest, whom I could not esteem.

Luc. Psha! your father's doctrines, child, have made him a beggar.

Emily. [*With warmth.*] A beggar! No, madam; he is rich enough to shelter you, who asperse him!

Luc. Shelter!—Shelter, indeed, to a Mac Tab, who affords him her countenance! I shall acquaint your father, Miss Emily, with your rudeness to me.

Emily. Acquaint him with all, madam. Tell him, when his daughter hears him misrepresented by—Tell him—You break my heart, madam! Tell him what you please.

Enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

Foss. I am come, an' please you, with intelligence of—What, is my young lady a-crying?

Luc. Deliver your message, fellow, and ask no questions!

Foss. An' please your ladyship's honour, when an old soldier sees a woman in distress, 'tis to be hoped he may take just half a moment to give her some comfort. [*Crossing, L.*] Miss Emily!

Luc. (R.) Blockhead! what excuse has a soldier for half a moment's delay in his business?

Foss. (c.) The best excuse, an' please you, may be half a moment's charity. A kind commander is loth to punish a poor fellow for doing what Heaven rewards. [*Going to Emily.*] What's the matter, Miss Emily?

Emily. (L.) 'Tis nothing, good corporal; lead me to the door of my chamber. [*Foss is going.*]

Luc. You may be taught your duty to me better, sir.

Foss. I humbly beg your pardon; but my first duty, in these quarters, is to my master and his child; I know that as a servant. My second is, to a woman in grief; I am

sure of that, as a man. My third, is to your ladyship's honour; and I'll be back to perform it in as quick a march as a cripple can make of it. Come, Miss Emily, come!

[*Exit, leading Emily, L.*]

Luc. Provoking! a stupid, technical old—But what can a woman of birth expect, when the ducks waddle into her drawing-room, and her groom of the chambers is a lame soldier of foot?

Re-enter CORPORAL FOSS, L.

Foss. [*Crossing to R.*] There is one Mr. Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

Luc. Ollapod! What is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Luc. Ha! some new-raised regiment. Show the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss, R.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition in a family can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD, R.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot here, among the cows; good for consumptions. Charming woods hereabouts! Pheasants flourish—so do agues. Sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam? do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. [*Sitting down, R. c.*] Oh, dear madam! [*Aside.*] A charming chair to bleed in!

Luc. I am sorry Mr. Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farm-house.

Olla. [*Aside.*] The Honorable! Humph! a bit of qua-

lity tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pig-stye!

Luc. You are of the military, I am informed, sir.

Olla. He! he! yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop, ready to give the enemy a dose, whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse, under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam, and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country, where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic, as like as anything.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr. Ollapod?

Olla. He! he! Yes, madam—served all the nobility and gentry for miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [Bows.]

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman in the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothecary—Zounds!—hum!—He! he! I—You must know I—[*Sheepishly*,] I deal a little in Galenicals myself.

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Olla. Operations! He! he! Come, that's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good madam, I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. [*Rising*.] Why, then, you are an apothecary!

Olla. [*Rising and bowing*.] And man mid-wife at your service, madam!

Luc. At my service, indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam: Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's Head—of the volunteer association corps of cavalry: as ready for the foe as a customer—always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam? do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! [*Aside.*] D—me! she turns up her honorable nose as if she was going to swallow them!—[*Aloud.*] No man more respected than myself, madam;—courted by the corps—idolized by invalids; and for a shot, ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison, which is as light a food for digestion as—

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then—

Olla. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, shocking!—I declare I shall faint!—

Olla. Faint!—Never mind that, with a medical man in the room; I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Luc. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory—respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mac Tab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And if Sir Charles has dropped in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily, in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I neither! except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet's my bosom friend!—having heard you were here, "Ollapod," says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever, "Ollapod," says he, "you are a military man, and may be trusted." "I'm a cornet," says I, "and close as a pill-box." "Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, that honorable picture of prudence——"

Luc. He! he!—Did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toaded?

Luc. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed

you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms, at the back of the village, this evening?

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps!—What, in a walk? He! he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one! I shall communicate to my friend with due dispatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce—

Luc. [*Curtseying.*] Oh, sir!

Olla. By the bye, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary—[*Aside.*] for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. [*Bowing to her.*] Madam, your slave! [*Going, r.*] You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. [*She crosses, r.*] Not a step!

Luc. Nay, I insist!

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear: the physician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary!—Sir, in this business, I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one! [*Exeunt, r.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Sir Robert Bramble's House—Chairs, &c.*

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE *and* HUMPHREY DOBBINS, R.

Sir R. I tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins—there isn't

a syllable of sense in all you have been saying; but, I suppose, you will maintain that there is?

Dob. Yes.

Sir R. Yes!—Is that the way you talk to me, you old boar? What's my name?

Dob. Robert Bramble.

Sir R. Ar'n't I a baronet—Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'Tis time you should know it; for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet-de-chambre these thirty years. Can you deny that?

Dob. Umph!

Sir R. Umph!—What the devil do you mean by umph! Open the rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Dob. Because, if I contradicted you there, I should tell a lie; and whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavouring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off it, before I can carry my point.

Dob. What then? Our parson says, my head is an emblem of both our honours.

Sir R. Ay, because honours, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Dob. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on t'other.

Sir R. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest a—Pshaw! the parson means to palaver us!—But, to return to my position—I tell you, I don't like your flat contradiction.

Dob. Yes, you do.

Sir R. I tell you, I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments, and I hate their flummery.

Dob. What do you call flummery?

Sir R. Flattery, you blockhead!—a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Dob. I never serve it up to you.

Sir R. No, I'll be sworn: you give me a dish of a different description.

Dob. Umph!—What is it?

Sir R. Sour krout, you old crab.

Dob. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism.—Now, mind : when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him. Now I am rich, and hate flattery ; *ergo*, when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Dob. That's wrong.

Sir R. Very well—*negatur*. Now prove it

Dob. Put the case so, then : I am a poor man—

Sir R. You lie, you scoundrel !—You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Dob. Bless you !

Sir R. Psha !—Proceed.

Dob. Well, then, I am a poor——I must be a poor man now, or I shall never get on.

Sir R. Well, get on—be a poor man !

Dob. I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you you are wrong ; then you call yourself a block-head, and I am of your opinion. Now, that's no flattery.

Sir R. Why, no ; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to conversation ; so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederick ?

Dob. Been out these two hours.

Sir R. An undutiful cub ! only arrived from Russia last night ; and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields like a Calmuc Tartar.

Dob. He's a fine fellow.

Sir R. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he's a little like me, Humphrey ?

Dob. Bless you, not a bit : you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R. Now, that's d—d impudent ! But there's no flattery in it ; and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother Job ?

Dob. Yes ; you drove him to Russia, five and twenty years ago.

Sir R. [*Angrily.*] I drove him !

Dob. Yes, you did : you would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir R. At peace !—Zounds ! he would never go to war.

Dob. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R. So has a duck-pond. He was a bit of still life ; a chip ; weak water-gruel ; a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received men's arguments with his mouth open, like a poor's-box gaping for half pence ; and, good or bad, he swallowed them all, without any resistance. We couldn't disagree, and so we parted.

Dob. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

Sir R. A quiet life !—Why, he married the moment he got there ; tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant ; and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, pot-ashes, tallow, linen, and leather. And what's the consequence ? Thirteen months ago, he broke.

Dob. Poor soul ! his wife should have followed the business for him.

Sir R. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as it went to the devil. And now this mad-cap, Frederick, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job ! now he's in distress, I mustn't neglect his son.

[*Frederick is heard singing without, L.*

Dob. Here comes his son—that's Mr. Frederick.

Enter FREDERICK, L.

Fre. Ah ! my dear uncle, good morning ! Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R. Who bid you caper over my beauty ? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fre. Eh !—Egad ! so you did. I had as entirely forgotten it as—

Sir R. And, pray, what made you forget it ?

Fre. The sun.

Sir R. The sun !—He's mad ! You mean the moon, I believe.

Fre. Oh, my dear sir ! you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright—trees budding—birds singing—the park was gay—so, egad ! I took a hop, step, and a jump, out of your old balcony ; made your deer fly

before me like the wind ; and chased them all round the park to get an appetite, while you were snoring in bed, uncle !

Sir R. Ah ! so the effect of an English sun upon a young Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer ?

Fre. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir R. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fre. Sir, I hate fat legacies.

Sir R. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens of kindness, at least.

Fre. Very melancholy tokens, uncle ; they are the posthumous despatches Affection sends to Gratitude, to inform us we have lost a generous friend.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] How charmingly the dog argues !

Fre. But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future ! for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

Sir R. Now who had the familiar impudence to tell you that ?

Fre. (L.) Old Rusty, there.

Sir R. (c.) Why, Humphrey, you didn't ?

Dob. (R.) Yes, but I did, though.

Fre. Yes, he did ; and, on that score, I shall be anxious to show you obedience ;—for 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle ; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir R. [*Embracing him.*] Jump out of every window I have in my house ! hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow !—Ay, d—n it ! this is spunk and plain speaking ! Give me a man who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrine smack in my teeth !

Fre. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Dob. So do I.

Fre. You, you forward puppy !—If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir R. I'll knock you down if you do ! I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery ; I won't let you teach 'em to make silence a toad-eater.

Dob. Come, you're ruffled. Let's go to the business of the morning.

Sir R. D—n the business of the morning! Don't you see we're engaged in discussion? I hate the business of the morning!

Dob. No, you don't.

Sir R. And why not?

Dob. Because 'tis charity.

Sir R. Psha!—Well, we musn't neglect business. If there be any distresses in the parish, read the morning list, Humphrey.

Dob. [*Taking out a paper, and looking over it.*] Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put into prison.

Sir R. Why, 'twas but last week, Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Dob. And charged a hundred and ten for his trouble. So seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan in gaol for the remainder.

Sir R. A harpy!—I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fre. And I must kick his attorney.

Dob. [*Looking at the list.*] The curate's horse is dead.

Sir R. Psha! there's no distress in that.

Dob. Yes, there is, to a man who must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R. Why won't Punmock, the vicar, give him another nag?

Dob. Because 'tis cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir R. What's the name of the black pad I purchased last Tuesday at Tunbridge?

Dob. Beelzebub.

Sir R. Send Beelzebub to the curate, and tell him to work him as long as he lives.

Fre. And if you have a tumble-down tit, send him to the vicar, to give him a chance of breaking his neck.

Sir R. What else?

Dob. Somewhat out of the common. There's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village. He's pla-

guy poor indeed, it seems, but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Fre. That sounds like a noble character.

Sir R. And so he sends to me for assistance?

Dob. He'd see you hanged first! Harrowby says, he'd sooner die than ask any man for a shilling. There's his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal that has served in the wars with him; he keeps them all upon his half-pay.

Sir R. Starves them all, I am afraid, Humphrey.

Fre. [*Crossing to R.*] Uncle, good morning.

Sir R. Where the devil are you running now?

Fre. To talk to Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R. And what may you be going to say to him?

Fre. I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honourable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments. [*Hurrying off.*]

Sir R. Stop, you rogue!—I must be before you in this business.

Fre. That depends upon who can run fastest. So start fair, uncle; and here goes! [*Exit hastily, R.*]

Sir R. Stop! why, Frederick!—A jackanapes! to take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance!

Dob. No, you won't.

Sir R. Won't I? D—me, if I—But we'll argue that point as we go. Come along, Humphrey! [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Exterior of Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter CORPORAL FOSS, L., and crossing to R., followed by STEPHEN HARROWBY.

Ste. [*Calling after him.*] Hollo! I say, Mr. Corporal!

Foss. Ah, Master Stephen! is it you?

Ste. What do you think I ha' been about!

Foss. Getting the cart and horses out of the mud, I suppose.

Ste. No; feyther's head man be gone to dextricate the

cattle. But you was telling I t'other day, you do know, about a springing up of a mine, which be done by a man they do call a pie on an ear.

Foss. A pionéer is our name for it, my honest lad.—Ay, I have seen some of that work in my day, Master Stephen. If we could but get a little spot of ground, now, with a bit of good-for-nothing building upon it—

Ste. I ha' found out just such a pleece, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. Then I'll show you the whole process.

Ste. I ha' done the whole progress myself.

Foss. Have you ?

Ste. You do know feyther's pig-sty ?

Foss. Yes : it stands on the edge of the dry ditch, at the back of the house.

Ste. That's where it did use to stand, sure enow ; but I ha' blowed it up with gunpowder.

Foss. The devil you have !—And how ?

Ste. All according to rule, mun—just as you laid it down. I bored a hole under the ditch wi' the peel of our oven, and then I laid in my bumbustibles.

Foss. Well ?

Ste. Why, I clapped the kitchen poker to un, red hot ; and it all went up wi' a desperate complosion, just as you destroyed that outlandish buttery.

Foss. Bless us, Master Stephen ! then you have ruined the town in cold blood, and killed all the inhabitants !

Ste. No ; the inhabitants am lying in the ditch, as pert as daisies ; only the little pigs am singed quite bald, and the old white sow be as black as the devil.

Enter MARY, L.

Mary. Brother Stephen ! come here, brother Stephen. Feyther do vow vengeance against ye. If you do go on o' this fashion, what will the neighbors call ye, Stephen ?

Ste. Call me !—Why, a perspiring young hero, of five foot six inches, willing to mortalize himself in the field of March !

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, L.,—he crosses and exits into house, R. U. E.

Foss. There—his honour is come home ; I must go in for orders.

Mary. Oh, Mr. Corporal, Joe Shambles, the butcher's boy, ha' brought this from our town for your master.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Foss. One letter! Is this all he left for us, my pretty maid?

Mary. No; he left a leg of mutton.

Foss. Oh! [*Exit into the house, R. U. E.*]

Ste. How stately Mr. Corporal do march, surely! He be as upright as our gander. Come, Mary; afore feyther do come home, let's you and I go wash the gunpowder pigs.

Mary. How, Stephen?

Ste. We'll go to the dairy, and chuck 'em into the milk pails.

Farmer Harrowby. [*Calling without, L.*] Stephen!

Ste. Wauns! there be feyther!—Run, Mary, run!

[*Exeunt into the house, R. U. E.*]

SCENE III.—*The Parlour in Farmer Harrowby's House—table and chairs, c.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON and CORPORAL FOSS, R.

Wor. Where are the ladies, corporal?

Foss. They are gone to take a walk, an' please your honour.

Wor. [*Seating himself.*] Oh! mine has somewhat fatigued me.

Foss. Under favour, I think your honour takes too much exercise; it always brings on the torment in your wound again.

Wor. You bustle about for me more than I could wish, corporal. You got your wound in an ugly place, you know.

Foss. I got it at Gibraltar—the same ugly place with your honour. That cursed shell struck us both together.

Wor. [*Sighing.*] I remember it did, corporal.

Foss. And when I lay on the ground, and your honour's left arm was so terribly wounded, you stretched out your right to help me.

Wor. I don't remember that, corporal.

Foss. Don't you?—But I do; [*Warmly.*] and I wish I may be damned if ever I forget it!

Wor. Well, well! do not let us swear about it, corporal.

Foss. I hate swearing, your honour, as much as our chaplain loved brandy; but when a man's heart's too full, I fancy, somehow, there's an oath at the top on't, and when that pops out, he's easy. Ah! we had warm work that day, your honour.

Wor. We had indeed, corporal.

Foss. There was Crillon's batteries, and four thousand men, behind us at land.

Wor. Moreno, with his fleet, before us at sea.

Foss. At ten in the morning, the Spanish admiral began his cannonade.

Wor. Our battery from the king's bastion opened directly.

Foss. Red-hot shot poured from the garrison!

Wor. Cannons roar!

Foss. Mortars and howitzers!

Wor. The enemy's shipping in flames!

Foss. Fire again!

Wor. They burn!

Foss. They blow up!

Wor. They sink!

Foss. Victory!—"Old England forever, your honour!"
Huzza!

"*Wor.* Ay, corporal, against the world in arms, Old England forever!"

Both. Huzza!

Foss. [*Gravely, after a pause.*] We have no limbs to help our country now;—we shall never fight for her again, your honour!

Wor. [*Mournfully.*] No, corporal; 'tis impossible!

Foss. But our hearts are for our country still! though your honour has only half-pay, and I am but an out-pensioner of Chelsea.

Wor. We have no right to complain, corporal. National bounty, beyond its limits, would be national waste; and 'tis impossible to provide sumptuously for all.

Foss. That's true, your honour: every hero that loses his life in the field, must not expect a marble monument.

Wor. 'Tis of little import, corporal: a gallant soldier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier-bound

upon his grave. The tears of his country will moisten it, and vigorous laurel sprout among the cypress that shadows his remains. But 'tis a bitter thought, when we must depart, to leave unprotected the few who are joined with us in the ties of affection, and the bonds of nature!

Foss. Your honour is joined in no bond with any body but Mr. Burford for five hundred pounds.

Wor. [*Smiling.*] I did not mean that, corporal. There, however, I am easy: my friend has strict honour; and, should he die, the regular insurance of his life secures me from injury in lending him my name. But 'tis strange I have not heard from him.

Foss. I had forgot; here is a letter just brought for your honour. Shall I break the seal?

Wor. Let me see. [*Opening it and reading.*] "*Tunbridge.*" 'Tis written in the neighbouring town. Who should know me there? [*Reading.*] "*Sir, I am instructed by Mr. Ferret, solicitor, of London, to inform you, that Mr. Burford died, on the 26th ultimo on his way to the insurance office; whereby the policy, which had expired the day before, is become void, and the bond and warrant of attorney for five hundred pounds, remain in force against you. If the money be not paid forthwith, I shall enter up judgment, instantly, for the recovery of the same.*" My child! my child! [*Sinks into a chair.*]

Foss. Your honour!

Wor. Ruined past hope!

Foss. [*Approaching him.*] Don't say that, your honour; for while your half-pay continues—

Wor. My creditor will grasp all! my person seized, and my poor child destitute!

Foss. Destitute!—What, my young mistress?—And you? and—Don't give way to grief, your honour! I am lame to be sure, but I am fit for labour still. There's my little pension, too, from Chelsea. Things may come about; and, till they do, you and my young mistress shall never know want, while the old corporal has a limb left to work, or a penny in his pocket.

Wor. Corporal, I—

Enter FREDERICK *hastily, R.*

Fre. [*Aside.*] Yes, this is he! Zounds! I am quite out

of breath ! [To *Worthington*.] Sir, I am come to—Whew ! I beg pardon : but, as you perceive, I am devilish blown !

Wor. Leave us, corporal. [*Exit Foss, R.*] At your leisure sir, I shall be glad to know whom I have the honour of addressing.

Fre. I am Frederick Bramble, sir ; my uncle, Sir Robert Bramble, lives at the foot of this infernal hill. He fixed his house there, I fancy, for the sake of argument ; because most men maintain it is bad to build in a bottom. He is as charitable as a Christian, sir, and as rich as a Jew.

Wor. I give you joy of a relation, sir, who has so much virtue, with so much wealth. When fortune enriches the benevolent, the goddess removes the bandage from her brow, that she may bestow a gift with her eyes open.—But as I am a stranger here, and a recluse, I have no right to enter further into your uncle's character.

Fre. Yet he has just now, sir, taken a right to enter into yours.

Wor. May he not rather have taken a liberty, sir ?

Fre. 'Tis his duty to be the most inquisitive fellow in the neighborhood.

Wor. 'Tis a strange duty for a gentleman.

Fre. I hope not, in this country, sir. If a gentleman be in the commission of the peace, and living on his own estate, he should be anxious, I think, to inquire into the conduct of those around him, that he may distribute justice as a magistrate, and kindness as a man.

Wor. But how can your uncle's principle apply to me, sir—a secluded sojourner, with a quiet family, lodging with one of his tenants ?

Fre. Why, he has heard of the—hem !—that is, I mean—the—peculiarity of your situation.

Wor. [*Haughtily.*] Sir !

Fre. [*Aside.*] I shall make a bungling business of this, after all ! [*Aloud.*] I say, sir, that my uncle, as I told you, is a warm old heart, who busies himself in learning the circumstances of everybody about him, and—

Wor. The circumstances !

Fre. Yes ;—and so Humphrey Dobbins, a stupid old servant, among other intelligence this morning, happened to—to mention you, and——Damn it, sir ! the truth's the truth ! I ran here to prevent my uncle offering his as-

sistance too bluntly, and I fear I have done it too bluntly myself.

Wor. It would be absurd, sir, to affect blindness to the motives of your visit; I see them clearly, and thank you cordially. You have touched the heart of a veteran soldier, but go no further: if you proceed, you will wound the dignity of a gentleman.

Fre. I came here to heal wounds—by my soul, I did! 'Tis not in my nature to inflict them. I am new in England, ignorant in the manners of the country; for I arrived here last night from Russia, where I was born;—but, surely, surely it cannot be offensive, in any part of the globe, to tell the afflicted we feel for them. Pray give me your hand!

Wor. Take it, sir—take it! Receive the grasp of gratitude, and be gone!

Fre. Not till you first permit me to—

Wor. I can accept no favours of the nature you offer, where I have no claim; and what claim, young man, can I have upon your attentions?

Fre. The claim each man has in common upon his fellow. We are all passengers on life's highway; and when a traveller sticks in the mire on the road, the next that comes by is a brute, who doesn't stretch out a hand to extricate him.

Wor. That may hold in the courtesies of life; but I do not admit it as an argument in essentials.

Fre. Then I wish my uncle were here, with all my heart, sir; he'd argue this point with you, or any other, to all eternity.

Wor. I want no arguments upon points of honour; honour, the offspring of honesty, dictates for itself.

Fre. Sir, I respect it, for its parent's sake, though the child is a little maddish: for honour is sometimes cutting throats, where honesty would be shaking hands. But let me entreat you to relax—to be persuaded. Come, my dear sir; true honour, I trust, can never have reason to blush, because honesty is assisted.

Wor. [After a pause.] You have burst upon me at a critical, a trying moment. I have a family—a beloved child, from whom I may be shortly torn, without the means of—No matter! Even the griefs that inwardly wring me,

would not force me to unbend, were there not a native ingenuousness in your manner which wins me. To you, then—to a youthful stranger, whose sympathy comes o'er a rugged soldier's nature, as pictured Love bestrides the lion,—to you I will owe a temporary obligation.

Fre. Will you? Then you have made me the happiest dog that—[*Searching his pockets.*] Eh?—No! zounds! I mean, sir, you have made me look the silliest dog in the world!

Wor. What do you mean?

Fre. In my haste to do service, I never once recollected I wanted the means: my heart was so full, that I quite forgot my pockets were empty.

Wor. I cannot think, young man, you came here to insult me.

Fre. Insult!—Oh, my dear sir! you do not know me—you may soon. I have left a father in embarrassments in Russia;—I have landed here, dependent on an uncle's bounty; and paid my last shilling to the coachman, who set me down at his gate;—but my relation is as generous as a prince; he will, I am sure, give me a supply, and then—

Wor. And then I would not, for worlds, draw upon your little store. You have a superior call, it seems, upon you—a parent in distress.

Fre. My father's involvements, no doubt, will be his brother's care: and if—

Wor. No more—no more! I see the workings of your heart. Farewell! [*Crossing, R.*] Repine not that your will to do good actions outruns your power. Had the widow been without her mite, and simply dropped a tear for poverty on the moist shrine of compassion, it would have secured to her a page in Heaven's register!

[*Excunt Worthington, R., Frederick, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*A Wood skirting a Village.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CROPLAND *and* OLLAPOD, R.

Sir C. I'm as chilly as a bottle of port in a hard frost. This is your English spring, that our shivering poets celebrate by a fireside, if they can get one, and sing of basking shepherds making love in the sun! I'm as amorous as an Arcadian, but it's cursed cold in Kent, for all that! Are you sure these women will come, Ollapod?

Olla. Sure as death! as I tell my patients.

Sir C. They find that, sure enough.

Olla. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles; I never deceive them. Called in last week to Captain Custard, of our corps, who was shovelled off by a surfeit. "Dearest friend," says I, looking in his fat face, "be firm. Candour compels me to say, Now I'm come, you can't live." He didn't. "You shall be buried with military honours." He was! Attended him from beginning to end—doctor and mourner—bed and grave;—physicked him first, shot over him afterwards. Poor fellow! a good officer, an excellent pastry-cook, a prodigious eater, and a profitable patient!

Sir C. Confound Captain Custard! I am thinking of a fine girl, and you are panegyrising a dead pastry-cook! These women will disappoint us at last.

Olla. Then there's no honour in the Honourable Miss Mac Tab.

Sir C. You didn't see Emily?

Olla. No.

Sir C. Psha! all is uncertainty—I shall lose the golden fruit at last.

Olla. D—d hard, after I've given the dragon a dose!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir C. I wish the dragon had wings, then, to move a little faster. This sharp north-easterly wind will prevent their walking.

Olla. I hope not, Sir Charles; [*Aside,*] for they'll get a cursed cold, and want an apothecary!

Sir C. Stay! I think I see a petticoat.

Olla. Mark! 'tis an old bird—the Honourable Miss Mac Tab, in a jog-trot.

Sir C. And Emily with her, by all that's beautiful!

Olla. Yes, that's she—as fine a woman as ever smelt sal volatile! There's the game, Sir Charles; you've nothing to do but to kill.

Sir C. Step aside, or our meeting will be too abrupt.—We must kill by rule here, Ollapod.

Olla. Kill by rule!—With all my heart: 'tis a method I've long been used to. [*They retire, R.*

Enter MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB and EMILY, L.

Luc. Cold!—Ridiculous! Females of fashion, Miss Emily, never complain of the cold now.

Emily. I didn't know it was the fashion to be insensible, great aunt.

Luc. To the seasons it is. An English gentlewoman of the year eighteen hundred, emulates an English oak, which is hardy as well as elegant and beautiful, but bare, in the month of December.

Emily. Dear! that's a charming park yonder. Whom can it belong to?

Luc. Sir Charles Cropland.

Emily. Sir Charles Cropland! Pray, let us get home again.

Luc. Does a fine country frighten you, Miss Emily?

Emily. It used, in Canada.

Luc. For what reason, pray?

Emily. Because a brute sometimes inhabits it.

Luc. Ridiculous! Should we happen to meet Sir Charles, I beg that—

Emily. What, is he here, then?

Luc. So Mr. Ollapod informs me.

Emily. And who is he?

Luc. The apothe—Hem!—the officer who visited the family this morning.

Emily. We will have no more walks without my father, madam.

Luc. Oh! as you please; but—Eh! I declare, here they both come! 'Tis impossible to avoid them now.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES CROPLAND and OLLAPOD, R. U. E.

Emily. Bless me, this is very strange !

Sir C. [*Apart to Ollapod.*] Engage the old Tabby in talk ; and move off with her if you can.

Olla. [*Apart.*] Mum !—I'll bother her !

[*They both come forward.*]

Sir C. Ladies, I am rejoiced to see you. To meet you in this part of the world is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure.

Luc. We are come here, you see, to rusticate, Sir Charles, as my poor dear brother, Lord Lofty, used to say. Been vegetating here, for a week, at a wretched farm-house ! but air is the grand article with me.

Sir C. And what is your grand object in the country, Miss Worthington ?

Emily. To be alone, sir.

Sir C. Umph !—A strange propensity, permit me to say, for one so young and so beautiful.

Emily. I learned it from my father, sir ; we neither of us like intruders.

Olla. (R.) [*Aside.*] That's a d—d dowse in the blubber-chops of my friend, the baronet. I must talk to the old one. [*Crossing to Lucretia R. C.*] Hem ! Rural walks here, ma'am—all green and twisting, like a snake in a bottle of spirits. Wood-pigeons in plenty—hear 'em cooing ? Pop 'em down here, by dozens.

[*Sir Charles talks apart to Emily, L.*]

Luc. They are pleasing birds enough in a grove, sir.

Olla. And pretty picking in a pie, ma'am. [*Aside, looking towards Sir Charles and Emily.*] Yes—he's beginning.—Must have Miss Mac Tab off soon. [*Aloud.*] Fond of views, ma'am ? Hill, dale, steeples, rivers, turfs of trees, and the like ?

Luc. I admire a rich landscape, sir. When my brother, the baron, was planting clumps round Ricketty Castle, I used to say he was placing beauty-spots on the face of nature.

Olla. Did you ? Come, that was very well—very well indeed ! Thank you, good madam—I owe you one ! Pretty sporting country to the right. [*She turns towards*

Sir Charles and Emily—he pulls her by the elbow.] That's to the left, ma'am.

Luc. Bless me! this is a very rude man! Do you know, Sir Charles, that Emily has lost your beautiful little present?

Sir C. What, the terrier puppy from Leicestershire?

Luc. Gone; though he was in the apartment when you last did us the honour of a call.

Sir C. Unkind to set so little store by my present, Miss Worthington! And when did you observe the puppy was gone?

Emily. The very moment you left the room, sir.

Olla. [*Aside.*] Humph! that's another dowse for the baronet! I must get the old woman away. [*Pulling Lucretia by the sleeve.*] Ma'am!

Luc. [*Frumphishly.*] Lord, sir!

Olla. Condescend to cast your eye over that hillock—the little lump to the left there—round and black, like a bolus. From that point, you see three capital counties at once.

Luc. I can't say that I perceive—

Olla. Stay—here's Kent, fertile in pheasants, cherries, hops, yeomen, codlings and cricketers. On one side, Sussex—

Luc. In what beauties does that abound, sir?

Olla. Mutton and dumplings. And there's Surrey—sweet Surrey!

Luc. For what may that be famous?

Olla. Nothing that I know of, except my countryman, Crushjaws, of Carshalton, who tugs out a stump with perfect pleasure to the patient.

[*Lucretia is continually endeavoring to turn towards Sir Charles and Emily, and Ollapod constantly prevents her.*]

Luc. I protest I see nothing before me but a barn.

Olla. That's reckoned the only eye-sore in the view, for it totally blocks out the prospect. Fifty yards further, we may see all. A little swampy here, to be sure—better for snipe-shooting. Permit me to touch the tip of your honourable little finger, and pass you over the puddles.

Luc. Bless me! I can never get over that stile!

Olla. [*Aside.*] A little gummy in the leg, I suppose.—

[*Aloud.*] It's the easiest in England, upon the honour of a cornet. If an ankle's exposed, I'll forfeit all the physic in my shop. This way! [*Taking her hand.*] Step out there, ma'am. Curse 'em! the cows have been here! This way!

[*Exit, hurrying off* *Lucretia*, R.]

Emily. Gone! Permit me to follow my relation, sir.

Sir C. Stay, my dear Miss Worthington; I have something of the utmost consequence to say to you.

Emily. Speak it quickly, then, sir.

Sir C. Your father does not abound in riches, I take it.

Emily. That is of no consequence to me, sir, if he can be happy.

Sir C. Now, I am very rich, as men of fashion go; for my estate is not yet dipped above three parts of its value.

Emily. That can be of no consequence to me at all, sir.

Sir C. Pardon me—for I have to propose to you—

Emily. What, sir?

Sir C. Your own house in town, the run of my estate in the country, your own chariot, two footmen, and six hundred a-year. But you must allow me a little time to myself—a little play at Miles's, a little sport at Newmarket—a little hunting in Leicestershire; and, this apart, you'll find me the most domestic man in the world.

Emily. I fancy I comprehend the nature of your jargon, sir.

Sir C. Jargon! It is a language perfectly understood by all us young fellows, in the circle of St. James's. 'Tis the way of the world, my dear little Simplicity!

Emily. Oh! how base must be the world, then, when it makes simplicity its victim! I have been bred in wilds; but the sweet breath of Nature has inspired my soul with reason. What does that reason tell me, sir? That vice is vice, however society may polish it; that seduction is still seduction, however fashion may sanction it; that intellect, speaking through simplicity like mine, has the force of virtue to strengthen it; while worldly sophistry must shrink from native truth, when it proclaims, that he who could break a father's heart by heaping splendid infamy upon his child, is a villain! Let me pass you, sir!

Enter *FREDERICK*, L. U. E.

Fre. I have lost my way, and my uncle, and—Eh! who have we here?

Sir C. [*Detaining Emily.*] Upon my soul, you must not go!

Emily. How, sir?

Sir C. Look ye, my dear Emily—I am advanced too far in the game to recede. If you are not mine by entreaty, there are four spanking grays, ready harnessed in Cropland Park here, that shall whisk us to town in a minute.

Emily. You dare not, sure—

Sir C. Nay, faith, I dare anything now; for the prize is in my reach, and I will clasp it, though your heart were colder to me than the snows of Russia.

[*He runs towards her—she screams—Frederick advances.*]

Fre. [*Standing between them.*] I bring news from that country, sir; I arrived last night.

Sir C. Then, sir, you arrived d—d *mal a propos*. What are you?

Fre. A man; so I am bound to protect females from brutality. You, it seems, assault them. Pray, sir, what are you?

Sir C. A person of some figure here, sir. You may not know, perhaps, the consequence of insulting one of that description in this country.

Fre. Faith, not I; but I know the consequence of his persisting to persecute a woman in my presence.

Sir C. What may that be?

Fre. I knock him down.

Sir C. You will please to recollect, sir, I am a gentleman.

Fre. I can't, for the soul of me—I can never recollect that any man's a gentleman, when I find him forgetting it himself.

Sir C. Can you fight, sir?

Fre. Like a game cock, sir—try me.

Sir C. What is your weapon, sir?

Fre. The knout.

Sir C. What the devil's that?

Fre. A Russian cat-o'-nine-tails, to chastise a criminal; and I know no criminal who more richly deserves it than he who degrades manhood by offering violence to the amiable sex, which nature formed him to defend. Fear nothing, madam.

Sir C. We must meet again, my hot spark.

Fre. I'm happy to hear it—it implies you are going now.

Sir C. Hark ye, sir : I am called Sir Charles Cropland ; yonder is my park.

Fre. With four spanking grays in it. I heard you say so.

Sir C. There is very retired shooting in some parts of it, sir. Your name ?

Fre. Frederick Bramble, nephew to your neighbor, Sir Robert. You'll find me ready to take a morning's sport with you.

Sir C. You shall hear from me. [*Aside.*] This is a cursed business ! but it will keep up the noise of my name at the clubs ; and the duel of a dashing baronet furnishes food for the newspapers. [*Exit, R.*]

Fre. Victory, madam ! The enemy is fled, and virtue triumphs in the field. Ha ! you look pale !

Emily. [*Much agitated.*] I have been sadly flurried.

Fre. 'Sdeath ! she is near fainting ! Let me support you, madam. [*She appears fainting—he catches her.*]—Zounds ! how beautiful she is ! Tears ! Now would I give the world to kiss them off, and then kick the scoundrel that caused them !

Emily. [*Recovering.*] I know not how to thank you, sir.

Fre. I'm glad of it, ma'am ; I never like to be thanked for merely doing my duty.

Emily. I fear, sir, that—I mean, I hope that—I—I hope, sir, you will not be exposed to further danger on my account.

Fre. I am not used to think of danger, madam, on any account ; but something tells me, I should glory in any that I risked for you. Whither shall I have the honour of attending you safe home, madam ?

Emily. I have a relation, sir—a female relation, who has been walking with me ; she is now, I fancy, in the next field, and she will—

Fre. What, an elderly lady, that I observed just now, as I passed, with an officer ?

Emily. Ah ! that officer—

Fre. Who is he, pray ?

Emily. A wicked accessary, I am convinced, of Sir Charles Cropland's.

Fre. Is he? I see him coming—huzza! I'll blow him to the devil, if he were generalissimo!

Emily. For Heaven's sake! you make me tremble.

Fre. Tremble! I wouldn't give you pain for worlds! I'll be calm with him—on your account I will. I'll affront him with all the civility imaginable.

Enter OLLAPOD hastily, R.

Olla. The Honourable Miss Mac Tab has tumbled up to her middle in the mud. Bless me, is Sir Charles gone?

Fre. You are Sir Charles's friend, it seems, sir?

Olla. I have the honour to be close in his confidence.

Fre. And assist him upon honourable occasions. You are an officer, I perceive.

Olla. He! he! Yes, sir; cornet in our volunteer corps of cavalry; as respectable a body as any regulars in Christendom.

Fre. I don't doubt it at all. To stand forward at home, and keep off invaders from the shores of our country, is as honourable and praiseworthy, as marching to attack its enemies abroad. [*Aside to Emily.*] Pray, don't be alarmed; you see I am civil.

Olla. [*Aside.*] A pretty spoken young man. I'll encourage him. [*Aloud.*] Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one!

Fre. But some morbid parts may be found, I fancy, in the wholesomest bodies.

Olla. Decidedly; like a chubby child, in high health, with a whitlow.

Fre. Just such a whitlow I take you to be.

Olla. Me!

Fre. Exactly; and 'tis that uniform alone—as I respect every symbol of loyalty and patriotism—that prevents my cropping your ears as close as your jacket. [*Aside to Emily.*] Don't be uneasy; you see I'm civil.

Olla. Crop! Zounds! what do you mean?

Fre. Can't you take my meaning in your own way?

Olla. Way! Sir, I engage to kill the enemies of my country, in the way of war; I never draw blood from the natives, but in the way of business.

Fre. Business!

Olla. Yes; I'm an apothecary. Take care how you

meddle with a man of my repute ! Served my time, seven years, under old Cataplastm, of Canterbury ; took out my freedom in that ancient city ; thumped the mortar six months at Maidstone ; now on my own bottom, in trade, at Tunbridge. Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's Head ; known to all the nobility round ; sharp shot in a copse ; deep dab at the broad-sword exercise ; charge a furze-bush, wing a woodcock, or blister a lord, with any chap in the country. Insult me as an officer, and I'll prosecute you. Touch my ears, you touch my honour ; and, d—n me, I'll clap you in the county jail, for assaulting a free-man !

[Exit, R.]

Fre. The scarlet apothecary is beneath my notice ; but if the fellow has flurried your nerves, madam, which it is his trade to tranquillise, I'll pound him to death in his own mortar !

Emily. Pray, do not be so violent ; it terrifies me. On your own account, sir, it terrifies me.

Fre. On my account ?

Emily. Yes. It would grieve me to see one, who is capable of such kind actions towards me, hurried into peril by the warmth of his temper.

Fre. I will be what you please. Tell me only whither I shall lead you. You are of the neighborhood, I conjecture. May I ask your name ?

Emily. Emily Worthington, sir.

Fre. Worthington ! Then you are daughter to the finest spirited man I ever met in my life.

Emily. Do you think so ? Do you, indeed ? I am very glad that you think so. But how came you acquainted !

Fre. Why, I—I had a little business with him ; but somehow or other, I—I went without my credentials. Shall I take you to him ? Will you trust yourself with me ?

Emily. Trust myself !—Oh, yes !—My dear father shall thank you ; I will thank you ; and our poor old corporal, who has served in the wars, and followed us through America, he will thank you, in tears of joy, when he hears of this rescue.

Fre. The old corporal loves you, then ?

Emily. Certainly he does. He nursed me when my poor mother died, and left me an infant in Gibraltar ; and dearly I love him, too !

Fre. [*Aside.*] Now, what would I give to be an old corporal! [*Aloud.*] I attend you—let me see you home. Oh! how would it diminish the number of scoundrels in the world, if they could but once taste the joy of rescuing a lovely female from perdition, and restoring her to her father!
[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON.

Wor. Emily not yet returned! I cannot rest in this suspense! Every instant I dread the arrival of these officers, to drag me from my family—from my child! [*Looking off, L.*] Ha! two strangers lurking yonder! Nay, then, I know their errand. Where is my Emily? Well, well; 'tis better, in such a struggle, if the child witness not the anguish of the parent.
[*Retires up, R.*]

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE and HUMPHREY DOBBINS, L.

Sir R. So, here we are at last. That hill's a breather! I am sure that was my nephew I saw, hopping over the ploughed land yonder.

Dob. Not a morsel like him.

Sir R. I wonder if the rogue has found his way here yet. [*Seeing Worthington.*] Ha! there's our man, leaning against the stump of the tree there. He seems lost in thought. Go and tap him on the shoulder, Humphrey.

Dob. [*Advancing to Worthington, and putting his hand on his shoulder.*] You are wanted.

Wor. [*Coming forward.*] I understand you.

Sir R. Your servant, sir. Your name is Worthington, they tell me.

Wor. It is, friend.

Sir R. I have a little business with you; and it isn't my way to use ceremony.

Wor. I expect none from a person of your stamp.

Sir R. Stamp! Humphrey, isn't that odd?

Dob. Not a bit; the neighbors tell everybody what a rum jockey you are.

Sir R. Umph! [*To Worthington.*] You'll excuse me for talking before old Crabbed here; he's in all my affairs;

the puppy has grown gray with me, and I can't well do without him.

Wor. Your follower, I suppose?

Sir R. Yes, he's always at my heels. You have served his majesty, I hear, and done your duty nobly.

Wor. No matter; do *your* duty, and 'tis enough.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] Yes, he's as proud as Lucifer, I see; but there's no flattery in that. [*Aloud.*] The motives that brought me here will prove, I trust, that I don't always neglect my duty.

Wor. You may perform it now, then. If my life depended on it, friend, I could not give you five pounds this moment.

Sir R. Give me five pounds! Who the devil wishes you? I want to know how I can do you a kindness.

Wor. I thank you. In consideration, then, for a gentleman, and reliance on his honour to acknowledge the obligation when in his power, I trust you will place me in an apartment in your own house.

Sir R. An apartment in my own house!

Wor. Yes; where I may have the comfort of privacy, and my family about me.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] D—n me, but this is pretty plump for a man, who would sooner see me hanged than ask me a favour!

Wor. You will not, I think, be harsh enough to lodge me among the wretched rabble who are the common inmates of your gloomy walls.

Sir R. My gloomy walls! [*Aside.*] An infernal, impudent old scoundrel! Squeezes himself and all his relations into my house, and calls my family a wretched rabble! Humphrey, did you ever see such brass!

Dob. I always told you, except myself, you kept a queer set.

Sir R. Zounds! I'll—No, I'll keep my temper! [*To Worthington.*] Pray, sir, what can you suppose I am to make of you?

Wor. Make of me! [*Aside.*] These mercenary harpies! [*Aloud.*] I have already told you, friend, you can make nothing of me in my present situation. What you think you may make of me in future, as a man of honour, I leave to your own feelings.

Sir R. I won't consult my own feelings now, sir; I must proceed upon my judgment.

Wor. I know you are proceeding upon a judgment.

Sir R. And that judgment is cursedly against you at this moment, let me tell you.

Wor. 'Tis my misfortune.

Sir R. If you think that a misfortune, you might as well alter your conduct with me a little;—I don't see the drift on't.

Wor. Drift!

Sir R. Ay; where's the policy?

Wor. That expired but a few hours too soon.

Sir R. [*Aside.*] His policy expired but a few hours too soon! Why, the man's a maniac! His distresses have deranged him. [*Aloud.*] Were you—ahem!—were you ever wounded in the head?

Wor. Wounded in the head!

Sir R. Yes, in any of the actions you have had?

Wor. Truce with interrogations, friend! I am ready to accompany you.

Sir R. You are;—And, pray where are we to go?

Wor. I told you I should give your own house the preference.

Sir R. Curse me, if ever you set your foot over my threshold!

Wor. Lead me where you please, then. You proffered kindness, and I was weak enough to expect it; but I might have known, that one of your cast is deaf to the petition of distress.

Sir R. The devil I am!

Wor. Familiar with scenes of want, habit hardens your heart, till the very face becomes an index of the mind, and callous inhumanity scowls in every lineament of the hard-featured bailiff.

Sir R. Blood and thunder!—Bailiff!—Humphrey, do I look a bit like a bailiff?

Dob. I don't know but you do.

Sir R. Sir—I—pardon your mistake, and I like your spirit; there's no flattery in it;—but I'm in a passion for all that. Many a modern Sir Jacky looks like a prize-fighter; but it's rather hard to take a baronet of the old school for a bum-bailiff!

Wor. [*Looking off, R.*] My daughter!

Sir R. And my sky-rocket of a nephew!

Enter FREDERICK and EMILY, R.—Emily runs to her father.

Fre. Ha! you are here at last, I perceive, uncle.

Wor. (R.) Uncle! [*To Frederick.*] Is this Sir Robert Bramble, then—the generous relation of whom you told me?

Sir R. (c.) Generous! psha!—But I am his uncle: though the puppy's smart enough, he's nephew to the hard-featured fellow, whose face is an index of his mind.

Emily. (R. c.) Oh, sir, if you are his relation, talk to him, I entreat you—argue with him—

Sir R. Argue with him!—That I will, with all my heart and soul! On what subject?

Emily. On his rash intention, sir, to meet the ruffian from whom he has just rescued me.

Wor. Rescued you, Emily! What does this mean?

Fre. Oh! a mere trifle—nothing. A gentleman in the fields here, happened to be so very civil to Miss Worthington, that I took it for rudeness; so I happened to be so rude to him, that he couldn't take it for civility—that's all.

Wor. Rudeness to my child! Who has dared to—But come in, Emily. [*To Sir Robert.*] Your pardon, sir; you have found nothing but confusion here, and I must retire with my daughter for an explanation. Come, Emily!

Emily. Let us thank this gentleman before we go, sir.

Fre. Upon my soul, I deserve no thanks, sir. If I deserve opinion more—

Emily. Farewell, sir; and pray—pray, be cautious!

[*Exeunt Worthington and Emily into the house, R.*]

Sir R. Frederick, who is the fellow you have been quarrelling with?

Fre. (R.) He calls himself Sir Charles Cropland.

Sir R. (c.) I know him—he's a puppy! Must you fight him?

Fre. So he tells me.

Sir R. I'll be your second.

Fre. You!

Sir R. Yes: fighting's a sort of sharp argument: and, as we defend the cause of insulted innocence, it's cursed

hard if we haven't the best on't. But, harkye, you dog! don't fall in love with the girl.

Fre. I have.

Sir R. You haven't!

Fre. Over head and ears.

Sir R. Why, you blockhead! she's a beggar!

Fre. So am I: we shall make a very pretty couple.

Sir R. And, if you married, how would you support her?

Fre. Perhaps you would support us.

Sir R. You sha'n't have a shilling till my death!

Fre. Then I hope we shall have the pleasure of starving together a great while, sir.

Sir R. Run back, and order a dinner for a party; tell old Buncles, the butler, to lug out some claret.

Fre. Then, after dinner, I'll drink Emily Worthington in a pint bumper. [*Exit, L.*]

Sir R. Humphrey, you haven't attended, now, to a word of what was passing.

Dob. Every syllable on't.

Sir R. You'll laugh to see me out in a duel, I suppose?

Dob. No, I sha'n't; I'd sooner be shot at myself.

Sir R. Umph!—If my nephew marries this girl, I've a great mind to cut him off with a shilling.

Dob. No, you won't.

Sir R. Why, you know, he's as poor as a rat.

Dob. The rat's your relation: it would be plaguy hard to starve him, when you feed all the rest of the rats in the parish.

Sir R. Come along, Humphrey: and if ever you starve, rank bacon and mouldy pie-crust be my portion!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A Wood and a Pathway.*

Enter OLLAPOD, L.

Olla. An awkward errand I'm on to Sir Robert Bram-

ble's ;—not quite correct to carry a challenge into a family I've physicked ; but honour, in this case, before medicine ! A leaf of laurel is worth twenty drops of laudanum. Mars is first customer, and d—n Æsculapius ! [*Looking off, L.*] Ha ! here comes the enemy up the hill from the house.—The game meets me half way, as death does the doctor !

[*Retires up, L.*]

Enter FREDERICK, musing, R., not seeing Ollapod.

Fre. " A pointed pain pierced deep my heart—
A swift cold trembling seized on every part."

Olla. [*Aside.*] That's an ague !

Fre. " But quickly to my cost I found,
'Twas Love, not Death, had made the wound !"

Olla. [*Aside.*] Oh, confound that disease ! it's cured without an apothecary !

Fre. I've ordered dinner for my old uncle, and now I can't for my life, help loitering about the farm-house. What mind she has in every look ! I would rather be a whale, and flounce about the Baltic, than fall in love with a fine proportioned face of beautiful insipidity. 'Tis a lamp without oil—Heaven in a fog ! Give me those dear, bewitching features, where sweet expression always speaks, and sometimes sparkles. Give me a dimpled beauty that—[*Seeing Ollapod.*] Zounds ! here's that cursed ugly apothecary ! Pray, sir, do you know what are some men's antipathies ?

Olla. Yes—cats, rats, old maids, double-tripe, spiders, Cheshire cheese, and cork-cutters.

Fre. Now my antipathy, sir, is a pert apothecary. How dare you look me again in the face without trembling ?

Olla. Trembling ! At what ?

Fre. Death.

Olla. Pooh ! I've made it my business to look death in the face for fifteen years, and don't tremble at it at all.

Fre. Why do you presume, sir, to come across me here ?

Olla. Here !—This is the king's highway, trod on as common as camomile—crowded with all comers, like the Red Cow on a field-day. Besides, I've business at Blackberry Hall.

Fre. At my uncle's ?

Olla. Yes; I've something in my pocket to deliver there; you may guess what it is.

Fre. Lip-salve for the maid, perhaps; or rose-water to put into puddings.

Olla. D—n lips and puddings! I've a letter for you.

Fre. You have?

Olla. Yes—to be taken directly. [*Giving it.*] Eh! isn't that Sir Robert Bramble?

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE, L.

Sir R. I've sprained my back, trying to frisk over that infernal farmer's hog-trough! If Humphrey hadn't argued I was too stiff in the joints to jump, I'd have seen the dog at the devil before I attempted it! Ha! Mr. Ollapod! Your servant—your servant! Tell me what brings you this way.

Olla. [*Aside.*] I'll see you in a fever first! [*Aloud.*] Dry weather for walking, Sir Robert; but no news—young partridges looked for every day—so are six Hamburgh mails. Glad to find our gout is gone, Sir Robert—happy to meet you again on a good footing. Do you take, good sir? do you take?

Sir R. I take your jokes as I do your bottles of physic, Master Ollapod.

Olla. How is that, Sir Robert?

Sir R. I never take them at all.

Olla. Come, that's very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one!

Sir R. Frederick, what are you doing here?

Fre. Reading a challenge, uncle.

Sir R. So, 'tis come, then! Who brought it?

Fre. [*Pointing to Ollapod.*] Pestle and mortar there. [*Handing the letter.*] Read, uncle, read!

Sir R. [*Reading.*] "*Sir—Mr. Ollapod, of the volunteer corps, will deliver this to you. You will find me, half an hour hence, at the plantation on the heath, waiting to receive the satisfaction due to your humble servant, CHARLES CROPLAND.*" Plain as a demonstration in Euclid! [*To Ollapod.*] But how dare you, who have bled my coachman till he can't drive, and juleped my cook till she faints at a fire, administer a challenge to my nephew?

Olla. Honour is rigid, Sir Robert, and must be minded as strictly as a milk diet.

Sir R. You come here, in short, as Sir Charles Crop-land's friend?

Olla. I do. Gallipots must give way to gallant feelings, and Galen is gagged by Bellona. Sorry to offend the Bramble family! Shall bring lint, probe, and styptic, along with the pistols. Though serving as second on one side, shall be proud to extract a ball for either party, on as reasonable terms as any in the profession. [*Exit, L.*]

Fre. I have been thinking, uncle, and—You sha'n't accompany me in this business.

Sir R. I sha'n't! You puppy! haven't I a right to smell powder if I please?

Fre. 'Tis an awkward business altogether—perhaps a foolish one. I am a useless fellow, floating through the world like a mere feather: if I am blown out of sight, 'tis no matter. You are of too much value, uncle, to be made the sport of every idle gale.

Sir R. Now what, in the devil's name, is the value of a man, if he don't stand by his friend when he wants him?

Fre. And what, in the devil's name, uncle, is the value of his friend, if he only drags him into a scrape?

Sir R. A scrape!

Fre. Yes. They tell me the law of this country is apt to call killing a man in a duel, murder, and to look on all accessaries as principals. Now, uncle, as I am going on an expedition which may end in hanging, I don't think it quite considerate to inveigle an honest friend to be of the party.

Sir R. I never heard the argument put in that way before;—there are few, I fancy, of your opinion.

Fre. Oh, a great many! There are men enough to be found, who would give in the same opinion by twelve at a time. But should I fall in my encounter with this booby of a baronet—

Sir R. Fall!

Fre. Why, 'twould be bold to argue, uncle, if a bullet hits in a mortal place, that it won't kill; and, in case of the worst, I have a request to make.

Sir R. [*Uneasy.*] Well.

Fre. If I fall, then, uncle, you—you know I have a father.

Sir R. [*Agitated.*] Well!

Fre. He is your brother, my dear uncle—an affectionate brother. Your tempers may not assimilate, but he loves you. He is poor. [*Taking his hand.*] If I fall, remember him!

Sir R. [*Throwing himself on his neck.*] My dear, dear Frederick! your death would break my heart! I have been reasoning all my life, and find that all argument will vanish before one touch of nature.

Fre. I fancy you will often find it so, my dear uncle.

Sir R. And nature tells me, if you argue for ages, you sha'n't prevent the old man's going with you. Come; we must go home to prepare. You must have my pistols, and—Upon my soul, Frederick, I love my brother Job! We'll have him over, and—Zounds! this will all end in smoke! And then I'll write to Russia—we'll have a family party, and be jolly, and—Come, my dear lad! come!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Parlour in Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, L.

Wor. This young man may rashly plunge into a quarrel on Emily's account; 'tis my duty to chastise the insulter of my child. At Sir Robert Bramble's I might learn more, and—But in what state of mind should I attend him!

Enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

So, corporal; have you observed any people about the house?

Foss. No enemies, your honour, unless they are in ambuscade.

Wor. I am strongly inclined to go to Sir Robert's to-day.

Foss. I hope your honour will; they say he is such a good-hearted old gentleman: ten to one but he gives your honour a helping hand.

Wor. [*Half-aside.*] Then he'll think I come to solicit assistance. I will not go!

Foss. Won't you, your honour?

Wor. I wish to see my daughter again, corporal.

Foss. I had almost made sure of your honour's going. I have laid out the red roquelaire; and, in case of a dark

night, Stephen's now in the stable, dusting out the lantern, for me to march home before your honour.

Wor. Well, well; send Emily to me.

Foss. [*Sighing.*] Heigho! [*Going.*] Oh, here comes my young lady.

Enter EMILY, R.

[*Aside to her.*] Make him go to Sir Robert's, Miss Emily—bless you, do! Mollify his honour a bit;—you don't know half the good may come on't. Do, now! [*Exit, R.*

Wor. What said the corporal, Emily?

Emily. He bid me press our going to Sir Robert Bramble's to-day.

Wor. Should you wish me, Emily, to place myself in a situation, where I might be suspected of imploring support?

Emily. Heaven forbid! But the gentleman who protected me has been so good, so very good, that—

Wor. That what, Emily?

Emily. I should like—to thank him—that's all.

Wor. Have we not both thanked him already?

Emily. Yes, but—not enough, perhaps.

Wor. If more be necessary, I may express our further sense of his goodness by letter.

Emily. The service he did me, was not by letter, you know, my dear father.

Wor. You seem strangely interested here, Emily.

Emily. Shouldn't I be so? I hope I ought; for indeed, indeed—[*Unable to suppress her tears.*]—I—I am very uneasy!

Wor. My child! uneasy!—Compose yourself, Emily! Open your heart to me—to your father—your friend, Emily!

Emily. Indeed, I never wish to hide my thoughts from you: they often meet your ear, so wild and so unformed, that they resemble dreams.

Wor. Alas! my child, the thoughts of young minds too frequently resemble dreams. Should you love this young man, Emily, it is a dream, from which no reproof of mine shall startle you, but the gentleness of a father shall awaken you.

Emily. Love him!—Oh, no—But he preserved me from

danger, and, on that account, I dread he may incur it himself.

Wor. You know not yet what your heart is, Emily.

Emily. Yes, indeed I do. I should be grieved if I did not know it dearly loved you.

Wor. And you have no such sentiments towards this young man, Emily?

Emily. No, upon my word: the sentiments I feel for him are as different as light and darkness.

Wor. My dearest Emily, till you know the world's path better, be cautious how you tread. *I may soon be snatched from you, Emily—

Emily. My father!

Wor. Take, then, my fondest counsel while I live—my best legacy, alas! should I be hurried from you. Act not too suddenly on ideas. Doubt that passion may mislead you, till reflection justifies your impulse. Wed not for wealth, Emily, without love—'tis gaudy slavery; nor for love, without competence—'tis twofold misery. Glide gently down the stream, with neither too full a sail, nor too slight a freightage; and may your voyage, my child, be happier—much happier than your father's!

Re-enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

Foss. Madam Mac Tab wants to know if you all dine at Sir Robert's, your honour.

Wor. Why does she inquire, corporal?

Foss. It's about putting on some of her trinkums and furbelows, I fancy, your honour. She came in, awhile ago, as muddy as our little pigeon-toed drummer after a long march.

Wor. I have thought on't. Tell her we shall go.

Foss. No—will you? Huzza! I ha'n't been better pleased since they made me a corporal! [*Exit, R.*]

Emily. You will go, then?

Wor. Some explanation is necessary there, and I will make up my mind to bury other feelings. Lucretia will go with us; we must afterwards take our leave of her entirely.

Emily. Indeed!

Wor. Her conduct, of which you have informed me, with Sir Charles Cropland, has decided me; and she will

only quit a tottering asylum. I have to tell you, our friend Burford is dead, Emily.

Emily. What! the friend that—

Wor. Yes, Emily; a worthy—an honourable man;—but, from the suddenness of his death—'tis fit I prepare you for the shock—he has left me in involvements, which, in a few hours, may enclose me in a prison.

Emily. A prison!—You!—You will take me with you? Won't you take me with you?

Wor. Like the eagle on the rock, Emily, I must shelter my nestling where Providence ordains.

Emily. Well, then, do not make yourself unhappy, my dear father! We shall not be very miserable if we are not asunder. I will sit by you—talk to you—listen to you; and should a tear steal upon your cheek, I can kiss it off, and—[*Sobbing involuntarily.*—I am not shocked for myself—pray forgive me!

Wor. [*Folding her in his arms.*] My beloved—my amiable child!

Enter Miss LUCRETIA MAC TAB, R.

Luc. If we live here for a twelvemonth, I'll never speak to that beastly quack who left me in the ditch, again.

Wor. We shall not live here for a twelvemonth, madam.

Luc. I am glad of it, for this place is worse than a cow-house. One is up to one's ears in mud, and nothing but brutes are its constant inhabitants.

Wor. And, after what has passed, you will feel as little surprise as I mean offence, when I propose to you to relinquish the fortunes of a man, whose situation, in all places, must be so irksome to you.

Luc. I—I understand. You are weak enough, then, Mr. Worthington, to wish me to withdraw my countenance from the family?

Wor. Since the strength of your zeal for my family, madam, has so far outrun my weak notions of its happiness, I confess I do wish you to withdraw it.

Luc. 'Tis very well, sir!

Wor. When you are ready, madam, to go to Sir Robert Bramble's, you will find Emily and me in the garden, prepared to attend you. Come, my love!

[*Exeunt Worthington and Emily, L.*

Luc. Then the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab is cut, at last, by a half-pay lieutenant in a marching regiment!

Re-enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

Foss. Is your ladyship's honour ready to go?

Luc. Go!—Are you sent to drum me out, fellow, as you would a deserter?

Foss. I don't come to drum your ladyship's honour: I want to know if you'll go to Sir Robert's.

Luc. Go to-morrow, by break of day, to the post-house; ask if there's a return-chaise there for London.

Foss. What am I to do then, an' it please you?

Luc. Secure a seat in it for the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab.

Foss. Is your ladyship's honour bundling off, then?

Luc. Bundling, you brute! Obey my orders.

Foss. That I will, with all my heart and soul, an' please your honour.

Luc. I'll withdraw myself from this wretched family: I'll go down to Scotland, and patronize my sixteenth cousin, the tobacconist of Glasgow. [Exit, R.

Enter STEPHEN HARROWBY, L.

Ste. Here be the lantern, Master Corporal; I ha' made him shine like our barn-door. If you do like a duck, now, for your supper, I ha' shot one of ourn for you, wi' feyther's blunderbuss.

Foss. How came you to do that, my honest lad?

Ste. Why, she ware marching before a whole brood of young ones, and looked for all the world like a captain at the head of his attachment. We ha' no herbs to stuff her, for I ha' cut up all our kitchen-garden, to look like a mortification.

Foss. Well, well, I must attend his honour; but keep a sharp look-out, my good lad; you know what I told you.

Ste. What, about the bum-baileys? Rot 'um! I'll blow 'em up wi' gunpowder!

Foss. Keep a good watch, that's all.

Ste. Dang me, if a soldier's hurt on our premises!—I've unmuzzled Towzer and Cabbage; they'll bite all as come, good or bad. Come you along, Mr. Corporal—[Singing,]
"For a soldier—a soldier's the lad for me!" [Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*Sir Charles Cropland's Park.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CROPLAND and OLLAPOD, L.

Sir C. We are on the ground first.

Olla. Perhaps the enemy's subject to a common complaint.

Sir C. What's that?

Olla. Troubled with a palpitation of heart, and can't come.

Sir C. He doesn't seem of that sort. What are the odds, now, that he doesn't wing me! These greenhorns generally hit everything but the man they aim at.

Olla. Do they?—Zounds! then the odds are, that he'll wing me. I'll be principal, if you please; for, to say the truth, I never served my time to the trade of a second.

Sir C. Psha!—You must measure the distance when he comes, Ollapod.

Olla. What's the usual distance, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Eight paces.

Olla. Bless me! men might as well fight across a counter. Does the second always measure the ground?

Sir C. 'Tis the custom.

Olla. Then you had better have chosen one a little longer in the legs. If I was to fight, I'd come out with a colossus.

Sir C. [*Looking off, L.*] I see him coming to the stile.

Olla. There! he has jumped over. Curse him! he's as nimble as quicksilver. And there's old Sir Robert waddling behind him like a badger.

Sir C. They are here.

Enter FREDERICK and SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE, L.

Sir R. Gently, Frederick; I tell you I'm out of breath.

Fre. We shall be too late, and—Oh! here's my man. I hope we haven't kept you waiting, sir. They say, in England, when people are to shoot at one another, it's the only engagement in which it's the fashion to be punctual.

Sir C. You are pretty exact, sir.

Fre. Let us lose no time, if you please, then; for dinner will be spoiled.

Sir C. Perhaps, sir, one of us may never go to dinner again.

Fre. No; but my uncle will, and 'twould be pity he should have his meat over-roasted.

Sir C. Mr. Ollapod, be so good as to walk over the ground.

Olla. Left foot foremost, as they do in the infantry.

Sir R. Hold, Sir Charles! Perhaps this matter may be brought to an accommodation.

Sir C. I don't well see how, Sir Robert.

Sir R. If you are alive to fair argument, I think I shall convince you, you have been cursedly in the wrong.

Sir C. I didn't come here to argue, sir.

Sir R. Didn't you? Frederick, you must shoot him: a man that won't listen to argument, deserves to be blown to the devil!

Olla. [*Finishing his measurement.*] Five—six—seven—eight!

Fre. We'll take our ground, if you please, sir.

Sir C. Give me that, Ollapod; [*Taking a pistol from him,*] and success to hair-triggers!

Sir R. [*To Frederick.*] Here is your pistol, my dear lad. Zounds! my heart is as heavy as a bullet! Happen what will, I shall never forget poor Job; and as for you, Frederick—Come! d—n it: we mustn't blubber now!

[*They take their ground and present.*]

Olla. Stop! here's somebody coming. [*Aside.*] Medical man never witnessed a finer crisis!

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, L. U. E.

Wor. [*Coming forward, c.*] My friend!—Sir Robert Bramble, too!—Pistols!

Fre. (u.) Stand out of the way, my dear sir! Whoever is on his legs after the first fire, will have the pleasure of speaking to you.

Wor. Stay, gentlemen! This business, I believe, requires my interference.

Sir C. (R.) And pray, sir, what may make your interference so necessary?

Wor. I conceive you to be Sir Charles Cropland; which argues—

Sir R. Don't waste your arguments; they'll be all thrown away upon him.

Sir C. I am Sir Charles Cropland, sir; and, pray, who are you?

Wor. I will tell you, sir. I am an officer in his majesty's army, quick to resent a private injury, as I have been ready to face my country's foes. I am one, sir, who am as gratified to meet you, that I may chastise you as you merit, as you have ever been industrious to skulk from me, conscious of the punishment you have deserved. I need not tell you my name is Worthington.

Sir R. D—me! but that is better than argument, and as unlike flattery as anything I ever heard in my life!

Fre. [*To Sir Charles.*] Now, pray, sir, are you and I to go home to our dinners, or are we to swallow a forced-meat ball in the fields?

Sir C. We had better suspend the business, sir. There are ladies coming.

Enter LUCRETIA and EMILY, L. S. E.

Luc. [*Apart to Emily.*] Your father has trotted on, child, as if he was on a forced march. [*Looking round.*] Bless me! who have we here?

Emily. My father, with Sir Robert, and—Ha! Sir Charles Cropland there?

Luc. And that brute who left me in the mire.

Olla. [*Aside.*] That's me!

Wor. You and I, Sir Charles, must find another moment for explanation.

Sir C. The immediate moment may be the best. [*Crosses to Emily.*] Miss Worthington, I confess my fault and plead for pardon. You will not only, I hope, afford me your own, but intercede with Mr. Worthington for his also. [*To Frederick.*] You checked me, rather roughly, indeed, in a career which I have acknowledged to be wrong, sir. Instead, therefore, of proceeding in resentment, it will be better to offer you my thanks, if you will be pleased to accept them.

Fre. Sir, 'tis pleasanter to be thanked than shot at, any time; and I accept them willingly.

Sir C. I take my leave, then. I haven't dashed through this scrape according to present principles: a man's owning he is sorry for his vices, may get him laughed at among

a few gay friends, who have more spirits than thought; but I believe he'll hunt the pleasanter for it in Leicestershire. *[Exit, L.*

Olla. *[Advancing, c.]* Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, I confess my fault, and plead for pardon, since I unluckily left you in a puddle; and I sincerely hope you'll never be in such a pickle again!

Luc. Stand away, you brute!

Olla. Sir Robert, I hope you won't withdraw your friendship; and it would give me a deal of mortification to be cut off from your custom.

Sir R. Oh, Master Ollapod, your little foibles are like your small quantities of magnesia—they give no great nausea, and do neither harm nor good.

Olla. Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! *[Aside.]* I'll stay, and he'll ask me to dinner.

Sir R. And what are you saying there to Miss Worthington, Frederick?

Fre. Telling her what good cheer there is in Blackberry Hall, uncle; and what a worthy gentleman is at the head of the table, where I am going to have the pleasure to lead her.

Sir R. You are devilish ready to do the honours—isn't he, Mr. Worthington?

Wor. To do honour to the human heart, sir, I have found him very ready.

Sir R. And have you found him so very ready to do honour to the heart, Miss Worthington?

Emily. Yes, indeed I have, sir.

Sir R. I begin to perceive it. I'm a strange old fellow, fond of argument, they say; but I have so little time left now in this world, that some of my arguments are a little shorter than they used to be. When I was hobbling over the stile, after Frederick there, and thought that the dog might be shivered to atoms, I made a determination in my own mind, if he happened to survive, that he and your daughter—What's your name, young lady?

Emily. Emily, sir.

Sir R. Ah! a pretty name enough. That he and Emily should make a happy couple.

Wor. Never, sir!

Sir R. That's a plump negatur ! We'll argue that point, if you please.

Wor. My child, Sir Robert, has heard my opinions very lately ; and hearing the opinions of a friend, she adopts them.

Sir R. Does she ? Then she's as little like Humphrey Dobbins in her mind, as she is in her features.

Wor. To you it may now be necessary to say, that I am poorer even than poor ; but, observe, I disdain all solicitations. This very day I have been apprised—

Sir R. Oh, I know what you mean—the bond for five hundred pounds.

Wor. [*Rather haughtily.*] How came you apprised of that bond, sir ?

Sir R. I have paid it.

Wor. Paid it !

Sir R. Yes ; while Frederick was loading his pistols in the next room, to come to the field here.

Wor. You astonish me !

Sir R. Why so ? I happen to be sheriff of the county ; and as all writs are returnable to me, a scrubbyish fellow asked me to sign one against you. I thought it might be as well not to lock up a worthy man in a scurvy room, just as I had asked him, from no common motives, to sit down to my table ;—so I drew upon my bankers, instead of John Doe and Richard Roe ; and you may re-imburse me at your leisure.

Fre. My dear, dear uncle, you have been before me here.

Sir R. Your rogue, if your fortune could serve you as well as your legs, I believe you'd have been before me here, too.

Wor. I know not what to say to you, Sir Robert.

Sir R. Confess you're a d—d bad physiognomist, and I'm content ! Say a man's countenance may a little belie his nature ; though, as sheriff of the county, I own I am head of the bum-bailiffs.

Wor. I shall never be able to repay you this debt, sir, but by long and miserable instalments.

Sir R. You shall give me security.

Wor. I wish it—any in my power.

Sir R. Miss Emily, pray come here ; Frederick, you

dog, come on the other side of me. Let me appoint you two trustees for a bond Mr. Worthington shall give me—a bond of family alliance; fulfil your charge punctually, and Heaven prosper you in your obligations! Mr. Worthington, what say you?

Wor. You overwhelm me—I cannot speak!

[*Frederick embraces Emily.*]

Sir R. The trustees are dumb, too; but I see they are embracing the obligations pretty willingly.

Olla. [*Aside.*] A marriage between the young ones! I hope I may be in favour with the family nine months hence!

Luc. Sir Robert, I rejoice at the alliance. The Brambles came in with the Conqueror, and are no disgrace to the Mac Tabs.

Sir R. I haven't the honour to know exactly who you may be, madam, but I thank you. But, zounds! our dinner will be waiting. Make one of the party, if you please, Ollapod.

Olla. I'll attack your mutton with all my heart, Sir Robert. [*Aside.*] I knew he'd ask me to dinner!

Fre. Come, Emily, let me lead you to a house where our days may be long—be happy! You look doubtingly.

Emily. No, indeed. When my father doubted, I have doubted; but I can read his eyes, as he, I own, not long since, read my heart. You have been my preserver, and I cannot help feeling gratitude.

Sir R. Love, you mean, you little devil! Frederick, we'll have Job a grandfather before he can get from Russia!

Fre. My dear uncle, your hand—Mr. Worthington, suffer me to press yours. Emily, you have my heart; and may hearts, when unvitiated by the world, meet the happiness I expect, and the approbation of the virtuous!

THE EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE CHARACTERS.

Olla. Dull Care, avaunt!—All here are now content.

Sir R. Hold! that admits, perhaps, of argument.
Some may be sickened here.

Luc.

But how to know?

- Olla.* Their pulses must be felt before they go.
Sir R. Their pulses felt!—That should be done by you.
Olla. That's very well!—Thank you, good sir—I owe
 you two! [To the audience.
 Hold up your heads!—Ahem!—The patients
 smile,
 And don't seem troubled very much with bile.
 I dose men's spirits to their proper pitch;
 As Cornet, every female I bewitch.
Luc. Not when you leave a lady in the ditch!
Wor. As father, I each father's favour court.
Emily. As daughter, I from daughters ask support.
Olla. Apothecaries, cheer me with your bounty!
Sir R. Bum-bailiffs, me, as sheriff of the county.
Fre. I deprecate the cruel critic's stabs.
Luc. And I, by all the blood of the Mac Tabs!
Wor. And if, to-night, our efforts should succeed,
 Then THE POOR GENTLEMAN is rich indeed!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
 THE CURTAIN.

LUC.	WOR.	EMILY.	FRE	SIR R.	OLLA.
R.]					[L

THE END.

No. XVIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

H A M L E T.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY GUY RABBITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I.

HAMLET.

A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST EDITION.

WITH THE FIRST EDITION OF THE ORIGINAL TEXT, AND
A NEW EDITION OF THE ORIGINAL TEXT.

NEW YORK.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE biographer of John Philip Kemble relates, that on an occasion of the question being agitated, whether *Othello* or *Macbeth* were Shakspeare's greatest production, John Philip remarked : " The critics may decide that point for themselves ; but, as for the people, take up any Shakspeare you will, from the first volume of his works to the last, which has been *read*, and see which play bears the most obvious signs of perusal. My life for it, they will be found in the volume which contains the play of *Hamlet*."

Every reader's experience will confirm this test. No merely literary production in the language has been so much read and studied, or has been made the subject of so much comment and criticism. The present acting edition is that prepared by Kemble. It differs from the original play simply in its abridgment ; few liberties having been taken with the language, except where they were essential to its appropriate condensation. Garrick produced an altered version at Drury Lane in 1771, in which he left out *Osrick* and the *Grave-Diggers*, and introduced some absurd changes in the last scene. He seems to have been so much ashamed, however, of his attempt, that he never published it.

As commentators upon "*Hamlet*" are sufficiently abundant, we think we cannot render a better service to those by whom the present edition will be principally sought, than by giving some account of the peculiarities of the most eminent *Hamlets*, who have been memorable in the annals of the Stage.

The following is Colley Cibber's account of *Betterton's* appearance in this part :—

" You may have seen a *Hamlet* perhaps, who on the first appearance of his father's spirit has thrown himself into all the straining vociferation requisite to express rage and fury ; and the house has thundered with applause, though the misguided actor was all the while tearing a passion into rags. I am the more bold to offer you this instance, because the late Mr. Addison, while I sat by him to see this scene acted, made the same observation, asking me with some surprise if I thought *Hamlet* should be in so violent a passion with the ghost, which, though

it might have astonished, had not provoked him? *Betterton* opened this scene with a pause of mute amazement; then rising slowly to a solemn trembling voice, *he made the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself*; and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghastly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency, manly, but not braving, his voice never rising into that seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered. But alas! to preserve this medium between mouthing and meaning too little, to keep the attention more pleasingly awake by a tempered spirit than by mere vehemence of voice, is of all the master-strokes of an actor the most difficult to reach. In this none have yet equalled *Betterton*."

"I have been told," says another writer, "by a gentleman who has frequently seen *Betterton* perform *Hamlet*, that he observed his countenance, which was naturally ruddy and sanguine, in the scene of the third act where his father's ghost appears, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror, turn, instantly on the sight of his father's spirit, as pale as his neckcloth; when his whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible; so that, had his father's ghost actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was felt so strongly by the audience, that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise; and they, in some measure, partook of the astonishment and horror, with which they saw this excellent actor affected."

"Of this same *Betterton*, the good and great *Addison* remarks:—'Such an actor as Mr. *Betterton* ought to be recorded with the same respect as *Roscus* among the Romans.' And he adds in vindication of the stage: 'there is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre.'"

Murphy speaks thus of *Garrick's* demeanor in the same part:

"When *Garrick* entered the scene, the character he assumed was legible in his countenance. By the force of deep meditation he transformed himself into the very man. He remained fixed in a pensive attitude, and the sentiments that possessed his mind could be discovered by the attentive spectator. When he spoke, the tone of his voice was in unison with the workings of his mind, and as soon as he said—

"But I have that within, which passeth show,"

his every feature proved and confirmed the truth. The soliloquy beginning,

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

brings to light, as if by accident, the character of *Hamlet*. His grief, his anxiety, and irresolute temper, are strongly marked. He does not as yet know that his father was poisoned, but his mother's marriage excites resentment and abhorrence. He begins, but stops for want of words. Reflections crowd upon him and he runs off in commendation of his deceased father. His thoughts soon turn again to his mother. In an instant he flies off again, and continues in a strain of sudden transitions, taking no less than eighteen lines to tell us, that in less than two months his mother married his father's brother. In all these shiftings of the passions, *Garrick's* voice and attitude changed with wonderful celerity, and, at every pause, his face was an index to his mind.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

"On the first appearance of the ghost, such a figure of consternation was never seen. He stood fixed in mute astonishment, and the audience saw him growing paler and paler. After an interval of suspense, he spoke in a low, trembling accent, and uttered his questions with the greatest difficulty. His directions to the players were given *con amore*. The closet-scene with his mother was highly interesting, warm and pathetic. He spoke daggers to her, till her conscience turned her eyes inward on her own guilt. In the various soliloquies, Garrick proved himself the proper organ of Shakspeare's genius."

It was on the 30th of September, 1783, that *John Philip Kemble* made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet. His biographer, Boaden, says of his performance :

"To his general conception of the character I remember but one objection—that the deportment was too scrupulously graceful. There were points in the dialogue in almost every scene, which called upon the critic, where the young actor indulged his own sense of the meaning; and these were to be referred to the text or context of Shakspeare, and also to the previous manner of Garrick's delivery, or the existing one of Henderson's. For instance, Kemble said :

'And for my soul, what CAN it do to *that*,
Being a thing immortal as itself!'

Garrick here, with great quickness, said: 'What can it do to *that*?' There is more impressiveness in Kemble's manner of putting it. Having drawn his sword to menace the friends, who would prevent him following the Ghost, every Hamlet before Mr. Kemble presented the point to the phantom as he followed him to the removed ground. Kemble, having drawn it on his friends, retained it in his right hand, but turned his left towards the Ghost, and drooped the weapon after him—a change both tasteful and judicious. As a defence against such a being, a sword was ridiculous. The kneeling at the descent of the Ghost was censured as a trick. Henderson saw it, and adopted it immediately. These two great actors agreed in the seeming intention of particular disclosure to Horatio. 'Yes, but there *is*, Horatio—and much offence too'—and they turned off upon the pressing forward of Marcellus to partake the communication. Kemble only, however, prepared the way for this by the marked address to Horatio, "Did you not speak to it?"

"In the scene with Polonius, where Hamlet is asked what is the matter that he reads, and he answers, 'Slanders, sir,' Kemble, to give the stronger impression of his wildness, tore the leaf out of the book.

'The mobled queen.'

"Garrick repeated this after the player, as in doubt;* Kemble, as in sympathy. And accordingly Polonius echoes his approbation, and says the expression is good. Henderson and Kemble concurred in saying to Horatio :

"Ay, in my heart of heart, as I do thee !"

* We think that here Garrick was unquestionably right. The remark of Polonius would be more appropriate in the case of Hamlet's appearing puzzled by the term "mobled."—Ed

Garrick gave it differently; heart of heart. The emphasis should be on the first word heart, according to our judgment. In the mock play before the king, Garrick threw out as an unmeaning rant, addressed to Lucianus, the line,

"The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

But Kemble and Henderson made it a reflection of Hamlet applicable to his own case.* In the adjuration to the Queen, 'Mother, for love of grace,' &c., Kemble knelt. His exclamation on hearing that the dead body was Ophelia's had not the pathos of Henderson's, who seemed here struck to the very soul. 'What! the fair Ophelia!' Henderson's mode of uttering this was so inimitably fine, that his tones lingered like some exquisite strain of music in the memory.

"Kemble played this part in a modern court dress of rich black velvet, with a star on his breast, the garter and pendant ribbon of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the hair in powder, which, in the scene of feigned distraction, flowed dishevelled in front and over his shoulders."

Of the comparative styles of Edmund Kean and Charles Kemble in this character, Hazlitt, one of the best theatrical critics of his day, remarks as follows:

"Mr. Kemble unavoidably fails in this character for want of ease and variety. The character of Hamlet is made up of undulating lines. It has the yielding flexibility of a 'wave o'th' sea.' Mr. Kemble plays it like a man in armor, with a determined inveteracy of purpose, in one undeviating straight line, which is as remote from the natural grace and refined susceptibility of the character, as the sharp angles and abrupt starts which Mr. Kean introduces into the part. Mr. Kean is as much too splenetic and rash as Mr. Kemble is too deliberate and formal. His manner is too strong and pointed. He throws a severity approaching to virulence into the common observations and answers.—There is nothing of this in Hamlet. He is, as it were, wrapped up in his own reflections, and only *thinks aloud*. There should therefore be no attempt to impress what he says upon others by a studied exaggeration of emphasis or manner; no *talking at* his hearers. There should be as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible, infused into the part, and as little of the actor."

The following remarks by Davies have reference to a point in the received mode of enacting Hamlet, which we think might well be reformed. Retszch, the celebrated German artist, who has so exquisitely illustrated this play, appears to have seen the absurdity of the miniatures, and represents Hamlet in the scene

* We think that here too Garrick's construction was the most judicious. Hamlet was quizzing the actor, as, where he asks if this "was a prologue or the posy of a ring." Shakspeare would hardly have made a raven *bellow*, except by way of ridiculing the unmeaning bombast of some of the dramatists of his day.—*Ed. Standard Drama.*

referred to, as regarding the likenesses of his father and uncle hung upon the wall :—

“ ‘Look here upon this picture, and on this.’

“ It has been the constant practice of the stage, ever since the Restoration, for Hamlet, in this scene, to produce from his pocket two pictures in little, of his father and uncle, not much bigger than two large coins or medallions. How the graceful attitude of a man could be given in miniature, I cannot conceive. In the infancy of the stage, we know that our theatres had no moving scenes, nor were they acquainted with them till Betterton brought some from Paris, 1662. In our author's time they made use of tapestry; and the figures in tapestry might be of service to the action of the player in the scene between Hamlet and the Queen. But, if the scantiness of decorations compelled the old actors to have recourse to miniature pictures, why should the play-house continue the practice when it is no longer necessary—when the scene might be shown to more advantage by two portraits, at length, in different panels of the Queen's closet? Dr. Armstrong long ago pointed out the supposed absurdity of these hand-pictures. The other mode of large portraits would add to the graceful action of the player, in pointing at the figures in the wainscot. He might resume the chair immediately after he had done with the subject, and go on with the expostulation.”

From the first representation of Hamlet to the present day, it is calculated that no dramatic production whatever has been so frequently acted both in the theatres of Great Britain and the United States. It is generally the first play thumbed by stage-struck aspirants; and yet there is no character in which it is so difficult to satisfy an intelligent audience. The reason is, that almost every one has his own *beau idéal* of Hamlet, and it is difficult for any actor to come up to that standard of the imagination. Mr. Macready, Mr. Forrest, the elder Vandenhoff, and Charles Kean, have all gained some celebrity in this part; but we must confess we would rather see them in any other one of their favorite characters. There are fine points, undoubtedly, in the performances of all; but we have invariably risen from the representation with a sense of dissatisfaction—a feeling that it was not our old acquaintance, the melancholy prince, whom we had been seeing. From descriptions that have come down to us of Betterton's acting in this character, we should infer that he was by far the greatest and truest Hamlet that the stage has yet known.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Claudius, King of Denmark</i>	<i>Drury Lane, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>
<i>Hamlet</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Fleming.
<i>Polonius</i>	" Macready.	" Charles Kean.
<i>Laertes</i>	" Terry.	" Bass.
<i>Horatio</i>	" Mercer.	" Bland.
<i>Rosencrantz</i>	" Archer.	" Barry.
<i>Guildenstern</i>	" Webster.	" S. Pearson.
<i>Osrick</i>	" Coveney.	" Crocker.
<i>Marcellus</i>	" Penley.	" De Walden.
<i>Bernardo</i>	" King.	" M ^r Douall
<i>Francisco</i>	" Howell.	" Gallot.
<i>First Actor</i>	" Turnour.	" King.
<i>First Grave-Digger</i>	" Downton.	" Anderson.
<i>Second Grave-Digger</i>	" Hughes.	" Fisher.
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father</i>	" Wallack.	" Heath.
<i>Queen</i>	Mrs. Glover.	" Dyott.
<i>Ophelia</i>	Miss Povey.	Mrs. Abbott.
<i>Actress</i>		" Charles Kean.
		Miss F. Gordon

Priest, Sailors, Ladies, &c.

COSTUMES.

KING.—Brown velvet doublet and trunks, richly embroidered, crimson velvet robe, trimmed with gold; white silk stockings, white shoes.

HAMLET.—Black doublet, trunks, and cloak, trimmed with bugles and black satin, black hose, round black hat, and black plumes. In the grave-yard scene he wears a dark green cloak, trimmed with scarlet.

HORATIO.—Crimson doublet and trunks, richly embroidered, white pantaloons, russet boots, gauntlets, round black hat, with gold band and white plumes.

LAERTES.—Green vest, mantle, and trunks, embroidered with gold, white silk pantaloons and shoes, gauntlets, round black hat, white plumes, and sword.—Second dress: Black.

POLONIUS.—Crimson doublet, mantle, and trunks, richly embroidered; white silk stockings, white shoes with pink roses.

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.—Crimson vest, mantle and trunks, embroidered, white stockings and shoes.

OSRIC.—White vest, white breeches, black silk mantle with rich gold spangles, white silk stockings, white shoes, round black hat with white plumes.

GHOST.—Steel armour and helmet.

GRAVE DIGGERS.—Coarse drab-coloured dresses, with belts and buckles.

QUEEN.—White satin dress, trimmed with silver, purple velvet robe.

OPHELIA.—Plain white muslin.

VIRGINS.—Plain white muslin.

ACTRESS.—Plain gray calico, trimmed with satin.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

H A M L E T .

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore.—A Platform near the Palace.—Night.*
FRANCISCO at his Post, R.

Enter BERNARDO, L.

Ber. (L.) Who's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me :—stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. (L. c.) 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran. (R. c.) For this relief, much thanks :—'tis bitter
cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. (L. c.) Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. (R.) Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho ! *(L.)* Who is
there ?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L.

Hor. (L.) Friends to this ground.

Mar. (R.) And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier !
Who hath relieved you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

[*Exit, L*

Mar. Holloa ! Bernardo !
Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him. [Giving his hand.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appeared again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. (L. c.) Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy :
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us ;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night ;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. (R. c.) Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Come, let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. (c.) Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. (c.) Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes
again !

Enter GHOST, L.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Hor. (R. c.) Most like :—it harrows me with fear and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march ? By heaven, I charge thee, speak.
[*Ghost crosses to R.*

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; speak, I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit Ghost, R.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. (R.) I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. (C.) Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Re-enter GHOST, L.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. [*Ghost crosses to R.*] Stay,
illusion!

If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me: [*Ghost stops at R.*]

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me. (*L. C.*)

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, fore-knowing may avoid—
Oh, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it:—[*Exit Ghost, L.*—stay, and speak.

Mar. 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. (R.) And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat,
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; [*Crosses, L.*] and, by my advice,
Let (*L. c.*) us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter POLONIUS, *the* KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, *Ladies and*
Attendants, L., LAERTES, R., and stand thus:

R. LAERTES. POLON. KING. QUEEN. HAMLET. L.

King. (c.) Though yet of Hamlet, our dear brother's
death,

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we, with wisest sorrow, think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.—
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit.—What is't, Laertes?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? What says Polonius ?

Pol. Hé hath, my Lord ;
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,
And thy best graces ; spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so, my Lord ; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Deumark.
Do not, forever, with thy vailéd lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :
Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within, which passeth show ;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief ;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.

We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father ; for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet,
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall, in all my best, obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt in the following order, viz. 1st, Polonious, with
a White Rod, formally leading the way ; 2d, the
King and Queen ; 3d, Laertes ; 4th, male and fe-
male Attendants.*

Ham. [*Standing alone, L.*] Oh, that this too, too solid
flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! (c.) 'Tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two—
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on—and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't ;—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—
She married with my uncle,
My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules.
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;—
But break, my heart : (L.) for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO, R.

Hor. (R.) Hail to your Lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio—or I do forget myself ?

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. (R.) Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
Marcellus ?

Mar. (R.) My good Lord—

Ham. (c.) I am very glad to see you—Good even, sir -
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. (L. c.) A truant disposition, good my lord.

[Marcellus and Bernardo stand, R.]

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know you are no truant.
But, what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !
My father—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,
My lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio !

Hor. I saw him once : he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. (L. c.)

Hor. (R. c.) My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. (L.) Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. (c.) For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. (c.) Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered ;—a figure like your father,
Armèd at point, exactly cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secresy impart they did ;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch :
Where, as they had deliverèd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.

Ham. [*To Bernardo and Marcellus, R.*] But where was
this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. (L.) My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;—
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. (R. c.) Indeed, indeed, sirs : but this troubles
me.—

Hold you the watch to-night ?

Mar. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

Mar. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Mar. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face !

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like :—stayed it long ?

Hor. While one, with moderate haste,

Might tell a hundred.

Mar. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ?—no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant 'twill.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. [*Crosses, L.*] I pray you all,
[*Returns to R.*]

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still ;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

I will requite your loves : so, fare you well :

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

Hor. (R.) Our duty to your honour.

Ham. (R.) Your loves, as mine to you :

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet, R.*]

My father's spirit ! (c.)—in arms !—all is not well ;

I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come !

Till then, sit still, my soul : (L.) foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA, R.*

Laer. (R.) My necessities are embarked : farewell !
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
Pray, let me hear from you.

Oph. (R.) Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire ;
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Oph. (R. c.) I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven :
Whilst, like a reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. (c.) Oh, fear me not !
I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L. c.) Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for
shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

[*Exit, L.*]

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. (c.) Marry, well bethought ;
'Tis told to me, he hath very oft of late,
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. (c.) He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ! puh ! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
Or you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.
This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you ; [*Crosses, R.*] come your ways.

Oph. (R.) I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS, R. U. E.

Ham. (R.) The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold. (c.)

Hor. (R.) It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. (c.) I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. (R. c.) No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not ; it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums, and Ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. (L.) The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse ;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't ;
But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach, than the observance.

Enter GHOST, L.

Hor. (R.) Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. (R. c.) [*Horatio stands about two yards from the back of Hamlet ; Marcellus about the same distance from Hamlet, up the Stage.*] Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
[*Ghost stops L. c.*]

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father !—Royal Dane : Oh, answer me !
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?

Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground ;
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. [*Taking Hamlet's arm.*] Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?—
It waves me forth again ;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord ?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And there assume some other horrible form,
And draw you into madness ?

Ham. (c.) It waves me still ;

Go on, I'll follow thee. [*Breaks away, and crosses, L. C.*]

Mar. You shall not go, my lord. [*Both hold him again.*]

Ham. (c.) Hold off your hands.

Hor. (c.) Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Neméan lion's nerve. [*Ghost beckons.*]

Still am I called—unhand me, gentlemen ;—

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

[*Breaks away from them.*]

I say away :—Go on—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet, L.—Horatio and Marcellus slowly follow.*]

SCENE V.—*A remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET, from L. U. E. to L. C.

Ham. (c.) Whither wilt thou lead me ? speak,
I'll go no further.

Ghost. (L. c.) Mark me.

Ham. (R. c.) I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—List, list, Oh, list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. Oh, heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder !

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt.—

Now, Hamlet, hear :

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :

Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there !

From me, whose love was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand, even with the vow

I made to her in marriage ; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine !—

But, soft, methinks I scent the morning air—

Brief let me be :—sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of curséd hebenon in a phial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour

The leperous distilment : whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body ;

So it did mine.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched !

Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. Oh, horrible ! Oh, horrible ! most horrible !

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury and damnéd incest

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught ; leave her to Heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once !

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.—

Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me. [*Vanishes, L. c.*

Ham. (r.) Hold, hold, my heart ;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up ;—(c.)—Remember thee ?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?

Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by heaven,
 I have sworn it.

Hor. [*Within, L.*] My lord, my lord.—

Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Hor. [*Within.*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come!

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS, L.U.E.

Mar. (R. c.) How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. (L. c.) What news, my lord?

Ham. (c.) Oh, wonderful!

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it?

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once
 think it?—

But you'll be secret?

Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
 grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part;
 You, as your business and desire shall point you;—
 For every man hath business and desire,
 Such as it is—and, for my own poor part,
 I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
 And much offence, too. [*Takes his hand.*] Touching this
 vision here—

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. [*Part.*] And now, good friends,
[*Crosses, L.*

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ?

We will.

Ham. (c.) Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. & Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen ; (r.)
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear !

Hor. Oh, day and night, but this is wond'rous strange !

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come :—

Here, [*All three stand, r.*] as before, never, so help you
mercy !

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, " Well, well, we know :"—or, " We could, an if we
would : " or, " If we list to speak ; " or, " There be, an if
they might ; "

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me :—this do ye swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you !

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear !

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! [*All at c.*]—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is,

[*Takes a hand of each.*

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

Heaven willing shall not lack. Let us go in together ;
[Crosses, L.

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint ;—Oh, curséd spite !
That ever I was born to set it right ! [Exeunt, L.

END OF ACT I.

—◆—
ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter POLONIUS, L., and OPHELIA, R.

Pol. (L.) How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. (R.) Oh, my lord, my lord, I have been so af-
frighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
He comes before me.

Pol. (c.) Mad for thy love ?

Oph. (c.) My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so ;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being : that done, he lets me go ;
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love.

What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

Come, go we to the king :

This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, L.,
FRANCISCO and BERNARDO, R.*

King. (c.) Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern !

Moreover that we did much long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation :

What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of ; I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time ; so by your companies,
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen. (c.) Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of
you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. (L.) Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. (L.) But we both obey ;

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changéd son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[*Exeunt all but King and Queen, R.*]

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L. c.) I now do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. (c.) Oh, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. My liege and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. (R. c.) More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure;
But farewell it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend—

I have a daughter: have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: [*Shews a paper.*] now gather, and
surmise.

[*Reads.*]—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the
most beautified Ophelia,"—That's an ill phrase, a vile
phrase; beautified is a vile phrase; but you shall hear;—

[*Reads.*].—"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful:--

[*Reads.*].—"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

"Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have no art to reckon my groans; but, that I love thee best, oh, most best, believe it! Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. How hath she

Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,

(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me), what might you,

Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,

If I had played the desk or table-book;

Or looked upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:

Lord Hamlet is a prince; out of thy sphere;

This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:

And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make),

Fell into a sadness;

Thence into a weakness;

Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his head and shoulders.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time, I'll loose my daughter to him :
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

[*Crosses, L.*

King. (R.) We will try it.

Queen. (R.) But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading!

Pol. Away, I do beseech you ; both away !
I'll board him presently. [*Excunt King and Queen, R. S. E.*

Enter HAMLET, M. D., reading.

(R. c.) How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

Ham. (L. c.) Excellent well.

Pol. (c.) Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. (R. c.) Excellent well : you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ! to be honest as this world goes, is to be
one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For, if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, be-
ing a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a bles-
sing ; but as your daughter may conceive—friend, look
to't.

[*Turns to the R. and reads.*

Pol. (c.) Still harping on my daughter !—yet he knew

me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. I'll speak to him again.—[*Aside.*—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. (R.) Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord?

Ham. (c.) Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards: that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. (R.) Into my grave!

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. (c.) [*Aside.*—My honourable lord, (R. c.) I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

[*Crosses*, R.]

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

[*Aside.*

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet? there he is.

Ros. (L.) Heaven save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius*, L.]

Guil. (L.) My honoured lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? [*Crosses*, c.] Ah, Rosencrantz? Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros. (L. c.) None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord ; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ! but I thank you. Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, come ; deal justly with me ; come ; nay, speak.

Guil. (R. c.) What should we say, my lord ?

Ham. Anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour : I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no ?

Ros. What say you ?

[*Aside to Guildenstern.*

Ham. Nay, then, I have an eye of you. [*Aside.*] If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.—What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me—nor woman neither ; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. (R.) My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. (L.) Why did you laugh, then, when I said, “Man delights not me” ?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we met them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; (c.) his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. (r.) How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets, L.*

Guil. (L.) There are the players.

Ham. (c.) Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore: your hands; you are welcome:—but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hernshaw. [*Crosses, R.*

Pol. [*Within, L.*] Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. (r.) Hark you, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz—that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. (r.) Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. (c.) I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed—

Enter POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (c.) My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour—

Ham. “Then came each actor on his ass”—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. “Oh, Jephthah, Judge of Israel”—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—“One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovéd passing well.”

Pol. (c.) Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not i’ the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. (R. c.) If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord!

Ham. Why, “As by lot, God wot”—and then, you know, “It came to pass, as most like it was”—The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

[Goes to the Actors, L.—Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz stand, R.]

Enter two ACTORS and an ACTRESS, L.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. Oh, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: Com’st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By-r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. You are all welcome. We’ll e’en to’t like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we’ll have a speech straight;—Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

[The 2d Actor and Actress retire up the stage, near L. U. E.]

1 Act. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once—but it was

never acted : or, if it was, not above once : for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare to the general : but it was an excellent play ; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved : 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter : If it live in your memory, begin at this line :

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"—

'Tis not so ; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

Pol. (c.) 'Fore heaven, my lord, well spoken ; with good accent, and good discretion.

Ham. (L. c.) So ;—proceed you.

1 *Act.* "Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage, strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.

But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death : anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arouséd vengeance sets him new awork,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune !"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Say on : come to Hecuba.

1 *Act.* "But who, ah, woe ! had seen the mobled queen"—

Ham. The mobled queen !

Pol. That's good ; the mobled queen is good.

1 *Act.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames ;

A clout upon that head,
 Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up :
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced ?"

Pol. [*Pointing to Hamlet.*] Look, whether he has not
 turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no
 more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the rest of
 this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well
 bestowed ? Do you hear, let them be well used ; for they
 are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time ; after
 your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their
 ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Much better. Use every man after his desert,
 and who shall 'scape whipping ? Use them after your
 own honour and dignity ; the less they deserve, the more
 merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. (L.) Come, sirs. [*To Actors.*]

Ham. Follow him, friends ; we'll hear a play to-mor-
 row. Old friend.— [*To 1st Actor.*]

My good friends, [*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] I'll
 leave you 'till night : you are welcome to Elsinore.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, R.*]

Can you play the murder of Gonzago ?

1 Act. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for
 a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines,
 which I would set down, and insert in't ? could you not ?

1 Act. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord : and look you
 mock him not. [*Exeunt Polonius and Actors, L.*]

Now I am alone. (c.)

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That, from her working, all his visage wanned :

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !

For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
Ha !

Why, I should take it : for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal : Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
Why, what an ass am I ? 'This is most brave ;
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion !

Fie upon't ! foh ! About, my brains ! Humph ! I have
heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions ;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;

I'll tent him to the quick ; if he do blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
 May be a devil : and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape : yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
 More relative than this : The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit, R.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace. Theatre in back Ground.*

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN and OPHELIA, L., ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.

King. (B.) And can you, by no drift of conference,
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion ?

Ros. (R. c.) He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
 But from what cause, he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
 But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 Of his true state.

Queen. (c.) Did you assay him
 To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
 We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it : they are about the court ;
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
 And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties,
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
 To hear him so inclined.
 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, R.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leaves u, too.
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia :
Her father and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. (R.) I shall obey you :—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. (L.) Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen, R.]

Pol. (L. c.) Ophelia, walk you here :
Read on this book ;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.

[*Ophelia goes up the stage, and retires at R. U. E.*
I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt, R. S. E.*]

Enter HAMLET, L.

Ham. (L.) To be, or not to be, that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? (c.)—to die ?—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die :—to sleep :—
To sleep !—perchance, to dream—Ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

[*Ophelia re-enters at R. U. E*

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!

[*Seeing Ophelia, who advances, R*

The fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered!

Oph. (R.) Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honoured lord, you know right well, you did;
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed,
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all: believe none of us; go thy ways to a nunnery.—Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

[*Runs off, R.*]

Oph. (R.) Oh, help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. [*Runs back to her.*] If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go. [*Hastens off, L.*]

Oph. (R.) Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. [*Returns.*] I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. [*Crosses, L.*] I say, we will have no more

marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit, R.*]

Oph. (c.) Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Oh, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see ! [*Exit, R.*]

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS, R. S. E.

King. (R.) Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. (c.) There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute ;
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brain's still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself :—What think you on't ?

Pol. (c.) It shall do well : but yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief,
Sprung from neglected love.

My lord, do as you please ;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief : let her be round with him ;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference : if she find him not,
To England send him ; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. (L.) It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter the FIRST ACTOR and HAMLET, R.

Ham. (R.) Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce—

ed it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1st Act. (n.) I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame, neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1st Act. (c.) I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. (c.) Oh, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go,

make you ready.—

Horatio !

[*Exit 1st Actor, L.*]

Enter HORATIO, R.

Hor. (R.) Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. Oh, my dear lord !—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revèue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flattered ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself : for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks : and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please ; give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king ;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle ; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnéd ghost that we have seen ;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy ; give him heedful note :
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle.
Get you a place. [*Goes and stands, R.—Music.*]

Enter POLONIUS, KING, QUEEN, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRAN-
CISCO, *Lords and Ladies*, L. S. E.

King. [*Seated.*] How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. (R. c.) Excellent, i'faith ; of the camelion's dish :
I eat the air, promise-crammed ; you cannot feed capons
so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord, you played once
in the university, you say ? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. (c.) That did I, my lord ; and was accounted a
good actor.

Ham. (c.) And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i'the capi-
tol ; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf
there. Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh, ho ! do you mark that ? [*Aside to the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. [*Seated, R.*] You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Oh ! your only jig-maker. What should a man
do, but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mo-
ther looks, and my father died within these two hours.

[*Polonius goes and stands at the back of the State
Chairs, L. ; Horatio stands R.*]

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay, then, let the devil wear black,
for I'll have a suit of sables. Die two months ago, and
not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope a great man's me-
mory may outlive his life half a year : but, by'r-lady, he
must build churches, then.

Oph. What means the play, my lord ?

Ham. Miching mallecho ; it means mischief.

Oph. But what is the argument of the play ?

Enter SECOND ACTOR as the Prologue, on a raised Stage, L.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow.

[Lies at the feet of Ophelia, and amuses himself with her fan.]

2d Act. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently." *[Exit, R.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter FIRST ACTOR and the ACTRESS, L., as a Duke and Duchess ; on the raised stage.

1st Act. "Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round,

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands."

Actress. "So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women fear too much, even as they love.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is fixed, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there."

1st Act. "Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly,
too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honoured, beloved,—and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou"—

Actress. "Oh, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second, but who killed the first."

Ham. That's wormwood.

[Aside.

1st Act. "I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead."

Actress. "Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night,
Both here, and hence, pursue me, lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife!" [*Embraces him.*]

1st Act. "'Tis deeply sworn."

Ham. If she should break it now—

1st Act. "Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep." [*Crosses to the seat—sleeps.*]

Actress. "Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain." [*Exit, L.*]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter THIRD ACTOR as LUCIANUS, L.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying. Begin, murderer—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—

..... The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

3d Act. "Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately."

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear, and exit, L.]

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian; you shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

King. *[Jumping up.]* Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio, severally.]

Ham. (c.) "Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalléd play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away."—

Oh, good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. (L. c.) Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.
[Exit Horatio, R.]

Enter GUILDENSTERN and ROSENCRANTZ, L.

Guil. (L.) Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, has sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer I will do your mother's commandment; if

not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. (L. c.) What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command: or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say—

Ros. (L.) Then, thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. Oh, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you, in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir; but, *while the grass grows*—The proverb is something musty. [Crosses, R.]

Enter HORATIO and two Musicians, R., with Recorders.

Ham. Oh! the recorders, let me see one. [Takes one.]—To withdraw with you:—[Guilkenstern crosses behind to R.]

[Exit Horatio and Musicians, R.]
Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. (L.) My lord, I cannot.

Ham. (L.) I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me. [Crosses, R.]

Enter POLONIUS, R.

Pol. (R. C.) My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. [*Leaning on the shoulder of Polonius.*] Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-bye.—They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by-and-bye.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. (R.) By-and-bye is easily said. [*Exit Polonius, R.*] Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Rosencrantz & Guild., R.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;

When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such business as the bitter day

Would quake to look on. Soft—now to my mother.

Oh! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel—not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

King. (c.) I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you :
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, L.

Enter POLONIUS, R.

Pol. (R.) My lord, he's going to his mother's closet ;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him home ;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege ;
I'll call upon you e'er you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exeunt King, R. Polonius, L.

SCENE III.—*The Queen's Closet.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L.) He will come straight. Look, you lay home
to him :
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. (c.) I'll warrant you—
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius conceals himself behind the arras, L. S. E.

Enter HAMLET, R. D.

Ham. (R.) Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. (L.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. (R. c.) Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. (c.) Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me? Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now, a rat? [*Draws.*]

Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. (R. c.) Oh, me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not—

Is it the king?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[*Takes a candle, lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*]
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better. [*To the Queen.*]

Leave wringing of your hands—peace—sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; [*Gets chairs.*] for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damnéd custom have not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense. [*Both sit, c.*]

Queen. (R. of Hamlet.) What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the blush and grace of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite: takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths. Oh ! such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of Heathen.
 Ah, me ! that acted : br

Queen. Ah, me ! W^{ill} re-act ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow—
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself :
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :—
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows :
 Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love : for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment—and what judgment
 Would step from this to this ?
 Oh, shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet, speak no more ;
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
 And there I see such black and grainéd spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed—

Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain ;
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord—a vice of kings ;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket—

Enter GHOST, R.

A king of shreds and patches — [*They rise.*]
Save me, and hover o'er me with
You heavenly guards! what would'st thou do, gracious figure?
[*Looks at the Ghost—the Queen starts.*] [*contrary way.*]

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!

Ghost. (R.) Do not forget—this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Oh, gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he
glares!

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. [*To Ghost.*] Do not look up-
on me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing, R.*]

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves. [*Ghost crosses, R.*]

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost, L.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music : it is not madness
That I have uttered : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks ;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ;—avoid what is to come.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. (c.) Oh ! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night ; but go not to my uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night !

And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
I do repent :
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night !—

[*Exit Queen, R.*]

I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. [Exit, L.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter KING and QUEEN, L.

King. (L. c.) There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,
You must translate ; 'tis fit we understand them ;
How does Hamlet ?

Queen. (c.) Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier—In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "*A rat! A rat!*"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh, heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath killed.

King. The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed,
We must, with all our modesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, L.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid;
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him,
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, L.*

Come, (r.) Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter HAMLET, L.

Ham. (L. c.)—Safely stowed—

Ros. [*Within, R.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? Oh, here
they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN, R.

Ros. (R.) What have you done, my lord, with the dead
body?

Ham. (c.) Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !—what replication should be made by the son of a king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end ; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw ; first mouthed, to be last swallowed :—when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it :—a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. (R.) Bring me to him. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, L., attended.

King. (L. c.) How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose !

Yet must not we put the strong law on him ;
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offence.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, R.

How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. (R.) Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter GUILDENSTERN and HAMLET, R.

King. (c.) Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? where ?

Ham. (R. c.) Not where he eats, but where he is eaten
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him in the other place yourself.—But, indeed, if you find him not within this month you shall nose him as you go up stairs into the lobby.

King. Go, seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exit Guildenstern, R.*]

King. (L. c.) Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,

Must send thee hence;

Therefore prepare thyself:—

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knewest our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for
England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man and
wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.
Come, for England. [*Exit, R.*]

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Away; for everything is sealed and done—

[*Exit Rosencrantz, R.*]

And England, (L.) if my love thou hold'st at aught,

Let it be testified in Hamlet's death. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the QUEEN and HORATIO, L.

Queen. (L. c.) I will not speak with her.

Hor. (R.) She is importunate: indeed, distract:

'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.

[*Exit Horatio, L.*]

Oph. [*Without, L.*] Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark?

Queen. (R.) How now, Ophelia?

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA, L.—Horatio stands, L. C., and a few paces back.

Oph. (c.) [Sings.] How should I your true love know
From another one ?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas ! sweet lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

[Sings.] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head, a grass-green turf,
At his heels, a stone.

Enter the KING, L., and stands, L. C.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings.] White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers. *[Crosses to the King.]*

King. How do you, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, heaven 'ield you ! They say, the owl was
a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not
what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let's have no words of this ; but when they
ask you what it means, say this—

[Sings.] Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[Sings.] Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid,
Never departed more.

[Crosses, R.]

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. (R.) I hope all will be well. We must be patient ;
but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay
him i'the cold ground ; my brother shall know of it, and

so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach ;
 Good night, ladies ! good night, sweet ladies ; good night,
 good night. [Exit, R.]

King. (R. c.) Follow her close : give her good watch, I
 pray you. [Exit *Horatio*, R.]

Oh ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
 All from her father's death. [Noise of arms without, L.]

Enter MARCELLUS, L.

What's the matter ?

Mar. Save yourself, my lord !
 The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers ; the rabble call him, lord ;
 They cry, " Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !"
 Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
 " Laertes shall be king ! Laertes king !"

[Noise without, L.]

Laer. [Without, L.] Where is this king ?—Sirs, stand
 you all without.

Enter LAERTES, L.

Oh, thou vile king !—

Give me my father. [Exit *MARCELLUS*, L.]

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. (L.) That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
 bastard ;

Cries cuckold, to my father ; brands the harlot
 Even here, between the chaste, unsmirched brow
 Of my true mother.

King. (R.) What is the cause, Laertes,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?—
 Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person ;
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would.
 Let him go, Gertrude.

Laer. Where's my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. (c.) But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. (L. c.) How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled
 with :

To hell, allegiance !

To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's :
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. (R. c.) Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Hor. [Without, R.] Oh, poor Ophelia!

King. Let her come in.

*Enter OPHELIA, R., fantastically bedecked with long wheat
 Straws and Flowers.*

Laer. (L. c.) Oh, rose of May—
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
Oh, heavens! is it possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Oph. [Sings.] They bore him bare-faced on the bier;
 And in his grave rained many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. (c.) Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
 venge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. (c.) You must sing : [Sings.]
 Down a-down, an' you call him a-down-a.
Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. [To Laertes.] There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines. [To the
King, R. c.] There's rue for you, [To the Queen, R.] and
here's some for me :—we may call it herb of grace o'Sun-
days—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's

a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.—They say he made a good end.—[Sings]—“For my bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.”

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. [Sings.—Kneeling, R. c.]

And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

[Rises.]—His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

(c.)—He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

And peace be with his soul!

And with all christian souls! I pray heaven.

[Exeunt Ophelia and Queen, L.]

King. (R.) Laertes, I must commune with your grief
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct, or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. (R. c.) Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword or hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble right, nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere, from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

[Exeunt, R.]

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter HORATIO and FRANCISCO, R.

Hor. (R.) What are they that would speak with me?

Fran. (R.) Sailors, sir :
They say they have letters for you.

Hor. (R. c.) Let them come in,— [*Exit Francisco, L.*]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter two SAILORS, L.

1st Sail. (L.) Heaven bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1st Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir—it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads the letter.*] “Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King; they have letters for him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee.—A pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple, I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me, with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Farewell.

“He that thou knowest thine,
“HAMLET.”

Come, I will give you way for these your letters. (L.)
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KING and LAERTES, R.

King. (c.) Now must your conscience my acquittance
 seal;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. (R. c.) And so have I a noble father lost;

A sister driven into desperate terms ;
 Whose worth,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections : but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you must not think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.—
 How now ? What news ?

Enter BERNARDO, L.

Ber. (L. c.) Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
 This to your majesty ; this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet ! Who brought them ?

Ber. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw them not.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
 Leave us. [*To Bernardo, who crosses and exits, R.*
[Reads.] “ High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.”

“ HAMLET.”
 What should this mean ? Are all the rest come back ?
 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. (R.) Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character.—“ Naked”—
 And, in a postscript here, he says, “ alone.”
 Can you advise me ?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come ;
 It warms the very sickness in my heart,
 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
 “ Thus diddest thou.”

King. If it be so, Laertes,
 Will you be ruled by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
 So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now returned—
 As checking at his voyage, and that he means
 No more to undertake it—I will work him
 To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall :

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth.
Here was a gentleman of Normandy—
He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you:
This report of his,
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you:
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or, are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so, that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't :

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal : I'll touch my point
With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferred him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise ?

Enter the QUEEN, L.

Queen. (L.) One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow :—your sister's drowned, Laertes.

Laer. (R.) Drowned ! Oh, where ?

Queen. (C.) There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples ;
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.

Laer. I forbid my tears :—but yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will :—
Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exeunt Laertes, R., King and Queen, L.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A Church-Yard.*

Enter two GRAVE-DIGGERS, L. S. E.

1st Grave. (c.) Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2d Grave. (c.) I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight; the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1st Grave. (r.) How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2d Grave. Why, 'tis found so.

1st Grave. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. *(r. c.)* For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2d Grave. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st Grave. Give me leave. [*Crosses, L.*] Here lies the water; good: [*Crosses, R.*] here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes: mark you that: but, if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2d Grave. But is this law?

1st Grave. Ay, marry is't, crowner's-quest law.

2d Grave. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1st Grave. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. *(c.)* Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2d Grave. Was he a gentleman?

1st Grave. He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put a question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2d Grave. Go to.

1st Grave. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, shipwright, or the carpenter?

2d Grave. The gallows maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1st Grave. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2d Grave. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st Grave. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2d Grave. Marry, now I can tell.

1st Grave. To't.

2d Grave. Mass, I cannot tell.

1st Grave. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit 2d Grave-digger, L.—1st Grave-digger sings while digging.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, oh, the time, for, ah, my behove,
Oh, methought there was nothing meet!

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, and stand behind the Grave, c.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. (R. c.) Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. (R. c.) 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

[*Grave-digger sings.*]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent heaven; might it not?

[The Grave-digger throws up bones.]

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

[Grave-digger sings.]

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

For—and a shrouding sheet:

Oh, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st Grave. Mine, sir.

[Sings.] Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

1st Grave. *[Digging.]* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1st Grave. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Grave. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1st Grave. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1st Grave. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by

the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker !

1st Grave. [*Leans on his spade.*] Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since ?

1st Grave. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that ; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born ; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England ?

1st Grave. Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

1st Grave. 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

1st Grave. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

1st Grave. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

1st Grave. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot ?

1st Grave. [*Sitting on the side of the grave, his face towards the audience.*] 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year : a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

1st Grave. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. [*Stands in the grave again, and turns over the earth and bones thrown up.*] Here's a skull, now, hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

1st Grave. A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1st Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! [*Pats the skull with his hand.*] He poured a flaggon of Rhenish

on my head once ! This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester. [*Gives skull up to Hamlet, R.*

Ham. This ?

1st Grave. E'en that.

Ham. Alas ! poor Yorick ! I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come : make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think that Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? pah ! [*Lays down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously ; to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam : and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :

Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw ! [*Bell tolls*

But soft ! but soft ! aside :—here comes the king,

The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow ?

And with such maiméd rites ! This doth betoken,

The corse they follow did, with desperate hand,

Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate :

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retires with Horatio, R.*—*Bell tolls*

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, Ladies, Priests, &c., through the gates, attending the corpse of OPHELIA, L. U. E. —(Bell tolls.)—Attendants, with torches, stand up the L. side of stage. King and Queen stand c. beyond the grave. Priest at R. end. 1st Grave-digger, at the L. end.

Laer. (L.) What ceremony else ?

Ham. (R.) That is Laertes,

A very noble youth.

[Aside to Horatio.]

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done ?

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : farewell !

[Takes a basket from a Lady, and scatters flowers.]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife :
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer. Oh, treble woe,
Fall ten times treble on that curséd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. (R. c.) The devil take thy soul!

[*Leaping out of the grave, and grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder. [*They are parted.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh, my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

Queen. Oh, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear
thyself?

I'll do it. Dost thou come here but to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. (L.) This is mere madness;
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit, R King.* I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit Horatio, R.*
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;
[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Ladies, L. U. E.*

This grave shall have a living monument :

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see ;

Till then, in patience, our proceeding be. [*Bell tolls.*

[*Exeunt Bearers and Attendants through the gates, L. U. E.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, R.

Ham. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Hor. Peace. Who comes here ?

Enter OSRICK, L.

Osr. (L.) Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. (R. c.) I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly ?
[*Aside to Horatio.*

Hor. (R. c.) No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious : for 'tis a vice to know him.

Osrick. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you, from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.—Your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

Osrick. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Osrick. It is indifferent cold ; my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot ; or my complexion—

Osrick. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry—as twere—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me

signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[Signs to him to put on his hat.]

Osrick. (c.) Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him, the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osrick. Of Laertes?

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osrick. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osrick. I mean, sir, for his weapon.

Ham. What is his weapon?

Osrick. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons:—But, well—

Osrick. The king, sir, hath wagered with him, six Barbary horses: against the which he hath impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osrick. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides.

Osrick. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osrick. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the King

hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can : if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osrick. Shall I deliver you so ?

Ham. To this effect, sir ; after what flourish your nature will.

Osrick. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit, L.*]

Hor. (L.) You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. (c.) I do not think so ; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart : but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord—

Ham. It is but foolery : but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it : I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury ; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Court of Denmark.*

KING and QUEEN, seated ; LAERTES, OSRICK, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, Lords, and Ladies discovered.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, L.

King. [*Rises and comes forward, c.*] Come, Hamlet, and take this hand from me.

[*Joining Hamlet's and Laertes' hand.*]

Ham. (c.) Give me your pardon, sir ; I've done you wrong. [*To Laertes.*]

But pardon it, as you're a gentleman.

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. (c.) I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge :—

I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely ;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes ; in mine ignorance,
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick. Cousin Ham
let,

You know the wager ? *[Returns to the throne]*

Ham. Very well, my lord ;

Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it ; I have seen you both ;—
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. (R.) *[Examining the foils.]* This is too heavy ; let
me see another.

Ham. (L.) This likes me well—these foils have all a
length ?

Osrick. (R.) Ay, my good lord.

King. *[Seated on the throne.]* Set me the stoups of wine
upon that table ;

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire ;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn.—Give me the cups ;
[To Francisco.]

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak—
The trumpet to the cannoneer without—
The cannons to the heavens—the heaven to earth—
Now the king drinks to Hamlet. *[Drinks.]*
[Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons within.]

Come, begin ;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. *[They play.]*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well—again—

King. Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;
Here's to thy health. *[Pretends to drink.]*

[Drums and Trumpets sound—Cannons shot off within.]
Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first ; set it by awhile.
Come—*[They play,]*—another hit !—What say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

[The Queen drinks, and returns the cup to Francisco.]

Ham. Good madam—

King. *[Aside to the Queen.]* Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I have, my lord. I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poisoned cup—it is too late.

[Turning aside from the Queen.]

Laer. I'll hit him now ;

And yet it is almost against my conscience. *[Aside.]*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes.—You do but dally.
I pray you, pass with your best violence ;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so :—Come on. *[They play.—Laertes wounds Hamlet ; and, while struggling, they exchange rapiers.]*

King. Part them : they are incensed.

[The Queen swoons.]

Ham. Nay, come again.

[Hamlet wounds Laertes, who falls.]

Osrick. Look to the Queen there, ho !

Hor. How is't, my lord ?

Osrick. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick :
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink.—Oh, my dear
Hamlet !—

The drink, the drink.—I am poisoned.

[She is led off, L. U. E.]

Ham. Oh, villainy !—Ho ! let the door be locked.—
Treachery ! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet.—Hamlet, thou art slain ;
No medicine in the world can do thee good ;
In thee there is not half an hour's life ;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenomed ; the foul practice
Hath turned itself on me ; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again ; thy mother's poisoned ;—
I can no more : the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. (c.) The point
Envenomed too ! Then, venom, to thy work !
[*Stabs the King on the throne.*
Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnéd Dane,
Follow my mother. [King dies.

Laer. He is justly served.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee :
Nor thine on me ! [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) Oh, I could tell you—
But let it be.—Horatio,
Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never, believe it ;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left. [Takes the cup.

Ham. As thou'rt a man— [Throws away the cup.
Give me the cup—let go—by heaven, I'll have it.
Oh, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me !
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
Oh ! I die, Horatio !
The potent poison quite o'erthrows my spirit—
The rest is silence. [Dies.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

King lying dead on the throne.

Attendants.

FRAN HOR. HAM
E.]

Attendants.

OSRICK. LAER.
[

No. XIX.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

CHARLES THE SECOND:

OR,

THE MERRY MONARCH.

A Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, ESQ.

THE STAGE EDITION:

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK :

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I CANNOT but feel sensible how much this little comedy owes, for its success, to the admirable acting it has drawn forth. It has had the good fortune to present Mr. Charles Kemble in that line in which he is the peculiar delight of the public, and in which he stands unrivalled. Mr. Jones, Mr. Duruset, and Mrs. Faucit, are likewise entitled to my warmest thanks for the talent which they have exerted on the occasion.

If I make separate mention of Mr. Fawcett and Miss M. Tree, it is because I have had no previous opportunity of acknowledging their merits in another piece of mine, the opera of *Clari*; and I take this occasion to express my high and grateful sense of their excellence in both.

The part of *Captain Copp*, in the hands of Mr. Fawcett, is one of those rich and racy pieces of acting, that can only be furnished by the veteran artist in whom vigorous original talent has been refined and mellowed by time and experience. It has all the spirit of youthful days, with the generous flavor of maturer age. I may speak almost impartially on this subject, for, in fact, Mr. Fawcett has made the character his own by his inimitable acting.

If I say that Miss M. Tree, as *Mary*, frequently equals the best points of Mademoiselle Mars in the French original, she will not think I undervalue her genius by a comparison with the finest comic actress in existence. Of her *Clari*, I can but re-echo the admiration already bestowed upon it throughout the kingdom.

I understand that the authorship of this comedy has been claimed by different persons in the public papers, on the ground of their having produced translations of the French original,

which have been performed at the minor theatres. In reply to this I would observe, that I have never seen any of those translations. My play was written last autumn at Paris. It was founded on a printed copy of "*La Jeunesse de Henry V.*," of which a number of editions have appeared. The incidents and situations are nearly the same, but the dialogue differs essentially throughout, especially in the part of *Captain Copp*. I am not aware that the circumstance of one person's having translated a foreign play for any individual theatre, gives him an exclusive property in the original play. I believe foreign plays are considered open to any one, to alter and adapt according to his taste and ability; and, after all, the honour of a translation or adaptation is a matter very little worth contending for.

But, while I totally disclaim all benefits from contemporary translations, I must advert to material advantages which I have received from other sources, and I regret that I am restrained from acknowledging them except in general terms. My manuscript had been revised by a literary friend, to whom I am indebted for invaluable touches; and the Songs were supplied, during my absence, by, as I am informed, "a very amiable and accomplished young lady," whose concealment of her name shows that her modesty is equal to her merit.

London, June 5, 1824.

J. H. P.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS is the production of an American dramatist, Mr. Payne, author of "*Brutus*." As will be seen from his preface, it is borrowed from the French, and was originally brought out in London as far back as 1824. It keeps possession of the stage as a favorite after-piece, and is frequently played.

The character of *Captain Copp*, which is original with Mr. Payne, is skilfully drawn; and the historical traits of *Charles* and *Rochester* appear to be pretty faithfully preserved. Of course these last are neither very exemplary nor agreeable personages; although there are too many to be found, who resemble them, in the haunts of fashionable dissipation. The incident of the watch, on which the plot principally turns, is said to be true; but this is rather traditional than historical.

The comedy forms a light, gay, dashing little afterpiece; and, without conveying any very pointed moral, it keeps the attention pleasantly awake. Mr. Charles Kemble, as the "merry monarch," is said to have been inimitably successful. The piece was originally dedicated to him in the following terms:

TO

CHARLES KEMBLE,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF GRATEFUL FRIENDSHIP,

AND SINCERE ADMIRATION OF HIS TALENT,

THIS TRIFLE

IS INSCRIBED BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden.</i>	<i>Park.</i>	<i>Mitchell's Olympic.</i>
<i>King Charles II.</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Dyott.	Mr. Walcot.
<i>Rochester</i>	" Jones.	" Bland.	" Fenno.
<i>Captain Copp</i>	" Duruset.	" Bass.	" Nickinson.
<i>Edward</i>	" Fawcett.	" S. Pearson.	" Dennison.
<i>Lady Clara</i>	Mrs. Faucit.	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Clarke.
<i>Mary Copp</i>	Miss M. Tree.	" Knight.	Miss Roberts.

Pages, Servants, &c.

COSTUMES.

KING CHARLES.—Large drab beaver hat, white plumes, point lace collar and cuffs, black circular cloak lined with white satin, and turned back with gold trimming. A star on the cloak. Green doublet, slashed with white satin from top to the bottom of sleeves, and richly embroidered. Sash of amber-coloured silk, with bows round the waist and sleeves. Deep buff full breeches, richly embroidered, with point lace at the knees. Yellow boots.—Sailor's dress: Very full blue tunic, to draw round the waist; full blue breeches, blue stockings, striped shirt, coarse baize cap, russet shoes.

ROCHESTER.—Two dresses of the same fashion as the king's, except that the embroidered dress is of plum colour, and no cloak. White satin sash, white bows; and white shoes.

EDWARD.—Scarlet doublet, white full breeches trimmed with gold button-holes and tassels, white puffs, white silk sash and gold fringe, white shoes.—Second dress: Same shape as the first, but of plain puce brown, trimmed with amber-coloured silk.

CAPTAIN COPP.—Very full scarlet tunic, drawn round the waist with black cord and black bows, striped shirt, large blue breeches, trimmed with yellow and large gilt ball buttons, cloak to match, with a few buttons but no other trimming, and large drab beaver hat.

TWO WAITERS, in plain doublets.

BEEF-EATERS.

LADY CLARA.—Very rich pink satin dress, with full sleeves, trimmed with pearl beads.

MARY.—Black velvet body, blue silk skirt trimmed with point lace, and point lace apron.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Palace.*

Enter ROCHESTER and LADY CLARA, R.

Lady C. Yes, my lord, her majesty will have it, that you are the chief cause of the king's irregularities.

Roch. Oh, I'll warrant it : and of his not loving her, too—is it not so ?

Lady C. I did not say that ; but, in truth, my lord, your continual jests on the married state—

Roch. Heaven bless it !

Lady C. Your continual ridicule of married men—

Roch. Heaven help them !

Lady C. Your licentious example, and still more licentious poetry—

Roch. What's coming next ?

Lady C. All these, I say, make you the most dangerous of men.

Roch. Dangerous ! My dear Lady Clara, you make me vain.

Lady C. It is well known that you are the king's prime companion in all his excesses.

Roch. What, is my loyalty to be made my reproach ? Must I not stand by my monarch in all his moods ? Would you have me weep, when my sovereign laughs ? Would you have me whine, when my sovereign calls for a jolly song ! No, no, my lady, that might have done in the days of the Roundheads ; but times are altered. We have a merry monarch to reign over us—A merry monarch makes

a merry court—so God save the jovial king, and send him boon companions.

Lady C. [*Laughing.*] I see it is in vain to reason with you.

Roch. Then give over the attempt. Let us talk of something of a nearer and a dearer interest—of your merits and my most ardent flame.

Lady C. Ah, me! I fear, like many other of your flames, it will but end in smoke. You talk of being desperately in love: what proof have you ever given?

Roch. What proof? Am I not ready to give the greatest proof a man can offer—to lay down this sweet bachelor life, and commit matrimony for your sake?

Lady C. Well, this last, I must say, coming from a Rochester, is a most convincing proof. I have heard *you* out, listen now to *me*. [*Rochester bows.*] If, by your ascendancy over the king, you can disgust him with these nocturnal rambles, and bring him back to reason—

Roch. Your ladyship forgets one of my talents

Lady C. Which is it?

Roch. That of getting myself banished two or three times a year.

Lady C. And if the woman you profess to love should offer to *partake* your exile?—

Roch. I am a lost man—I surrender. That last shot reached my heart.

Lady C. [*Sighing.*] Ah, my lord—if that heart were only worth your head! Well, is it agreed?

Roch. It is your will—I undertake the sacrifice—but, madam, bear in mind my recompense.

Lady C. You may hope for everything. Adieu, my lord. I now begin to believe in your passion, since you are willing to make a sacrifice to it, even of your follies.

[*Exit, R.*]

Roch. [*Alone.*] A pretty task I have undertaken, truly! I—Rochester—become reformer! And, then, the convert I have to work upon! Charles, who glories in all kinds of rambling frolics! True, he has had none but pleasant adventures as yet. If I should trick him into some ridiculous dilemma? My whole life has been a tissue of follies, and I am called a man of wit. I am now to attempt a rational act, and I shall be called a madman!

Well, be it so—matrimony will be sure to bring me to my senses.

Enter EDWARD, languidly, R.

Ah! here comes my young protégé—How downcast he seems! How now, Edward, what's the matter with you, boy?

Edw. [*Sighing.*] Nothing, my lord.

Roch. Good heaven, what a sigh to heave up nothing with! Tell me the truth this instant. Hast thou dared to fall in love?

Edw. I hope, my lord, there is no harm in indulging an honest attachment.

Roch. An honest attachment! A young half-fledged page about court, who has hardly tried his wings in the sunshine of beauty, to talk of an honest attachment. Why, thou silly boy, is this the fruit of all the lessons I have given thee?

Edw. Did not your lordship tell me, that one of the first duties of a page was to be zealous in his devotion to the fair?

Roch. Yes; but I told thee to skim over the surface of beauty, just dipping your wings, like a swallow, not plumping in like a goose—I told you to hover from flower to flower like a butterfly, not to bury yourself in one like a bee. An honest attachment! What a plebeian phrase! There's a wife and seven children in the very sound of it.

Edw. My lord, I know your talent for putting things in a whimsical light, but, could you see the object of my passion—

Roch. Nay, a truce with all description. But who, pray, is the object of this honest attachment?

Edw. [*Embarrassed.*] My lord!

Roch. One of the maids of honour, I'll be bound, who has privately been petting you with sweetmeats, and lending you love-tales.

Edw. No, my lord.

Roch. Pray, then, give me some clue. What is the name of your beauty?

Edw. Her name, my lord, is Mary.

Roch. Mary! a very pretty, posy-like name—And what sequestered spot may the gentle Mary embellish with her presence?

Edw. She lives at the Tav... Nay, my lord, promise not to laugh.

Roch. Come, the residence of this fair one?

Edw. Why, then, my lord, she inhabits the tavern of the Grand Admiral, in Wapping.

Roch. Usquebaugh and tobacco! the tavern of the Grand Admiral!—Ha! ha! ha!—An honest attachment to some pretty bar-maid!

Edw. No, my lord, no bar-maid, I assure you. Her uncle keeps the tavern.

Roch. [*With mock gravity.*] Oh, then, she is heiress apparent to the tap-room, and you no doubt look forward to rise in the state through the dignities of drawer, tapster, and head-waiter, until you succeed to the fair hand of the niece, and the copper nose of the uncle, and rule with spigot in hand over the fair realms of Wapping. You, who I flattered myself would have made the torment and delight of all the pretty women at court, *you* to be so completely gulled at the very outset,—the dupe of a green girl, and some old rogue of a publican!

Edw. Indeed, indeed, my lord, you do the uncle injustice. He is a perfectly honest, upright man—an old captain of a cruiser.

Roch. Worse and worse! Some old buccaneer, tired of playing the part of a monster at sea, has turned shark on shore. And do you dare to appear in such a house with the dress of a royal page?

Edw. Oh! I have taken care to avoid that. I have introduced myself into the house as a music-master.

Roch. And your musical name, gentle sir.

Edw. Georgini, at your service.

Roch. Ha! ha! ha! very soft and Italianish—I'll warrant this heroine bar-maid will turn out some unknown princess, carried off by the old buccaneer landlord, in one of his cruising.

Edw. Your lordship is joking; but, really, at times, I think she is not what she seems.

Roch. Ha! ha! ha! I could have sworn it. But silence—I hear his majesty dismount. Run to where your duty calls—we'll take another opportunity to discuss the merits of this Wapping Princess.

Edw. [*Goes out muttering.*] There's many a true thing

said in jest. I am certain her birth is above her condition.

[*Exit, L.*

Roch. I must see this paragon of bar-maids—She must be devilish pretty! The case admits of no delay—I'll see her this very evening. Hold! Why not fulfil my promise to Lady Clara at the same time? [*Beef-eaters appear at door, c.*] It is decided:—I'll give his majesty my first lesson in morals this very night. But he comes.

Enter CHARLES, door in c.

Chas. Good day, my lord?—What, musing! I never see thee with that air of grave cogitation, but I am sure there is some mischief devising.

Roch. On the contrary, I am vehemently tempted to reform.

Chas. Reform! ha! ha! ha! why, man, no one will credit thy conversion! Is not thy name a by-word? Do not mothers frighten their daughters with it, as formerly with that of Beelzebub? Is not thy appearance in a neighborhood a signal for all the worthy burghers to bar their windows and put their womankind under lock and key? Art thou not, in melancholy truth, the most notorious scapegrace in the kingdom?

Roch. Heaven forefend, that in anything I should take precedence of your majesty.

Chas. But what proof do you give of your conversion?

Roch. The most solemn—I am going to be married!

Chas. Married! And who, pray, is the lady you have an idea of rendering miserable?

Roch. The Lady Clara!

Chas. The Lady Clara! The brilliant, the discreet, the virtuous Lady Clara! She marry Rochester! ha! ha! ha!

Roch. Ah, my liege, heaven has given her a superabundance of virtues—She will be able to make a very virtuous man of me with her superfluity.

Chas. Well, when thou art married, I will undertake to write thy epithalamium.

Roch. Then your majesty may at once invoke the Muses. All is settled. [*With great gravity.*] As soon as the rites are solemnized, I shall quit the court and its mundane pleasures, and retire with my lovely bride to my castle at

Rochester, under permission of my creditors, the faithful garrison of that fortress.

Chas. What! is your castle again in pledge?

Roch. No, my liege, not again. It has never, to my knowledge, been exactly out of keeping. A castle requires a custodian.

Chas. Ah, Rochester! Rochester! Thou art an extravagant dog. I see I shall be called on to pay these usurers at last.

Roch. Your majesty is ever bounteous. I should not have dared to solicit, and certainly shall not presume to decline.

Chas. Ha! ha! Thou art an arrant juggler. But, to business,—where shall we pass the night?

Roch. [*Assuming a serious air.*] I must beg your majesty to excuse me this evening—I have an engagement of a grave and important nature.

Chas. Grave and important! Thou liest, Rochester; and whither does this grave engagement take thee?

Roch. To the tavern of the Grand Admiral in Wapping!

Chas. I thought it was some such haunt. And the object of this business?

Roch. A young girl, beautiful as an angel, and virtuous as a dragon—about whom, there hangs a mystery that I must investigate.

Chas. A mysterious beauty! It is a case for royal scrutiny—I will investigate it myself.

Roch. But, my liege—

Chas. No buts. Provide disguises. We will go together. [*With mock gravity.*] I like to study human nature in all its varieties. There's something of philosophy in this,—one often gets a useful lesson in the course of a frolic.

Roch. [*Aside.*] It shall go hard but your majesty shall have one to-night. [*Aloud.*] Ah, how few, except myself, give your majesty credit for your philosophy! And yet, by many, I am considered the partaker of your majesty's excesses; and should any disagreeable adventure be the result—

Chas. Psha! I take the consequences on myself. Provide two seamen's dresses, a purse of gold well filled, and

arrange everything for nine precisely. Till then, farewell.

[*Exit, L. D.*

Roch. I will attend your majesty. So! the plot is in train. This night, the lesson. To-morrow, my disgrace. Within eight days, my marriage, and then, at my leisure, to repent and reform.

[*Exit, L. D.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of Copp's Tavern, the Grand Admiral.*
—*A view of the Thames and Wapping.*

Enter MARY from the House, L. in the flat.

Voices within. Wine! wine! house!—waiter!—more wine, ho! Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Mary. What a noise those sailors make in the bar-room—nothing but singing and laughing and shouting. I should like to take a peep at them—but no—my uncle forbids me to show myself in the public rooms: he scarcely lets me be seen by the guests—he brings me up more like a young lady than the niece of a tavern keeper—[*Walks about restless.*] Heigho! what a tiresome long day! what shall I do with myself? what can be the matter with me? I wonder what can keep Mr. Georgini away? For three days he has not been here to give me a lesson—no matter—[*Peevishly.*] I don't care—I shall forget all my singing, that's certain: he was just teaching me such a pretty song, too—all about love. I'll try it—[*Attempts to sing.*]—no, I can't—it's all out of my head—well, so much the better! I suppose he is teaching it to some fine lady scholar—let him, I don't care—I don't believe he'll find her so apt a scholar.

SONG.

Oh! not when other eyes may read
My heart upon my cheek,
Oh! not when other ears can hear,
Dare I of love to speak—
But when the stars rise from the sea,
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love!
Oh, then I think of thee!

When o'er the olives of the dell
The silent moonlight falls,
And when upon the rose, the dew

Hangs scented coronals,
And buds close on the chesnut tree,
Oh, then I think of thee, dear love !
Oh, then I think of thee !

Enter COPP from the house-door in flat.

Copp. What, Mary, my little blossom, what cheer ?
what cheer ? Keep close, my little heart—why do you
stir out of port ? Here be cruisers abroad.

Mary. Who are those people, uncle, that make such a
noise ?

Copp. Two hearty blades—mad roysterers—oons, how
they drink ! I was obliged to part company, old cruiser
as I am, or they would soon have had me on my beam
ends.

Mary. Are they sailors, uncle ?

Copp. To be sure they are : who else would fling about
money as they do, and treat a whole bar-room ? The tal-
lest, in particular, is a very devil. Hollo, Captain Copp,
cries he every minute, another bottle to treat my brother
tars.

Mary. By their swaggering about so, they must be very
rich.

Copp. Pho, child, 'tisin't the deepest laden ships that
make the most rolling.

Mary. But they spend their money so freely.

Copp. A sure sign that it's running out. The longest
cable must come to an end. He that pays out fastest, will
soonest be brought up with a round turn.

Mary. To what ship do they belong ?

Copp. That's more than I can say. Suppose they're a
couple of man of war's men just paid off, who think they've
a Spanish mine in each pocket—[*Shout of laughter from L.
in flat door within.*] Ah, the jolly tars ! I was just the
same at their age.

Mary. I should like to have a look at them. [*Going up.*

Copp. Avast, there—what, trust thee in the way of two
such rovers ? No, no, I recollect too well what it was to
get on shore after a long voyage. The first glimpse of a
petticoat—whew ! up boarding pikes and grappling irons !
—[*Recollecting himself.*] Ahem—no, no, child, musn't ven-
ture in these latitudes.

Mary. Ah, my good uncle, you are always so careful of me.

Copp. And why not? What else have I in the whole world to care for, or to care for me? Thou art all that's left to me out of the family fleet—a poor, slight little pinnace. I've seen the rest, one after another, go down; it shall go hard but I'll convoy thee safe into port.

Mary. I fear I give you a great deal of trouble, my dear uncle.

Copp. Thou'rt the very best lass in the whole kingdom, and I love thee as I loved thy father, my poor brother Philip; that's because you're his very image. To be sure, you haven't his jolly nose, and your little mouth is but a fool to his. But then, there are his eyes, and his smile, and the good humoured cut of his face—[*Sighing.*—poor Philip! What!—[*Wiping his eyes.*] Psha! let's change the subject, because, d'ye see, sensibility and all that gammon, it does me no good—none—so let's talk of something else. What makes thee so silent of late, my girl? I've not heard a song from thee these three days!

Mary. It's three days since I've seen my music-master.

Copp. Well, and can't you sing without him?

Mary. Without him I can't sing well.

Copp. And what's become of him?

Mary. [*Pettishly.*] I can't tell, it's very tiresome. If he did not mean to come again, he might have said so.

Copp. Oddsfish, neglect thee—neglect his duty! I'll break him on the spot. Thou shalt have another master, my girl.

Mary. [*Eagerly.*] Oh, no, on no account; I dare say he is not well, some accident has happened. Besides, there is no other teacher in town equal to him, he sings with such feeling.

Copp. Ah! girl, if I had my old messmate, Jack Rattlin, here, he'd teach thee to sing. He had a voice—faith, it would make all the bottles dance, and glasses jingle on the table! Talk of feeling! Why, when Jack would sit of an evening on the capstan when on watch, and sing about sweethearts and wives, and jolly tars, and true lovers' knots, and the roaring seas, and all that; smite my timbers, but it was enough to melt the heart of a grampus. Poor Jack, he taught me the only song I ever knew, it's a main good one, though—

[*Sings a Stave.*]

In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump,
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel :
And his crew of Bigbreeches,
Those Dutch sons of ——

Mary. [*Putting her hand on his mouth.*] Oh, uncle, uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song.

Copp. Rough? that's the beauty of it. It rouses one up, pipes all hands to quarters like a boatswain's call. Go in, Mary, but go in at the other door: don't go near the bar: go up to your own room, my dear, and your music-master will come to you presently, never fear.

[*Exit Mary, L.*]

Voice within. [*At door in flat, R. E. L.*] Hollo—house! waiter! Captain Copp! another bottle, my hearty fellow.

Copp. There they go again! I can't stand it any longer. I am an old cruiser, and can't hear an engagement without longing to be in the midst of it. Avast, though, [*Stopping short,*] these lads are spending too much money. Have a care, friend Copp, don't sink the sailor in the publican; don't let a free-hearted tar ruin himself in thy house—no, no, faith. If they want more wine, they shall have it; but they shall drink as messmates, not as guests. So have at you, boys; it's my turn to treat now.—

“In the time of the Rump”——

[*Exit into the house, door in flat.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Copp's House.—Stairs, L. S. E.—Two large windows in flat, with shutters closed.*

Enter MARY, L. D.

Mary. How provoking this absence of Mr. Georgini! It would be serving him right to let my uncle discharge him: but then I should like just to learn that song he is teaching me—hark!—How my heart beats! Hark! I'll wager it's Georgini—I have a gift of knowing people before I see them—my heart whispers me—

Enter EDWARD, as GEORGINI, L. D.

So, sir, you are come at last, are you? I had supposed

you did not intend to come any more, and was about to look out for another teacher.

Edw. Pardon me for my absence—you have no idea what I have suffered.

Mary. [*With anxiety.*] Suffered!—Have you been ill, then?

Edw. Very ill—

Mary. Indeed! and what was your complaint?

Edw. [*Smiling.*] The not seeing you.

Mary. [*Half piqued, half pleased.*] Mighty fine, sir; it is a complaint that you might have cured in a moment.—I have been angry, sir—very angry at your neglect—don't smile, sir—I won't be laughed at—

Edw. Laugh at you!—Can you suspect me of such a thing?—I do but smile from the pleasure of seeing you again—nothing but circumstances that I could not control, caused my absence.

Mary. [*Softening.*] Well, it's very provoking to be interrupted in one's lessons, just in the middle of a new song—I'll warrant you've been teaching it all over town.

Edw. Indeed, I teach it to no one but yourself—for no one else can do it such justice.

Mary. [*Smiling.*] Nay, now you are flattering—have you brought it with you?

Edw. Here it is—if you please, we will sing it at once.

Mary. Yes—but—but—don't look so steadily at me while I sing—it puts me out; and then—and then—I don't know what I'm singing.

Edw. What!—have you fear of me, then?

Mary. Oh! yes; I fear that I may not please you.

Edw. [*Apart.*] Amiable innocence! for the world would I not betray thee.

DUETTO.

Mary. Love one day essayed to gain
Entrance into Beauty's bower,
Many a toil, and many a chain,
Guarded round the precious flower.

Edw. But Love laid aside his bow,
Veiled his wing, hid his dart,
Entered more than Beauty's bower,
Entered also Beauty's heart.

Mary. Hence was the sweet lesson learnt,
Fond hearts never should despair,
Kept with truth, and led by hope,
What is there Love may not dare ?

Enter COPP, a little gay, L. D.

Copp. Aha ! master crotchet and quaver ! so you've come at last, have you ? What the deuce did you stay away for, and let my little girl get out of tune ?

Edw. Oh ! I have explained all, sir, and made my peace.

Copp. [*Crosses, c.*] Ah, she's a forgiving little baggage, and amazing fond of music—why, she's always on the look-out for you an hour before the time.

Mary. Never mind, uncle. Are your strange companions here still ?

Copp. Here still ? ay, and likely to stay here—ha ! ha ! ha !—no getting rid of them ; they're a couple of devils, of right down merry devils, ha ! ha ! ha ! They've flustered me a little, i'faith.

Edw. You seem to have a great deal of company in the house, sir ; I'll take my leave.

Copp. You shall take no such thing—you shall take tea with us, my little semibreve, and we'll have a lesson of music, too. Oddsfish ! you shall give me a lesson—I am confoundedly out of practice, and can't turn my old song for the life of me. [*Begins.*] “In the time of the Rump”—

Mary. Never mind the song now, uncle, we must have tea first, and Mr. Georgini will help me make it.

Copp. Ay, faith, and we'll add a bowl of punch and a flask of old Madeira to make a set out—my two mess-mates in the other room are to be of the party.

Mary. What, those wild sailors who have been keeping the house in an uproar ?

Copp. To be sure—they're good lads, though they have a little of the devil in them. They asked to clink the cup with me, and you know I can't well refuse, by trade, to clink the cup with any one. In troth, they had put me in such rare good humour—ha ! ha ! ha !—that I could not refuse them for the life of me.

Mary. But they are such a couple of harebrains—

Copp. Oh ! don't be afraid—they are rough, but good-natured—sailor-like: besides, am not I always within hail ?

One of them, I see, is heaving in sight already. Come with me, my girl, and help to prepare the punch and get the tea—you, my king of crotchets, will stay and receive our guests—make yourself at home.—[*Sings as he goes,*] “In the time of the Rump”—[*Exit with Mary, R. up stairs.*]

Edw. Here’s a transformation! from a court page behold me master of ceremonies at a Wapping tavern! [*Starts.*] Good heaven! whom have we here? The Earl of Rochester in that rude garb!

Enter ROCHESTER, laughing.

Roch. Ha! ha! ha! The shouts of those jolly fellows began to turn my brain—his majesty is in fine humour to get into a scrape; and if he does, to make his difficulties more perplexing, I have secured his purse, so that he cannot bribe his way out of them—Hey! Edward?

Edw. [*Confused.*] My lord Rochester—

Roch. Silence, you rogue! I am no lord here, no Rochester. I am a seaman—my name Tom Taffrel. The king, my messmate, is Jack Mizen.

Edw. The king with you!—[*Aside.*] I see it all—he’s after Mary—ah! I am lost.

Roch. Don’t be alarmed, friend Georgini; none but the most innocent motives have brought us here.

Edw. Innocent motives bring you and the king at night to a tavern in Wapping, where there is a beautiful girl? Ah! my lord, my lord—

Roch. Nay, to convince you that you have nothing to fear, I permit you to remain with us—[*Aside.*] He may assist my scheme—[*Aloud.*] You must play off your character of music-master upon the king.

Edw. Impossible! His majesty will recognise my features.

Roch. Psha! you have not been a page a month; he probably has not seen your face three times. But take care how you act; the least indiscretion on your part—

Edw. Ah! my lord, I am too much interested in keeping the secret.

Roch. That is not all. In whatever situation the king may find himself, whatever chagrin he may suffer, I forbid you to assist him in the slightest manner. You are to see in him only the sailor, Jack Mizen.

Edw. Should his majesty chance to incur any danger, my lord, I can never be passive. In such case, I have but one course.

Roch. There *can* be no danger—I shall myself watch over his safety.

Edw. That decides me—I think I apprehend the object, and will obey your lordship.

Chas. [*Without.*] Yo, ho! Messmate!

Roch. The king approaches—Silence! let each resume his part.

Enter CHARLES, L.

Chas. Yo, ho! Well, messmate, shall we soon see this marvellous beauty?

Edw. [*Apart.*] So—this is his majesty's innocent motive!

Roch. Peace, friend Jack, here's one of her admirers—her music-master—

Chas. Ah! you teach the young lady music, do you? [*Looking earnestly at him.*] Zounds! how like he is to the page you gave me lately!

Edw. [*Apart.*] Ah! my face strikes him.

Roch. Hum—I can't say I see much resemblance. He is taller than Edward, and older, and the expression of his countenance is not the same.

Chas. No, no, not altogether, but there is a something—

Roch. Why, to tell the truth, the page had a wild fellow for a father—and, your majesty knows, likenesses are stamped at random about the world sometimes.

Chas. [*Laughing.*] I understand—duplicate impressions—like enough.

Staircase, R. S. E.—Enter MARY and SERVANT with Tea.—They put the tea-things in order.—Tea-kettle boiling.—Exit Servant.

Mary. [*To Servant.*] Set the table in this room.

Chas. [*To Rochester.*] By heaven, she's a divinity!

Edw. [*Low to Rochester.*] What does he say?

Roch. [*To Edw.*] That your divinity is a devilish fine girl.

Chas. [*To Rochester.*] Amuse this confounded singing-master. I wish to have a duo with his mistress. He'll only mar music.

Roch. [To Edward, with an air of great business.] My good Mr. Georgini, I have something particular to say to you—[Drawing him to a corner.] His majesty [suppressing a laugh,] fancies that you are uncomfortable, and requests me to amuse you.

Edw. Yes, that he may have Mary all to himself—

[Drawing near her.

Roch. [Drawing him back.] Come, don't be childish. What, you pretend to follow my lessons, and want complaisance ! [Charles has been making advances to Mary, who appears at first a little shy.

Chas. Do let me assist you, my pretty lass.

Mary. Don't trouble yourself, sir ; Mr. Georgini is to help me make tea.

Edw. [Breaking from Rochester.—Crosses to Mary.] I am here, madam—what can I do to help you ?

Chas. [Puts the kettle, as if accidentally, against his hand—dryly.] Take care, young man, you may scald your fingers.

Roch. [Drawing Edward back, and speaking low.] Why, what a plague, boy, are you doing ?

[Charles continues to assist Mary, mingling little galantries, and blundering in attempts to assist.

Edw. [Aside, and struggling with Rochester.] I shall go mad !

Mary. Oh, dear sir, you're so kind, you quite put me out—[Laughing.]—hey !—you have taken my hand instead of the teapot. I will not say you are awkward, sir, but really, you have the oddest manner of assisting—nay—let go my hand, I beg.

Chas. By Heaven, it is a beautiful one !

Mary. Nay, nay—pray, sir. [Withdrawing her hand with smiling confusion.—Apart.] Upon my word, I don't see any thing so very rude in these people.

Edw. [Endeavoring to get away from Rochester.] Let me go, I entreat you ; I can stand this no longer.

Roch. [Holding him, and suppressing a laugh.] Psha ! man, if you think to marry, or rise in the world, you must learn to be deaf and blind upon occasion.

Chas. [In rather an under-tone to Mary.] And how is it possible so pretty a lass should not be married ?

Mary. Married—bless me! I never thought of such a thing.

Chas. No! never? and yet surrounded by lovers?

Mary. Lovers! I haven't one, sir.

Chas. Indeed! and what is that young man, fidgetting yonder?

Mary. He?—he is my singing-master, sir.

Chas. And he sings to some purpose, I'll warrant

Mary. Delightfully.

Chas. And gives you a love-song now and then?

Mary. Oh, often, often!

Chas. I thought so—he has it in his countenance.

Edw. [*To Rochester.*] You *must* let me go—you see I am wanted.

Rock. Upon my word, they are getting on amazingly well without you.

Chas. [*To Mary.*] And so you are fond of music, my pretty lass?

Mary. Oh, I love it of all things!

Chas. A pretty hand to beat time with.

[*Taking her hand.*]

Mary. [*Withdrawing it.*] Sir—

Chas. And as pretty a little mouth to warble a love-song. I warrant, there come none but sweet notes from these lips.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Mary. [*Resisting.*] Sir, give over—let me go, sir. Mr. Georgini—help, help!

[*Edward bursts from Rochester, who is laughing. At this moment,*

Enter COPP from Stairs, R. S. E., with punch.

Copp. Avast there, messmate! what the devil, yard-arm and yard-arm with my niece?

[*Charles desists, a little confused—Edward approaches Mary.*]

Mary. [*Flurried.*] I am glad you are come, uncle—this rude stranger—

Copp. [*Taking her arm, he puts her over to R.*] Thunder and lightning—what! insult Captain Copp's niece in his own house! Fire and furies!

Chas. [*Pretending to be a little gay.*] I insult your niece,

messmate? Since when has an honest tar's kissing a pretty girl been considered an insult? As to the young woman, if she takes offence at a piece of sailor civility, why, I ask pardon, that's all.

Copp. [*Softened.*] Oh, as to a piece of civility, d'ye see, that alters the case; but, guns and blunderbusses! if any one should dare—

Roch. [*Crosses to Copp.*] Come, come, uncle Copp, what a plague! you were a youngster once, and a frolicsome one, I'll warrant. I see it in your eye—what—didst ever think it a crime to kiss a pretty girl in a civil way?

Copp. No, no, in a civil way, no, certainly; I can make allowance when a lad, and a lass, and a bottle, come pretty near each other—oddsfish—you say right, at your age, I was a rattler myself. Come, Mary, [*Crosses, r.*] no harm done. [*Mary goes up to table.*] Come, lads, take your seats—[*They seat themselves. Edward attempts to place himself by Mary. Charles interferes, and takes the place; he then tries to sit on the chair on her left hand, which Rochester perceiving, prevents, by sitting there himself—Edward sits in the chair on the left, next Rochester.*] Come, my girl, pour out the tea—I'll fill out the punch, and we'll have a time of it, i'faith—Come, I'll give you a jolly song to begin with—
[*Sings.*

“In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump”—

Mary. [*Apart.*] That odious song!—come, uncle, never mind the song, take a cup of tea—
[*Offering one.*

Copp. What, drown my song and myself in warm water? ha! ha! no, faith—not while there's a drop in the punch bowl. [*Mary helps Edward and Rochester, omitting Charles.*

Chas. [*Low to Mary.*] Am I then excluded?

Mary. [*Looking down.*] I thought punch would be more to your liking, sir.

Chas. Then punch be it—Come, clink with me, neighbour Copp—clink with me, my boy.

Copp. Oh! I'm not proud, I'll clink with anybody—that's to say, mind ye, when the liquor is good, and there's a good fellow in the case.

Chas. [*Rising.*] Well, here goes—To the health of Mary, the fair maid of Wapping.

Copp. With all my heart, here's to her health—the darling child—Oh! messmate, there you touch a soft corner of my heart—did you but know how I love this little girl. Psha! I'm a foolish old fellow, and when I have got punch, and sensibility, and all that on board—Come, let's talk of something else.

Mary. My dear uncle!

Chas. I don't wonder at your loving her, I can't help feeling a kind of admiration for her myself—

[Offering to take her hand.]

Copp. Softly, shipmate, no grappling—admire at a distance as much as you please, but hands off. Come, my lads, a merry song—I love to sing when I drink. [*Sings.*

In the time of the Rump,

As old Admiral Trump—

Mary. Not that song, my dear uncle, I entreat—

Copp. Ah, I recollect—ha! ha! my poor song; ha! ha!—well, well, since you don't like me to sing, sing it for me yourself, Mary. [*Significantly.*] I dare say your master has some pretty love-song for you.

Edw. Oh, yes—I have brought one of the latest in vogue—one by the most fashionable poet of the day—the Earl of Rochester.

Copp. Rochester? fire and fury—roast Rochester! a rascally rogue! Rochester, the devil take Rochester, and his song, too!

Chas. Bravo! Captain Copp—another broadside, old boy.

Roch. Why, what the deuce, neighbor—has your powder magazine taken fire? Why, what has Rochester done to you to occasion such a terrible explosion?

Copp. What's that to you? What have you to do with my family secrets? Rochester! His very name makes my blood boil—

Mary. My dear uncle, be calm. You promised never to speak on this subject.

Roch. Why, what connexion can there be between you and Rochester?

Copp. No matter, he has been put to the proof, that's enough. [*To Mary.*] Don't be uneasy—I'll say no more about it, my girl. You know me—when I say mum, that's enough.

Chas. [*Rising.*] This affair seems serious—I must have an explanation. [*With an air of authority.*] It is my pleasure—
[*Coming forward, R.*

Copp. [*Rising and coming forward.*] Your pleasure, quotha—and who the devil are you? You are a pleasant blade. [*Sturdily.*] But it's not my pleasure, look ye.

Chas. [*Recollecting himself.*] I mean to say, that I feel a deep interest in your welfare.

Copp. [*Gruffly.*] Thank ye, thank'e,—but I am not used to such warm friends on such short acquaintance. [*Apart.*] I wonder is it myself, or my niece, this chap has fallen in love with at first sight!

Chas. (c.) [*Apart to Rochester.*] I am curious to know what charge they have against you.

Roch. (L. c.) [*Apart to Charles.*] And so am I, and I'll make this old buccaneer speak plain, before we leave him.

Chas. You have misunderstood me, friend Copp, I am no defender of Rochester. I know him to be a sad fellow.

Copp. (R. c.) As destitute of feeling as a stock-fish.

Edw. (L.) He is a great genius, however.

Copp. He is an evil genius, I know.

Edw. He has a very clear head—

Copp. But a very black heart.

Roch. This Rochester is a sad light-headed fellow, that's notorious; but will you have the goodness, my blunt Captain Copp, to mention one heartless act of his?

Copp. [*Loudly.*] Ay, that I will. Is it not a burning shame—

Mary. (R.) My dear uncle, you forget your promise.

Copp. Let me alone, girl, let me alone—you've nothing to fear; I have you under convoy.

Roch. Out with it, what is his crime?

Copp. Crime! Is it not a burning shame, I say, to disclaim his own niece—to keep from her every stiver of her little fortune, and leave her to pass her days in a tavern, when she has a right to inhabit a palace?

Edw. [*Eagerly.*] What do I hear?

Roch. What, and is this young woman the niece?—How can that be?

Copp. Simply enough. Her father, Philip Copland, married a sister of Lord Rochester.

Roch. [*Apart.*] Philip Copland is indeed the name.

Chas. This is most singular. And this Philip Copland was your brother ?

Copp. Ay, but worth a dozen of me—a steady man, an able officer, an ornament of the regular navy. I was always a wild dog, and never took to learning—ran away from school—shipped myself on board a privateer. In time, I became a captain, and returned from my last cruize just in time to receive poor Philip's last breath—his sand was almost run out. 'Brother,' said he, 'I feel that my cruising is over ; but there's my little girl. Take care of her for my sake, and never bother the Rochesters again.'—'Brother,' said I, 'it's a bargain ; tip us your fist on it, and die in peace, like a good Christian.' He grasped my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. I would have shook his, but it grew cold in mine, and poor Philip was no more !
[*With great feeling.*]

Mary. My dear uncle—

[*Laying her hand on his shoulder.*]

Copp. [*Rousing himself.*] But the girl was left, the girl was left ; [*Embracing her*] and—[*Taking her arm under his,*]
—and I'll keep my word to my poor brother, and take care of *her* as long as I have breath in my body.

Chas. Well, brother Tom, what do you think of all this ?

Roch. It touches me to the soul.

Chas. And so you took home the child ?

Mary. Oh ! yes : and my uncle's bounty and kindness have taken care of his poor girl ever since.

Copp. Oh ! you should have seen what a little thing it was,—a little chubby-faced thing of four years old, no higher than that table. Now she's a grown girl.

Chas. And you have given her a good education, it appears ?

Copp. And why not ? What tho' *I'm* a dunce, that's no reason that Mary Copland should be a fool. Her father was a man of parts.

Chas. And you have given up your voyages for her ?

Copp. To be sure. Could I have a child running after me about deck ? I sold my ship, and bought this tavern, where I receive none but good fellows, who drink, and smoke, and talk to me of voyages and battles all day long.

Chas. But ambition might have induced you—

Copp. Ambition ! you don't know me ; my only ambi-

tion is to marry my niece to some honest citizen, and give her a dower of one thousand pounds, with as much more, when old Captain Copp takes his long nap.

Roch. [*Apart.*] Generous fellow! [*Aloud.*] Let me advise you to apply to the Earl of Rochester.

Edw. Oh! yes, *he* will provide an honourable match for your niece.

Mary. [*Piqued.*] Much obliged, Mr. Georgini, but nobody asked your advice.

Copp. Apply to him!—no—no—I'll have nothing to do with the Rochesters.

Chas. But why not apply to the king himself?

Copp. Oddsfish! they say he is not much better—he's a wild devil, a great friend of Rochester—and birds of a feather, you know—

Chas. [*Apart.*] Now comes my turn.

Roch. True enough, Captain Copp; they say he is a rover—rambles about at night—frolics in taverns.

Copp. Well, let him cruise, so he does not cruise into my waters. He's a desperate rogue among the petticoats, they say—well, I like a merry heart, wherever it beats. Charley has some good points: oh, dam'me, I like Charley; and if I could but give him a piece of my mind—

Chas. What would it be, friend Copp?

Copp. To keep more in port, anchor himself at home, and turn that fellow, Rochester, adrift—there might then be some hopes of him. But, come, 'tis getting late—now, friends, it's time to turn out, and turn in—these are late hours for the Grand Admiral—come, a parting cup. [*To Mary.*] See that the fires are out, my girl, and all hands ready for bed.

Mary. I will, but no more drinking, uncle. [*Going, L.*

Copp. Well, well—no more—only one parting cup.

Mary. Only one—recollect, you have promised—no more.

[*Exit, L. D.*

Copp. Only this last drop. Come, my lads, this farewell cup, and then you must push your boats.

Roch. Now to execute my plan. [*Making signs that the King will pay.*] Hist, Captain Copp!

[*Whispers while Charles is drinking.*

Copp. Ay, ay, all right. [*Goes up to R. of table and sits.*

Roch. [*Low to Edward.*] Follow me quietly—I've some-

thing to say to you. [*Apart, and chuckling as he goes out.*] Now, brother Jack, I think you'll soon find yourself among the breakers! [*Exit, followed by Edward, L. D.*]

Copp. Now, messmate, let's square accounts—[*Handing a paper,*] here's a note of your expenses—you see I charge nothing for the last two bottles—nor for the tea-table—that's my treat.

Chas. [*Looking over the paper.*] Um! wine—punch—wine—punch—total, five pounds ten—a mere trifle!

[*Rises.*]

Copp. [*Coming down.*] Do you call that a trifle?—Gad, messmate, you must have made good prizes in your last cruise—or you've high wages, mayhap.

Chas. [*Laughing.*] Ay, ay, I'm pretty well paid—Here, Tom Taffrel, pay Copp's bill, and let's be off. [*Looking round.*] Hey—where is he?

Copp. Oh! he went off in a great hurry—he said he had to be aboard ship, but that you would pay the bill.

[*Goes up to table again.*]

Chas. With all my heart. [*Apart.*] It's odd that he should leave me alone—my raillery has galled him. Poor Rochester, [*Laughing,*] how ill some people take a joke! [*Feeling in his pockets.*] Five pounds ten, you say?

Copp. Just so—five pounds ten.

Chas. [*Searching in all his pockets.*] Well! this is the oddest thing—I am certain I had my purse.

Copp. [*Apart.*] My neighbour seems rather in a quandary.

Chas. [*Feeling more eagerly.*] Some one has picked my pocket.

Copp. Avast there, friend—none but honest people frequent the Grand Admiral.

Chas. All I know, is, that one of these honest people must have taken my purse.

Copp. Come, come, messmate—I am too old a cruiser to be taken in by so shallow a manœuvre—I understand all this—your companion makes sail—you pretend to have been robbed—it's all a cursed privateering trick—clear as day.

Chas. Friend Copp—if you will wait till to-morrow, I'll pay you double the sum.

Copp. Double the sum!—thunder and lightning! what

do you take me for ?—Look ye, neighbour, to an honest tar in distress, my house and purse are open—to a jolly tar who wants a caper, and has no coin at hand, drink to-day and pay to-morrow is the word—but to a sharking land lubber, that hoists the colours of a gallant cruiser, to play off the tricks of a pirate, old Copp will show him his match any day.

Chas. A land lubber ?

Copp. Ay, a land lubber. D'ye think I can't see through you and your shallow sailor phrases ? Who the devil are you ?—none of the captains know you—what ship do you belong to ?

Chas. What ship ? why, to—to—[*Apart.*] what the deuce shall I say ?

Copp. A pretty sailor, truly—not know the name of his ship—a downright swindler—a barefaced, impudent swindler—comes into my house, kicks up a bobbery, puts every thing in an uproar—treats all the guests—touzles my niece—and then wants to make off without paying.

Chas. [*Apart.*] How shall I get out of this cursed scrape ?—Oh, happy thought, my watch—[*Aloud.*] hearkee, Captain Copp—if I haven't money, may be this will do as well—what say you to my watch as pledge ?

Copp. [*Taking the watch.*] Let me see it—um—large diamonds.

[*Shaking his head.*]

Chas. [*Gayly.*] Well—that's worth your five pounds ten—hey ?

Copp. Um—I don't know that :—if the diamonds are *false*, it is not worth so much—if *real*, none but a great lord could own it—[*Turning quick to him,*]—how did you come by this watch ?

Chas. It's my own.

Copp. Your own ! A common sailor own a watch set with large diamonds ! I'll tell you what, messmate, it's my opinion as how you stole this watch.

Chas. Stole it ?—Give back my watch, fellow, or I'll—

Copp. Softly, my lad, keep cool, or I'll have you laid by the heels in a twinkling.

[*Crosses, L.*]

Chas. [*Apart.*] What a bull-dog ! Well, sir, what do you intend to do ?

Copp. Lock you up here for the present, and have you lodged in limbo immediately.

Chas. Will you not listen to reason ?

Copp. [*Going.*] Yes, through the key-hole ! [*From the door.*] You shall have news of me presently, my fine fellow.

[*Exit, L.*]

Chas. Was ever monarch in such a predicament ?—a prisoner in a tavern. What is to be done ?—This Copp seems a man of probity ; suppose I avow myself to him ? Um ! will he credit me, and will he keep the matter secret ? This sturdy veteran may be an old cruiser under the Commonwealth : if so, what have I not to apprehend ? Alone, unarmed, at midnight. [*Shaking his head.*] Charles ! Charles ! wilt thou never learn wisdom ? [*A noise of unlocking the door, L.*] Hark ! some one comes.

Enter EDWARD and MARY, L. D. armed.

Mary. Place yourselves outside and guard the passages.

Chas. They are placing sentinels.

Edw. [*Apart.*] The earl has given me my lesson : no finching.

Mary. I am afraid to go near him. I wish my uncle had not set us this task. [*Mary is armed with an old cutlass, Edward with a long rusty pistol or carbine.*]

Edw. Be not afraid, I am here to defend you.

Chas. [*Advancing.*] What ! my pretty Mary in arms ?

Mary. Ah, don't come near me ! What a ferocious ruffian it is !

Chas. [*Gallantly.*] Was that delicate hand made to grasp so rude a weapon ?

Edw. [*Low to Mary.*] Don't let him touch your hand, or you are lost.

Mary. [*Drawing back.*] He does not look so very ferocious, neither. Fie, sir, fie ! what, steal the jewels of the crown ?

Chas. Is it, then, known already ?

Mary. Yes, indeed, all is known. My uncle took the watch to our neighbour, the jeweller, who knew it instantly. It belongs to his royal majesty himself.

Chas. Confusion !

Edw. [*Low to Mary.*] You hear he confesses,—[*Aloud.*] Well, Captain Copp will be here presently with the magistrate. Here will be a fine piece of work. All Wapping is in an uproar.

Chas. [*Eagerly.*] My friends, it is of the highest importance that I should escape before they come.

Mary. I have not a doubt of it. Oh! you culprit!

Chas. [*With insinuation.*] And would Mary, the pretty Mary, see me dragged to prison? I won't believe it. That sweet face bespeaks a gentle heart.

Mary. Poor creature! I can't but pity him.

Chas. [*With gallantry.*] I never saw a pretty woman yet, that would not help a poor fellow in distress. [*Apart.*] *She yields.* But I need other bribes for my gentleman. I have it—my ring. [*Aloud.*] Assist me to escape, and take this ring as a pledge of what I will do. It is of great value.

Mary. What a beautiful diamond ring! How it sparkles! Don't touch it, Georgini, it's a stolen ring.

Edw. And for that very reason, I take it. We can return both together to the right owner.

Mary. [*Apart to Edward.*] He certainly has something genteel in his air. This unfortunate man may, perhaps, belong to decent people.

Chas. I do indeed; my family is considered very respectable. Ah, bless that sweet face! I knew a hard heart could not belong to it. [*Examines the room.*]

Edw. [*Apart.*] Egad, I must get him off, or he'll win his pretty jailor, culprit as she thinks him.

Mary. [*Taking Edward apart.*] What will they do with him?

Edw. [*Carelessly.*] Hum—why, they'll hang him, of course?

Mary. I would not have his death upon my mind for the whole world. [*Earnestly.*]

Chas. [*Who has been traversing the apartment uncasily, and eyeing them occasionally.*] Will this consultation never end! I dread the arrival of the officers.

Mary. [*Aloud.*] Let us assist him to escape!

Chas. Thanks, my generous girl: there's nothing like a petticoat in time of trouble.

Edw. How shall we get him off? the door is guarded.

Chas. Ay, but the window.

Edw. [*Eagerly.*] No, not the window, you may hurt yourself.

Chas. [*Surprised.*] You are very considerate, my friend.

Mary. Oh! it is not very high, and opens into a lane that leads to the river.

Chas. [*Opening the window.*] Psha! it's nothing; with your assistance, I shall be on the ground in an instant.

Mary. It is, perhaps, very wrong in me to let you escape; but I beg you to listen to a word of advice.

Chas. Oh, yes, I hear you.

Mary. It is on condition that you change your course of life.

Chas. Yes, yes, I'll change it, I warrant you.

Mary. And not drink, nor rove about this way at night.

Chas. Not for the world.

Mary. And steal no more, for it will bring you to a shameful end.

Chas. [*Getting out of the window, assisted by Mary.*] An excellent sermon! But I must *steal*—one kiss to impress it on my memory!

Edw. Did he steal a kiss, Mary?

Mary. Oh, yes, he did indeed.

Edw. Stop thief! stop thief!

Chas. [*Descending outside.*] Tell uncle Copp to put it in the bill.

Edw. I hear them coming. [*Looking out of the window.*] He's safe down—he's off—[*Apart.*] Now I'm easy.

Mary. But what shall we say to my uncle?

Edw. I'll manage that; only say as I say, and fear nothing. Stop thief! stop thief! [*To Mary.*] Cry out as I do.

Mary. [*Feebly.*] Stop the thief! stop the thief! I can't.

Enter COPP, with a double-barrelled gun, followed by two Servants, L. D.

Copp. Hollo—what the devil's to pay here?

Edw. The culprit has jumped out of the window.

Mary. Oh, yes, out of the window!

Copp. Thunder and lightning! why didn't you stop him?

Edw. I was too far off. The young lady attempted, but he kissed her, and leaped out like a greyhound

Copp. Fire and furies! kissed her?

Mary. Yes, uncle, but he didn't hurt me.

Edw. And he said you might put it in the bill.

Copp. Guns and blunderbusses ! this is running up an account with a vengeance. [*Looking out of the window.*] I see something in the offing ; we may overhaul him yet. Come along, all hands to the chase ! Get to your room, Mary, there's no knowing what might happen, if this pirate should fall foul of you again. Come along—away with you all—divide at the street door—scour the three passages—I'll show him what it is to come in the way of an old cruiser ! [*Bustle—Copp fires off his gun out of the window, after Charles.—Exeunt Mary, R. The rest, L.—Curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Palace.*

Enter EDWARD, R., in his habit, as a Page.

Edw. I've had a hard scramble of it to get here and dress in time. The king must arrive presently, though my light heels have given me a good start of him. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I cannot help laughing, [*Sits,*] though I do it with fear and trembling, to think of the confounded prank that mad wag, Rochester, has played off upon majesty. [*Noise without.*] Hark ! a noise in the king's private staircase. Softly, then, softly ! [*Seats himself in an arm-chair at the door of the King's chamber, and pretends to sleep.*]

Enter CHARLES from flat, his dress in disorder.

Chas. Confound the city ! what a journey it is !

Edw. [*Aside.*] Especially to foot passengers. .

Chas. I began to think I should never find the palace. [*Sitting down.*] Phew ! I shall not forget this night in a hurry. Forced to escape like a thief—to risk my neck from a window—hunted about the streets by that old buccaneer and his crew ! Egad ! I fancy I can hear old

Copp's voice, even now, like a huntsman giving the view-halloo, as I doubled about the mazes of Wapping.

Edw. [*Aside, and suppressing a laugh.*] A royal hunt, truly!

Chas. Well, thank fortune, I am safe home at last, and seen by nobody but my confidential valet.

Edw. [*Aside.*] And the most discreet of pages.

Chas. [*Seeing Edward.*] So, the page already in waiting. The more I look at him, the more he reminds me of that knowing young blade who gives the pretty Mary lessons in love and music. Deuce take him! he is exactly in the door-way of my chamber. So, so! Lady Clara coming! Oh, then, all's over! [*Retires up a little.*]

Enter LADY CLARA, R., and goes to Edward, L.

Lady C. What! asleep at this hour, Edward?

Edw. I beg your pardon, my lady—I am waiting his majesty's rising. [*Removes chairs.*]

Lady C. You will come and let the queen know when the king is visible. [*Perceives Charles.*] Heavens! your majesty in this dress?

Chas. Good morning, Lady Clara. [*Aside.*] I wish I may die if I know how to turn the matter off.

Lady C. I ask your majesty's pardon; but really, I cannot help laughing—So odd a dress!

Chas. [*Affecting an unembarrassed air.*] What! it amuses you, ha! ha! My regular morning dress, I assure you. I have taken a whim for gardening lately, and every morning, by day-light, I am on the terrace, planting, transplanting, and training. Oh! you should see how busy I am, particularly among the roses.

Lady C. I have no doubt your majesty has an eye for every fresh one that blows. But how quiet you have been in these pursuits!

Chas. One does not want all the world to know of one's caprices.

Lady C. How can your majesty call such an innocent occupation by such a name? How happy the nation whose sovereign has a taste so pure and simple.

Chas. But what has procured me the pleasure of seeing your ladyship so early.

Lady C. The queen, sirè, knowing how deeply you were

immersed in affairs of state last night—

Chas. Why, yes, in truth, I had a busy night of it.

Lady C. She sent me to enquire how your majesty had slept.

Chas. Very restless—very restless—I tumbled and tossed about sadly.

Lady C. Ah! why does not your majesty take more care of yourself? You devote yourself too much to your people. This night-work will be too much for you.

Chas. Why, yes, if it were often as severe as last night.

Lady C. Indeed, your majesty must give up these midnight labours to your ministers.

Chas. [*Apart.*] To my ministers, ha! ha! Egad! I should like to see old Clarendon and Ormond hob-a-nobbing with uncle Copp, struggling for kisses with Mary, and scouring the lanes of Wapping at full speed. [*Aloud.*] Well, my Lady Clara, have you anything further to communicate?

Lady C. Might I presume, I have a favour to request of your majesty. An author, in whose cause I take a warm interest, has offended a person high in power, and is threatened with a prosecution.

Chas. The blockhead! let him write against me only, and they'll never trouble him.

Lady C. His pardon depends upon your majesty—would you but deign to sign it?

Chas. [*Taking paper.*] Lady Clara, you look amazingly well this morning—I can refuse you nothing. [*Signs the paper.*] And now to make my toilette. [*Crosses, L.—Aside.*] Safe at last! she suspects nothing. [*Exit, L.*]

Lady C. [*Smiling.*] He thinks he has deceived me. Oh, these men, these men! how they will impose upon us easy, simple, *knowing* women! [*To Edward.*] A person from the city, with a young girl, desires to speak with his majesty—you will permit them to await him here. I will myself conduct them. [*Exit.*]

Edw. [*Alone.*] This should be Captain Copp; in his blunt honesty, he determined to bring the watch himself to the king. But why his niece? No doubt, to let her have a sight of the palace. Here they come, sure enough. Now for another puzzle about my physiognomy.

[*Retires up a little, L. S. E.*]

Enter COPP and MARY, at the back-door flat, the two Beef-eaters oppose their entrance.

Copp. Oddsfish ! I never knew such a piece of work to get into a house before. If that good-looking gentlewoman had not seen us from the window, and taken our part, hang me if I don't think they would have turned us adrift.

Edw. [*Apart.*] So ! I suspect Lady Clara is in the plot.
[*Retires.* L. U. E.]

Mary. What beautiful rooms !

Copp. Gingerbread finery ! I would not change the bar-room of the grand Admiral for the best of them. But what a bother to give a watch back to the right owner ! Why, there's no finding the king in his own house. Now, for my part, I always stand on the threshold, and if any one comes, there's my hand. Tip us your bone, says I, and make yourself welcome. That's what I call acting like a king of good fellows.

Mary. Oh, uncle, I have always heard say that the king is very kind and affable ; and, I dare say, when you hand him back his watch, he will behave with generosity.

Copp. Generosity ! Why, dost think, girl, I'd take a reward ? No, no ! They say Charley's not overstocked with the shiners : I want none of them. To be sure, he may do the civil thing—he may ask us to stay, and take pot-luck, perhaps.

Mary. Pot-luck, uncle !

Copp. Ay, in a friendly way, d'ye see ? And I don't care if I did, if it were only to see how royalty messed. But where the deuce is the king to be found ? Oh ! yonder is a fine gimcrack young gentleman, who, perhaps, can tell us—I'll hail him. Yo-ho ! messmate !

[*Exit, hallooing after Edward,* L. S. E.]

Mary. What a beautiful place this is ! But, without content, grandeur is not to be envied. The humble and the good, may be as happy in a cottage as a palace.

AIR.

Not in the pictured halls,
Not amid marble walls
Will young Love dwell

Love's home's the heart alone,
That heart, too, all his own,
Else, Love, farewell !

Enter COPP, L. U. E., pulling Edward, who tries to hide his face.

Copp. Come along, young man—don't be so bashful—you needn't mind us.

Edw. [Aside.] Let me put on a steady face—*[Aloud.]* You come to speak to his majesty ?

Mary. Yes, sir, we come—*[Apart.]* Dear uncle, those features—how my heart beats !

Copp. [Supporting her.] Why, what ails thee, my girl ?

Edw. Is anything the matter with the young lady ? Let me assist her ?

Copp. Thank'ee, thank'ee, *[Putting up his elbow,]* young gentleman. But, by your leave, if you please.

Mary. Did you ever see such a resemblance, uncle ?

Copp. [Looking at Edward.] Oddsfish ! he is like, indeed ! But it can't be him !

Mary. I like Mr. Georgini's face better—it is more animated.

Copp. Don't talk to me of that Georgini. Didst not tell me, he took a ring of that land-pirate ? And then to disappear so suddenly.

Mary. How can you suspect him, uncle ? The most honourable, the most upright ! I dare say he only took it to keep it for the right owner.

Edw. [Apart.] Dear, confiding Mary !

Copp. That ring should not have remained in his hand a single moment. It may bring suspicion on my house—on my character. Fire and fury ! if I catch him—

Mary. No swearing in the king's palace.

Copp. That's true ; I should not swear. But, that old Captain Copp, whom everybody knows to be honest, should have such tricks played in his house. Thunder and lightning !

Mary. My dear uncle !

Copp. Well, well, true, no swearing. But what keeps the king so long ?

Edw. I think I hear him. Step into that apartment—a lady will introduce you.

Copp. Right, my girl, right.. But oddsfish! I feel so queer, I'll be hanged if I can look him in the face.

Mary. It would not be respectful to stare at his majesty.
[*Keeps her eyes modestly cast down.*]

Chas. What is your name, my good friend? [*To Copp.*]

Copp. Copp, at your service; that is to say, Copland, or Captain Copp, as they call me. And here's Mary, my niece, who, though I say it, is one of the best girls.

[*While talking, he looks down and fumbles with his cap.*]

Mary. But that's not the point, uncle.

Copp. Eh! true, very true, always keep to the point, like a good helmsman. First and foremost, then, you must know, my lord—when I say my lord, I mean your majesty.

Chas. [*Apart.*] Egad, he's as much puzzled as I was, to give an account of myself.

Copp. [*Still looking down.*] In finis—you must know, prima, then, that I command, that is to say, I keep the Grand Admiral, as honest a tavern as your majesty would wish to set your foot in—none but good company ever frequent it, excepting when a rogue or so drops in, in disguise—last night, for instance, a couple of 'scape gallows knaves, saving your majesty's presence—Ah! if I could only lay eyes on them again—I should know 'em, wherever I saw 'em—one in particular had a confounded hanging look—a man about the height of—[*Eyeing Rochester, stops short.*] Mary! Mary! if there isn't one of the very rogues!

Mary. My dear uncle, hush, for heaven's sake! [*Apart.*] That wine is still in his head.

Chas. [*Apart.*] Rochester's face seems to puzzle him.

Copp. I'll say no more; for the more I look—[*Low to Mary,*] dash my buttons, if it isn't himself.

Mary. Hush, I entreat you—I will speak for you—[*Takes his place, her eyes still modestly cast down.*] My uncle has thought it his duty to inform your majesty, that two strangers came to his house last night, and after calling for a great deal of wine, were unable to pay, and went off, leaving a valuable watch in pledge, which has proved to belong to your majesty. [*Rochester and Lady Clara in bye-play express great delight at the manner of Mary.*]

Copp. [*Apart, rubbing his hands.*] Oh! bless her! she talks like a book.

"*Roch.* [*To Lady Clara.*] Does not my niece tell her "little story with clearness and simplicity.

"*Lady C.* Charming! she has quite won my heart.

Mary. My uncle being an honest man, has brought the watch to your majesty.

Copp. Yes, by St. George, and here it is. The sharpers, to be sure, have run off with five pounds ten of my money, but that's neither here nor there. I don't say that, because I expect you to pay it, you know. In short, without more palaver, [*Crosses to Charles, and gives it,*] here's the watch—[*Glancing at the King, stops short, and gives a long whistle,*] whew! [*Treads softly back—Low to Mary.*] Smite my timbers! if it ben't the other rogue!

Mary. What ails you, uncle? surely, you are losing your senses to speak thus of his majesty!

Copp. [*Low to her.*] Majesty, or no majesty, I'll put my hand in the fire on't he's the other.

Chas. The watch is certainly mine.

Lady C. Your majesty's?

[*Smiling significantly at Rochester.*

Roch. [*Affecting astonishment.*] Your majesty's watch!

Chas. Even so; and I might have lost it, but for this man's honesty. I shall be more on my guard in future.

[*Looking sternly at Rochester.*

Mary. [*Looking at Charles and Rochester.*] The voice and the face are astonishingly alike. But it is impossible.

Copp. [*Rapping his forehead.*] I have it—I see how it is. [*Low to Mary.*] We've made a pretty kettle of fish of it. The king, you know, is said to cruise at night under false colours.

Mary. Mercy on me! what will become of us?

Copp. [*To Mary.*] Let me alone; I see it's all a masquerade frolic. [*Suppressing a laugh.*] I'll settle it all. [*Aloud.*] Your majesty will not be angry with my little fool of a niece. The two strangers might be very worthy people: many a man has a gallows look, and is an honest fellow for all that. The truth is, they were a brace of merry wags. Besides, if I had known for certain, I wouldn't for the world—ha! ha!—because, d'ye see—honour bright—mum! [*Turning to Mary.*] Come, I think I've got you pretty well out of this scrape, hey?

Lady C. I am of your opinion, Captain Copp. They were two sad madcaps.

Chas. They merit harsher titles, Lady Clara. One of them has been already punished, the other shall be presently. [*Makes a sign to Edward, who brings forward a chair, c.*] Captain Copp, I am aware of all that passed at your house. [*Sits*

Copp. Ah! your majesty knows, that he who cracks a joke must not complain if he should chance to pinch his fingers.

Chas. True, Captain. But was there not question of one Rochester?

Copp. [*Aside.*] Zounds! that's his friend. This is bringing one to close quarters. Why, craving your majesty's pardon, I did let slip some hard truths about him.

Roch. And do you know him of whom you spoke so bluntly?

Copp. Not I, thank heaven! But I only said what everybody says; and what everybody says, you know, must be true.

Chas. Spoken like an oracle; and did not you say that this pretty lass was his niece?

Copp. Ay, as to that matter, I'll stick to that, proof in hand. Make a reverence, Mary, and no thanks to Rochester for the relationship.

Chas. I will take care that he shall make a suitable provision for his niece, or provide her an honourable husband.

Roch. I can assure your majesty, you only anticipated his intentions.

Copp. Avast there! I don't give up my girl.

Roch. But you will choose a match suited to her noble family?

Copp. I'll choose for her an honest man; but no rant-cumscout companion to suit that Earl of Rochester you talk of—[*Chuckling and winking.*] To tell the truth between friends, and all in confidence, I had a match in my eye, a young music-master. Nay, don't blush, girl, I knew there was a sneaking kindness in the case.

Chas. I oppose that match. That young man received a ring last night, but has not had the honesty, like Captain Copp, to seek the owner.

[*Mary involuntarily springs forward to defend Edward*

against the charge, which Lady Clara and Rochester observe and smile at.

Copp. Oddsfish ! that's true enough ; he has absconded with the ring.

Mary. [*Earnestly.*] I am a witness that the ring was freely given, and I'll pledge my life that he will bring it back.

"Lady C. [*Aside to Rochester.*] Your niece is a brave girl ; but I see she has no longer a heart.

Edw. [*Advancing.*] He only waited a suitable moment to return it to your majesty. [*Kneels and presents it.*

Chas. How ! Edward !—The resemblance is no longer a wonder.

Copp. What, little crotchet and quaver ! Aha ! ha ! ha ! there's witchcraft in all this.

Mary. Oh, heavens ! Georgini a gentleman ! But my heart knew it. [*Copp and Mary go up the Stage.*

Chas. It is in vain, Lady Clara, to attempt concealment. Behold the heroes of the adventure.

[Rises—Edward removes chairs.]

Lady C. Pardon me, sire, I knew it all along—I was in the plot.

Chas. How ?

Lady C. Her majesty, the queen, was at the head of it. If the Earl be guilty, it is we who induced him, and should undergo the punishment.

Chas. I understand the whole. But the treachery of this Earl I cannot forgive. He shall not obtain my pardon.

Lady C. [*Producing a paper.*] It is already obtained. Your majesty, over merciful, has signed it.

Chas. What ! he, too, is the author for whom you have interested yourself. Ha ! ha ! ha ! fairly taken in at all points. Rochester, thou hast conquered. [*Rochester kneels*
—*Charles and Lady Clara retire up—Copp and Mary come down.*

Copp. [*Passionately.*] Thunder and lightning ! this man Rochester ! come along, girl, come along !

**Rock.* Hold, Captain Copp. That I am Rochester, 'tis true—a wild fellow, no doubt, since every body says so. But there is one crime that I will not take to my charge,

* This and the following paragraph are not in the original text.

for 'tis a sin against beauty—I am not the Rochester who deserted the pretty Mary: he was my predecessor, and is dead.

Copp. Dead! gone to his long home! Well, may Heaven deal kindlier with him, than he did with this little girl.

Chas. What say you, Captain Copp? What say you, my Lord of Rochester? Must we not find a husband for our niece?

Copp. Fair and softly, your majesty—craving your majesty's pardon, I can't give up my right over my little girl. This lord is an uncle—I can't gainsay it; but he's a new-found uncle. For my part, I have bred her, and fed her, and been her uncle all her life, haven't I, Mary?

Chas. You are right, Captain—you alone ought to dispose of her. But I hope to propose a match that shall please all parties. What think you of my page—the music-master, who brought back the ring?

Copp. Your majesty has fathomed my own wishes.

Roch. And mine.

Edw. And mine. [Approaching Mary.]

Mary. And—[Extending her hand]—and mine.

Copp. So, here we are, all safe in port, after last night's squall. Oddsfish! I feel so merry, my girl's provided for—I have nothing now to care for—I'll keep open house at the Grand Admiral—I'll set all my liquor a-tap—I'll drown all Wapping in wine and strong beer—I'll have an illumination—I'll make a bonfire of the Grand Admiral—I'll sing, "In the time of the Rump"—

[Mary runs down and stops him.]

Chas. Captain Copp, I recollect that I am your debtor—five pounds ten: accept this watch as a mark of my esteem. This ring I reserve for the lovely Mary. [Putting it on her finger.] And now, [Beckoning all the characters to the front with an air of mystery,] let me particularly enjoin on all present, the most profound secrecy in regard to our whimsical adventures at Wapping.

Copp. [Clapping his finger to his lip.] Honour bright!—Mum!

THE END.

No. XX.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

VENICE PRESERVED.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS OTWAY.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK :

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE story of "Venice Preserved" is partly founded upon St. Real's History of the Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republic of Venice, in 1618. Voltaire compares the author of this History to Sallust; and pronounces it superior to the English tragedy—an assertion, which, like many others from the same source, was the convenient sentence of an adroit but reckless ignorance. The merits of St. Real are undoubtedly great; but Otway's indebtedness to him is exceedingly slight; and it is remarkable to see how ingeniously, from a few meagre historical details, the great dramatist has constructed one of the noblest imaginative works of which literature can boast. The names of nearly all the *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of *Belvidera*, are taken from St. Real; but their *characters* are Otway's, and his plot is almost wholly original. The true *Pierre* was a Norman corsair, who had accumulated a fortune by plundering ships in the Mediterranean. He was eventually strangled on board his own ship by order of the Venetian Senate. *Jaffier* was of Provence, and appears to have engaged in the plot against the state from his friendship for Pierre, and the prospect of gain. History says nothing of his wrongs, or his love for the daughter of *Priuli*; and he was shaken in his faith to the conspiracy, not by the tears of a woman, but partly by his detestation of the sanguinary speech of *Renault* (in which Otway follows the history), and partly from being struck with compunction during the spectacle of the Doge's wedding the Adriatic, when his imagination contrasted the public rejoicings with the desolation which was to follow. After disclosing the plot, and experiencing the perfidy of the Senate, who had promised him the lives of his friends, he was made captive while bearing arms against Venice,

and drowned the day after his arrival in the city. *Renault*, according to St. Real, was an old French gentleman, who had fled to Venice for some unknown cause, and there became acquainted with the *Marquis de Bedmar*. Though poor, he esteemed virtue more than riches, and glory more than virtue. He had abilities, courage, a contempt for life, and a passion for distinction. The affront towards *Belvidera*, of which Otway makes him guilty, was a pure invention of the author, unsupported by any trait which history ascribes to *Renault*.

Few plays owe so much to the pruning-knife for their success as this. In its unexpurgated state, "*Venice Preserved*" leaves an impression far less favorable to the genius, as well as the moral sense of the author, than in its present abridged and rectified shape. In the language of Campbell, "never were beauties and faults more easily separated than those of this tragedy. The latter, in its purification for the stage, came off like dirt from a fine statue, taking away nothing from its symmetrical surface, and leaving us only to wonder how the author himself should have soiled it with such disfigurements. *Pierre* is a miserable conspirator, as Otway first painted him, impelled to treason by his love of a courtesan and his jealousy of *Antonio*. But his character, as it now comes forward, is a mixture of patriotism and excusable misanthropy. Even in the more modern prompt-books, an improving curtailment has been introduced. Until the middle of the last century, the ghosts of *Jaffier* and *Pierre* used to come in upon the stage, haunting *Belvidera* in her last agonies, which, Heaven knows, require no aggravation from spectral agency."

This tragedy is believed to have been originally acted about the year 1682. "*Pierre and Jaffier*," says Jackson, in his History of the Scottish Stage, "in the estimation of the theatrical world, are equal in rank, and excel each other in representation only, as the particular talents of the actor elevate or lessen, in the idea of the spectator, the importance of whichever part he assumes. I have seen Garrick and Barry alternately in both parts, and the candid critic was doubtful where to bestow the preference. Mr. Mossop, indeed, raised the character of *Pierre* beyond all reach, and left any *Jaffier* I ever saw with him at a

distance; but, had he attempted *Jaffier*, I am confident he would, with Barry in *Pierre*, have stood far behind."

Of this same Mossop in *Pierre*, Davies, the biographer of Garrick, remarks:—

"His fine, full-toned voice and strong expression of sentiment, gave uncommon spirit to the warmth and passion of the character. In the interview with the conspirators, in the third act, he threw a gallantry into his action, as striking as it was unexpected. But he greatly excelled in the vehement reproaches, which, in the fourth act, he poured, with acrimony and force, on the treachery and cowardice of *Jaffier*. The cadences of his voice were equally adapted to the loudest rage and the most deep and solemn reflection, which he judiciously varied."

"Mr. Garrick," says Davies, "when fixed in the management of Drury Lane, resigned *Pierre*, in which part his fire and spirit were not equally supported by grandeur and dignity of person, for *Jaffier*, which he acted with great and deserved approbation many years. The temporary frenzy, with which *Jaffier* is seized, in the fourth act, on fancying that he saw his friend on the rack, has not since been equalled, nor, perhaps, ever will:

—— 'He groans;

Hark, how he groans! his screams are in my ears

Already! See, they've fixed him on the wheel!

And now they tear him! Murder! Perjured Senate!

Murder!"

"The enthusiastic power of Garrick presented this dreadful image to the audience with such astonishing force, that they trembled at the imaginary picture. In all the softer scenes of domestic woe, conjugal tenderness, and agonizing distress, Barry, it must be owned, was Garrick's master.

"Mrs. Cibber was long the *Belvidera* of Barry and Garrick. Every situation seemed to be formed on purpose to call forth her great skill in awakening the passions. Mrs. Siddons has, in this part as well as many others, fixed the favor of the town in her behalf. This actress, like a resistless torrent, has borne down all before her. In person, just rising above the middle stature, she looks, walks, and moves, like a woman of superior rank. Her countenance is expressive; her eye so full of information, that the passion is told from her look before she speaks. Her voice, though not so harmonious as Mrs. Cibber's, is strong and pleasing: nor is a word lost for want of due articulation. She excels all performers in paying due attention to the business of the scene. Her eye never wanders from the person she speaks to, or should look at when she is silent. Her modulation of grief, in her plaintive pronunciation of the interjection, Oh! is sweetly moving, and reaches to the heart. Her madness in *Belvidera* is terribly affecting. The many accidents of spectators falling into fainting-fits during her acting, bear testimony to the effects of her exertions. She certainly does not spare herself. None can say that she is not in downright earnest."

Thomas Otway, the author of this and some nine other plays, of various merit, none of which, however, now keep possession

of the stage, was the son of a clergyman, and born at Trotting, in Sussex, England, in the year 1651. His tragedy of the "Orphan" was for many years as attractive in the representation as "Venice Preserved;" but the plot is of a character to render it distasteful to a modern audience, although it contains passages of remarkable beauty and power. Otway is said to have tried his fortune on the stage as an actor, and to have failed—not an unfrequent case with dramatic authors. He appears to have earned but a precarious subsistence by his pen; although from the little we can glean of his history, the inference is, he was improvident, and easily led away by gay, dissipated companions. One of his biographers gives a melancholy account of the destitution of his latter days, and states, that he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing a shilling, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, from a gentleman, who, shocked at the distress of the author of "Venice Preserved," put a guinea into his hands; that Otway was choked with a piece of bread, which he had immediately purchased. He is said to have died the 14th April, 1685, at a public-house on Tower Hill. This story is contradicted by Dr. Warton, who says that the poet died of a distemper brought on by a severe cold.

Out of Shakspeare's unapproachable domain, we know of no tragedy in the English language to compare with this in the earnestness of its passion, the depth of its pathos, and the aptitude of its language. Although it has not been represented of late years as frequently as formerly, it will be long before it is superseded in its foremost rank in our acting drama.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Covent Garden, 1823.</i>	<i>Park.</i>
<i>Duke of Venice</i>	Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Anderson.
<i>Priuli</i>	" Egerton.	" Fleming.
<i>Bedamar</i>	" Connor.	" Crocker.
<i>Jaffier</i>	" Chas. Kemble.	" Barry.
<i>Pierre</i>	" Macready.	" Bland.
<i>Renault</i>	" Chapman.	" G. Andrews.
<i>Spinosa</i>	" Claremont.	" M'Douall.
<i>Elliot</i>	" Horrebrow.	" Gallot.
<i>Theodore</i>	" King.	" Heath.
<i>Mezzana</i>	" George.	"
<i>Durand</i>	" Grant.	"
<i>Captain of the Guard</i>	" Jefferies.	" King.
<i>Officer</i>	" Ley.	" Gourlay.
<i>Belvidera</i>	Miss F. H. Kelly.	Mrs. Bland.

Ladies, Guards, Executioners, &c.

COSTUMES.

DUKE—Crimson velvet dress, with purple robe, richly embroidered with gold.

PRIULI—Purple velvet dress, scarlet mantle, black trunks puffed with black satin, black silk stockings, shoes and roses, black sword, round black hat, and black plumes.

BEDAMAR—Purple doublet and breeches, embroidered, russet boots, round black hat, and plumes.

JAFFIER—Same as Priuli. except mantle.

PIERRE—White doublet and blue Venetian fly, embroidered, white pantaloons, russet boots, black sword, round black hat, and scarlet plumes.

RENAULT—Black velvet doublet and trunks, buff pantaloons, russet boots, dark cloak, embroidered, round black hat, and plumes.

SENATORS—Black gowns trimmed with ermine, and black caps.

CONSPIRATORS—Rich Venetian dresses.

GUARDS—Grey doublets, breeches, and hats.

BELVIDERA—First dress: White satin, trimmed with silver, long purple robe, richly embroidered with gold. Second dress: White muslin.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

RESTORATION TO TRUTH



INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this work is to present a clear and concise statement of the principles of the Restoration Movement, as they are understood by the writers of this book. It is not intended to be a treatise on the subject, but rather a statement of the basic principles which should guide the student of the subject. The principles are presented in a logical and systematic manner, and are intended to be a guide to the student of the subject. The principles are presented in a logical and systematic manner, and are intended to be a guide to the student of the subject.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT

The principles of the Restoration Movement are presented in a logical and systematic manner, and are intended to be a guide to the student of the subject. The principles are presented in a logical and systematic manner, and are intended to be a guide to the student of the subject.

VENICE PRESERVED.

ACT 1.

SCENE I.—*St. Mark's.*

Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER, L.

Priuli. (R.) No more! I'll hear no more! Begone,
and leave me!

Jaf. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall!
My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Priuli. Have you not wronged me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.—
Wronged you?

Priuli. Yes, wronged me! In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courtied, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have used me
To your best service; like an open friend,

I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine ;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practised to undo me ;
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh ! Belvidera !

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her :
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct ; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke ;
And I was with you : your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock ; when to your boat
You made for safety ; entered first yourself ;—
Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was, by a wave, washed off into the deep ;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms ;
Indeed, you thanked me ; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul : for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Priuli. You stole her from me ; like a thief you stole
her,
At dead of night ; that curséd hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine !
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both : continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still :
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you ; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain.
Heav'n has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty :

May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father.

Priuli. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Priuli. 'Twould, by heaven!

Jaf. Would I were in my grave!

Priuli. And she, too, with thee :
For, living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers,
I once was happy!

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

Priuli. You dare not do't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me; is too much my master :
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice :
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded :
Out of my little fortune, I've done this ;
Because, (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself ;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Priuli. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all, and then, adieu forever.

[*Pausing with clasped hands.*]

There's not a wretch that lives on common charity,
But's happier than I ; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked, but to a joyful morning :
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.

Priuli. Home, and be humble ; study to retrench ;
 Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
 Those pageants of thy folly :
 Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
 To humble weeds, fit for thy little state : [Going, R.
 Then to some suburb cottage both retire ;
 Drudge to feed loathsome life ; get brats and starve—
 Home, home, I say ! [Exit, R.

Jaf. (c.) Yes, if my heart would let me—
 This proud, this swelling heart : home I would go,
 But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
 Filled and damned up with gaping creditors !
 I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
 Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
 Oh, Belvidera ! Oh ! she is my wife—
 And we will bear our wayward fate together,
 But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter PIERRE, L. S. E.

Pierre. (L. c.) My friend, good morrow ;
 How fares the honest partner of my heart ?
 What, melancholy ! not a word to spare me !

Jaf. (c.) I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damned starv-
 ing quality,
 Called honesty, got footing in the world.

Pierre. Why, powerful villainy first set it up,
 For its own ease and safety. Honest men
 Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
 Repose and fatten. Were all mankind villains,
 They'd starve each other ; lawyers would want practice,
 Cut-throats, reward : each man would kill his brother
 Himself ; none would be paid or hanged for murder.
 Honesty ! 'twas a cheat, invented first
 To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
 That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
 And lord it uncontrolled above their betters.

Jaf. Then honesty is but a notion ?

Pierre. Nothing else ;
 Like wit, much talked of, not to be defined :
 He that pretends to most, too, has least share in't.
 'Tis a ragged virtue. Honesty ! no more on't.

Jaf. Sure, thou art honest ?

Pierre. So, indeed, men think me ;
But they're mistaken, Jaffier ; I'm a rogue,
As well as they ;
A fine, gay, bold-faced villain as thou seest me !
'Tis true, I pay my debts, when they're contracted ;
I steal from no man ; would not cut a throat
To gain admission to a great man's purse ;
Would not betray my friend,
To get his place or fortune ; I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch beneath
me ;

Yet, Jaffier, for all this, I am a villain.

Jaf. (R. c.) A villain !

Pierre. Yes, a most notorious villain ;
To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man ; to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a show
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters ;
Yet whom they please, they lay in basest bonds ;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow ;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter !

[*Walks, L.*

Jaf. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good,
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

Pierre. [*Returns to L. c.*] We've neither safety, unity,
nor peace,
For the foundation's lost of common good ;
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us ;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make them,)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up, t'enslave us deeper.
Now [*Lays his hand on Jaffier's arm,*] could this glorious
cause but find out friends

To do it right, oh, Jaffier! then might'st thou
Not wear those seals of woe upon thy face;
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak, but my heart bleeds this moment.

Jaf. Cursed be the cause, though I, thy friend, be part
on't:

Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am used to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pierre. [*Turns, L. and looks over R. shoulder.*] Too soon
'twill reach thy knowledge—

Jaf. Then from thee

Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship,
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

Pierre. Then thou art ruined!

Jaf. That I long since knew;

I and ill fortune have been long acquainted.

Pierre. I passed this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
“The sons of public rapine were destroying.”

They told me, by the sentence of the law
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay, more, Priuli's cruel hand had signed it.
Here stood a ruffian, with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale:
There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing: he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments;
Rich hangings, intermixed and wrought with gold
The very bed, which, on thy wedding night,
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaf. Now, thank heaven—

Pierre. Thank heaven! for what?

Jaf. That I'm not worth a ducat.

Pierre. Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Ve-
nice,

Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false ;
Where there's no truth, no trust ; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how, at last,
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she leaned,
Kindly looked up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they caught the sorrows that fell from her :
Ev'n the lewd rabble, that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her ;
Governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity :
I could have hugged the greasy rogues ; they pleased me.

Jaf. I thank thee for this story, from my soul ;
Since now I know the worst that can befall me.
Ah, Pierre ! I have a heart that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me ;
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirits taste of,
I own myself a coward. Bear my weakness,
If, throwing thus my arms about thy neck, [*Embrace.*
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh, I shall drown thee with my sorrows.

Pierre. Burn,
First, burn and level Venice to thy ruin.
What ! starve, like beggars' brats, in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death !
Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee :
Command my heart, thou'rt every way its master.

Jaf. No ; there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pierre. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad !
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow—
Revenge, the attribute of gods ; they stamped it,
With their great image, on our natures. Die !
Consider well the cause that calls upon thee ;
And, if thou'rt base enough, die then. Remember
Thy Belvidera suffers ; Belvidera !
Die !—damn first !—What ! be decently interred
In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues, that rot in winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o'th' soil !

Jaf. Oh!—

Pierre. Well said, out with't—swear a little—

Jaf. Swear! By sea and air; by earth, by heav'n and hell,

I will revenge my Belvidera's tears! [*Both go to the R.*

Hark thee, my friend—Priuli—is—a senator!

Pierre. A dog!

Jaf. Agreed.

[*Return to c.*

Pierre. Shoot him!

Jaf. With all my heart!

No more—where shall we meet at night?

Pierre. I'll tell thee:

On the Rialto, every night at twelve,

I take my evening's walk of meditation:

There we two'll meet, and talk of precious mischief.

Jaf. Farewell!

Pierre. At twelve.

Jaf. At any hour: my plagues

Will keep me waking.

[*Exit Pierre, R.*

(*R. c.*) Tell me why, good Heaven,

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,

Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,

That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather, why

Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,

Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?

Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?

Is this just dealing, nature? Belvidera!

Poor Belvidera!

Bel. [*Without.*] Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice.

Enter BELVIDERA, L.

My lord, my love, my refuge! [*Leans on Jaffier, R. c.*

Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!

My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating

At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.

Oh, smile! as when our loves were in their spring,

And cheer my fainting soul!

Jaf. (*R. c.*) As when our loves

Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed
thee?

Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,

Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee ?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour ?
Where ease my loaded heart ? [*Part.*] Oh ! where complain ?

Bel. (c.) Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth !

[*Leans on Jaffier, R. C.*

I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith ?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false ! [*Part.*
Oh, woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man : we had been brutes without you !
Angels are painted fair to look like you :
There's in you all that we believe of heaven ;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love ! [*Embrace.*

Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich ;
Oh ! lead me to some desert, [*Part.*] wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.

Jaf. [*Taking her hand.*] Oh, Belvidera ! doubly I'm a
beggar ;

Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger ? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty ?
When banished by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out,
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour ; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads ;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me ? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love ?

Bel. Oh ! I will love thee, even in madness love thee !

Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
 I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
 Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
 Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
 Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
 I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head ;
 And, as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
 Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
 Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ; [Part.
 Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaf. Hear this, you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made
 her !

Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world ;
 Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
 Tranquillity and happiness like mine ;
 Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
 And rise again, to lift you in your pride ;
 They wait but for a storm, and then devour you :
 [Belvidera crosses, R.

I, in my private bark already wrecked,
 Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
 That had, by chance, picked up his choicest treasure,
 In one dear casket, and saved only that ;
 [Returns to Jaffier.

Since I must wander farther on the shore,
 Thus [Taking her arm,] hug my little, but my precious
 store,

Resolved to scorn, and trust my fate no more. [Exeunt, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Rialto.*

Enter JAFFIER, L.

Jaf. (L. c.) I'm here ; and thus, the shades of night
 around me,
 I look as if all hell were in my heart,

And I in hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me!—
For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids me not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate wretches like myself,
Have wandered out at this dead time of night,
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk.
Sure I'm so cursed, that, though of Heav'n forsaken,
No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell! hell! why sleep'st thou? [Turns, L.]

Enter PIERRE, R. S. E.

Pierre. Sure I've staid too long: [Coming forward.
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, [Seeing Jaffier,] who goes there?

Jaf. (L.) A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon. What's he, that asks the question?

Pierre. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne'er betray their masters; never fawn
On any that they love not. Well met, friend. [Advancing
toward, R. c.] Jaffier!

Jaf. The same.

Pierre. (R. c.) Where's Belvidera?

Jaf. For a day or two,
I've lodged her privately, till I see farther
What fortune will do with me. Pry'thee, friend,
If thou wouldst have me fit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera—

Pierre. (c.) Speak not of her?

Jaf. Oh, no! nor name her?

Pierre. May be, I wish her well.

Jaf. Whom well?

Pierre. Thy wife; thy lovely Belvidera!
I hope a man may wish his friend's wife well,
And no harm done?

Jaf. [Retiring, L.] You're merry, Pierre.

Pierre. [Following.] I am so:
Thou shalt smile, too, and Belvidera smile;
We'll all rejoice. Here's something to buy pins;
Marriage is chargeable. [Gives him a purse.]

Jaf. (L.) I but half wished
To see the devil, and he's here already! Well!
What must this buy? Rebellion, murder, treason?

Tell me [*Turning R.*] which way I must be damned for this.

Pierre. (L. c.) When last we parted, we'd no qualms like these,

But entertained each other's thoughts, like men
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reformed since our last meeting? What new miracles
Have happened? Has Priuli's heart relented?
Can he be honest?

Jaf. Kind Heaven, let heavy curses
Gall his old age, till life become his burden;
Let him groan under't long, linger an age
In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
And find its ease, but late!

Pierre. Nay, couldst thou not
As well, my friend, have stretched the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain?

Jaf. But curses stick not; could I kill with cursing,
By Heaven, I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted! Senators should rot,
Like dogs, on dunghills. Oh, for a curse
To kill with!

[*Crosses, R.*]

Pierre. Daggers, daggers are much better.

Jaf. (R. c.) Ha!

Pierre. Daggers.

Jaf. But where are they?

Pierre. Oh! a thousand
May be disposed, in honest hands, in Venice.

Jaf. Thou talk'st in clouds.

Pierre. But yet a heart, half wronged
As thine has been, would find the meaning, Jaffier!

Jaf. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands!
And have not I a friend will stick one here?

Pierre. (c.) Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherished

To a nobler purpose, I would be that friend:

[*Lays his hand on Jaffier's arm.*]

But thou hast better friends; friends, whom thy wrongs
Have made thy friends; friends, worthy to be called so.
I'll trust thee with a secret. There are spirits
This hour at work. But, as thou art a man,
Whom I have picked and chosen from the world,

Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter ;
And when I've told thee that, which only gods,
And men like gods, are privy to, then swear,
No chance, or change, shall wrest it from thy bosom.

Jaf. (R.) When thou wouldst bind me, is there need of
oaths ?

Is coward, fool, or villain, in my face ?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou wouldst not use me in a little cause ;
For I am fit for honour's toughest task,
Nor ever yet found fooling was my province :
And, for a villainous, inglorious enterprize,
I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.

Pierre. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffier ;
For it is founded on the noblest basis ;
Our liberties, our natural inheritance !
We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray for't ;
Openly act a deed, the world shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaf. For liberty !

Pierre. For liberty, my friend. [*Jaffier crosses, L.*]
Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequestered fortunes healed again ;
I shall be free from those opprobrious wrongs
That press me now, and bend my spirit downward ;
All Venice free, and every growing merit
Succeed to its just right ; fools shall be pulled
From wisdom's seat ; those baleful unclean birds,
Those lazy owls, who, perched near fortune's top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
To cuff down new-fledged virtues, that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.

Jaf. What can I do ? [*Crosses to R. D.*]

Pierre. Caust thou not kill a senator ?

Jaf. By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had ! and the brave story warms me.

[*Crosses, L.*]

Pierre. Swear, then !

Jaf. I do, [*Kneels. L. c.*] by all those glittering stars,
And you great ruling planet of the night !
By all good spirits above, and ill below !

By love and friendship, dearer than my life,
No power, nor death, shall make me false to thee !

Pierre. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
A council's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire's hatching ; there I'll lead thee.
But be a man ; for thou'rt to mix with men
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildest.

Jaf. I give thee thanks
For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man ;
And charge thee, *Pierre*, whene'er thou see'st my fears
Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
Out of my breast, and show it for a coward's.
Come, let's be gone, for from this hour I chase
All little thoughts, all tender human follies,
Out of my bosom : vengeance shall have room—
Revenge !

[*Going, R.*]

Pierre. And liberty !

Jaf. Revenge ! revenge !

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of Aquilina.*

Enter RENAULT, L. S. E.

Ren. (c.) Why was my choice ambition ? The worst
ground

A wretch can build on ! 'tis, indeed, at distance,
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view ;
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven ;
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake us.
Who's there ?

Enter SPINOSA, L.

Spin. (L. c.) Renault, good morrow, for by this time,
I think, the scale of night has turned the balance,
And weighs up morning. Has the clock struck twelve ?

Ren. (R.) Yes ; clocks will go as they are set : but man,
Irregular man's ne'er constant, never certain.
I've spent at least three precious hours of darkness
In waiting dull attendance ; 'tis the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mixed, like mine,

With giddy tempers, souls but half resolved.

Spin. (L.) Hell seize that soul amongst us it can frighten!

Ren. (c.) What's then the cause that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter ELLIOT, L.

Oh, sir, welcome!

You are an Englishman: when treason's hatching,
One might have thought you'd not have been behind hand.

Elliot. Frenchman, you are saucy.

Ren. (L. c.) How? [*Puts his hand to his sword.*]

Enter BEDAMAR, MEZZANA, DURAND, and THEODORE, L.—
Mezzana, Durand, and Theodore stand back, L.

Beda. [*Crossing, c.*] At difference? fie!

Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl: should men of your high calling,
Men, separated by the choice of Providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this assembly, as in one great jewel,
T' adorn the bravest purpose it e'er smiled on;
Should you, like boys, wrangle for trifles?

Ren. (R. c.) Boys!

Beda. (c.) Renault, thy hand.

Ren. I thought I'd given my heart,
Long since, to every man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers,
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.

Beda. Elliot, thou once hadst virtue. I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bend with godlike goodness,
Not half thus courted. 'Tis thy nation's glory
To hug the foe that offers brave alliance.
Once more, embrace, my friends—
United thus, we are the mighty engine,
Must twist this rooted empire from its basis.
Totters it not already?

Elliot. (L.) 'Would 'twere tumbling!

Beda. Nay, it shall down: this night we seal its ruin.

Enter PIERRE, L. D.

Oh, Pierre! thou art welcome.

Come to my breast ; for, by its hopes, thou look'st
Lovely dreadful ; and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh, my Mars !
The poets that first feigned a god of war,
Surely prophesied of thee !

Pierre. (L.) Friends, was not Brutus
(I mean that Brutus, who, in open senate,
Stabbed the first Cæsar that usurped the world),
A gallant man ?

Ren. (R. C.) Yes, and Catiline too ;
Though story wrong his fame ; for he conspired
To prop the reeling glory of his country :
His cause was good.

Beda. (L. C.) And ours as much above it,
As, Renault, thou'rt superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.

Pierre. Then to what we aim at !
When do we start ? Or must we talk forever ?

Beda. (C.) No, Pierre, the deed's near birth : fate seems
to have set

The business up, and given it to our care ;
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst us,
But what is firm and ready.

Elliot. (L. C.) All.
We'll die with Bedamar.

Beda. Oh, men,
Matchless, as will your glory be hereafter :
The game is for a matchless prize, if won ;
If lost, disgraceful ruin.

Pierre. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world ;
This wretched state has starved them in its service ;
And, by your bounty quickened, they're resolved
To serve your glory, and revenge their own :
They've all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for the alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

Beda. I doubt not, friend, but thy unwearied diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease ;
After this night, it is resolved, we meet
No more, till Venice owns us for her lords.

Pierre. How lovely the Adriatic, then,

Dressed in her flames, will shine ! Devouring flames !
Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiss in her foundation !

Beda. Now, if any
Amongst us here, that own this glorious cause,
Have friends or int'rest he would wish to save,
Let it be told—the general doom is sealed ;
But I'd forego the hopes of a world's empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

Pierre. I must confess, you there have touched my
weakness.

I have a friend—hear it ; and such a friend !
My heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you,
He knows the very business of this hour ; [*All start.*
But he rejoices in the cause, and loves it :
We've changed a vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand, to ratify it here.

Ren. How ! all betrayed !

Pierre. (c.) No ; I've dealt nobly with you.
I've brought my all into the public stock :
I'd but one friend, and him I'll share amongst you :
Receive, and cherish him ; or if, when seen
And searched, you find him worthless—as my tongue
Has lodged this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears, I wear a dagger here,
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest,
Come forth, thou only good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFIER, with a Dagger in his hand, L. D.

Beda. (c.) His presence bears the show of manly vir-
tue !

Jaf. (L.) I know you'll wonder all, that, thus uncalled
I dare approach this place of fatal councils ;
But I'm amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me
To see so many virtues thus united
To restore justice, and dethrone oppression.
Command this steel, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast ; but, if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the cursed assembled Senate :
It shrinks not, though I meet a father there.
Would you behold the city flaming ? here's

A hand, shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To th' arsenal, and set its gates on fire !

Ren. (c.) You talk this well, sir.

Jaf. Nay, by Heaven, I'll do this !

Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces :
You fear me villain, and, indeed, 'tis odd
To hear a stranger talk thus, at first meeting,
Of matters that have been so well debated :
But I come ripe with wrongs, as you with counsels.
I hate this senate—am a foe to Venice ;
A friend to none but men resolved like me
To push on mischief. Oh, did you but know me,
I need not talk thus !

Beda. Pierre, I must embrace him ;
My heart beats to this man, as if it knew him.

Ren. I never loved these huggers.

Jaf. Still, I see

The cause delights me not. Your friends survey me,
As I were dangerous. But I come armed
Against all doubts, and to your trusts will give
A pledge, worth more than all the world can pay for.
My Belvidera ! Hoa ! my Belvidera ! [Calls at L. D.]

Beda. (L. c.) What wonder next ?

Jaf. Let me entreat you, sirs,
As I have henceforth hope to call you friends,
That all but the ambassador, and this
Grave guide of councils, with my friend, that owns me,
Withdraw awhile, to spare a woman's blushes.

[*Exeunt all but Bedamar, Renault, Jaffier, and Pierre,*
who stand back on L.

Beda. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us ?

Jaf. My Belvidera ! Belvidera ! [Calling]

Bel. [Within, L. D.] Who,
Who calls so loud, at this late peaceful hour ?
That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.

Enter BELVIDERA, L. D.

Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou ?

Jaf. Indeed, 'tis late.

Bel. Alas ! where am I ? whither is't you lead me ?
Methinks I read distraction in your face,—

You shake and tremble, too! your blood runs cold!
Heav'n's guard my love, and bless his heart with patience?

Jaf. That I have patience, let our fate bear witness,
[*Join hands.*]

Who has ordained it so, that thou and I,
(Thou, the divinest good man e'er possessed,
And I, the wretched'st of the race of man,)
This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Bel. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Why drag you from me? [*Drawing to the R.*] whither are
you going?

My dear! my life! my love!

Jaf. (c.) Oh, friends! [To *Renault*, &c.]

Bel. (c.) Speak to me! [To *Jaffier*.]

Jaf. Take her from my heart,
She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge you, take her, but with tenderest care
Relieve her troubles and assuage her sorrows.

[*She leans on Jaffier.*]

Ren. [*Advancing to her.*] Rise, madam, and command
among your servants—

Jaf. To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath her,
[*They lay hold of her.*]

And with her, this; whene'er I prove unworthy—
[*Gives a Dagger to Renault.*]

You know the rest—Then strike it to her heart;
And tell her, he, who three whole happy years,
Lay in her arms, and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still increasing love,
Sent that reward, for all her truth and sufferings.

Bel. [*Held between Bel. & Ren.*] Oh, thou unkind one!
Have I deserved this from you?

Look on me, tell me, speak, thou dear deceiver,—
Why am I separated from thy love?

If I am false, accuse me; but if true,

Don't, pr'ythee don't, in poverty forsake me,

[*Breaks away, and runs back to Jaffier*]

But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting.

[*They retake her.*]

Yet, hear me; yet, recall me. *Jaffier, Jaffier!

[*Exeunt Bedamar, &c., dragging her L. S. E., Jaffier R.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Aquilina.**Enter BELVIDERA, L. S. E.*

Bel. I'm sacrificed ! I'm sold—betrayed to shame !
 Inevitable ruin has enclosed me !
 He, that should guard my virtue, has betrayed it ;—
 Left me—undone me ! Oh, that I could hate him !—
 Where shall I go ? Oh, whither, whither wander ?

Enter JAFFIER, R.

Jaf. (R. c.) Can Belvidera want a resting-place,
 When these poor arms are open to receive her ?
 There was a time—

Bel. (c.) Yes, yes, there was a time
 When Belvidera's tears, her cries and sorrows,
 Were not despised ; when, if she chanced to sigh,
 Or look but sad—There was, indeed, a time,
 When Jaffier would have ta'en her in his arms,
 Eased her declining head upon his breast,
 And never left her, till he found the cause.
 But well I know why you forsake me thus ;
 I am no longer fit to bear a share
 In your concernments : my weak female virtue
 Must not be trusted : 'tis too frail and tender. [*Crosses, R.*

Jaf. Oh, Portia, Portia, what a soul was thine !

Bel. [*Returns to L. c.*] That Portia was a woman ; and
 when Brutus,

Big with the fate of Rome (Heav'n guard thy safety !)
 Concealed from her the labours of his mind,
 She let him see her blood was great as his,
 Flowed from a spring as noble, and a heart
 Fit to partake his troubles, as his love.
 Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower
 Thou gav'st last night, in parting with me ; strike it
 Here to my heart ; and as the blood flows from it,
 Judge if it run not pure as Cato's daughter's.

Jaf. (R.) Oh, Belvidera !

Bel. (c.) Why was I last night delivered to a villain ?

Jaf. Ha ! a villain ?

Bel. (R.) Yes, to a villain ! Why, at such an hour,
Meets that assembly, all made up of wretches,
That look as hell had drawn them into league ?
Why, I in this hand, and in that, a dagger,
Was I delivered with such dreadful ceremonies ?
“ To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her, this : Whene’er I prove unworthy—
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart.”
Oh ! [*Turns from him.*] why’s that rest concealed from
me ? Must I

Be made the hostage of a hellish trust ?
For such, I know I am ; that’s all my value.
But, by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I’ll free thee from the bondage of these slaves !
Straight to the senate—tell them all I know, [*Going, L.*
All that I think, all that my fears inform me.

Jaf. (c.) Is this the Roman virtue ? this the blood,
That boasts its purity with Cato’s daughter ?
Would she have e’er betrayed her Brutus ? [*Going to her.*

Bel. (L.) No ;
For Brutus trusted her. [*Leans on him.*] Wert thou so
kind,

What would not Belvidera suffer for thee ?

Jaf. I shall undo myself, and tell thee all—
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further ;
Think I’ve a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk’st of,
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows ;
Then, if thou shouldst betray me—

Bel. Shall I swear ?

Jaf. No, do not swear : I would not violate
Thy tender nature with so rude a bond ;
But, as thou hop’st to see me live my days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast :
I’ve bound myself, by all the strictest sacraments,
Divine and human—

Bel. Speak !

Jaf. To kill thy father—

Bel. My father ! [*Part.*]

Jaf. Nay, the throats of the whole senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera. He, amongst us,

That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damned.

Bel. Oh!

Jaf. Have a care, and shrink not even in thought;
For, if thou dost—

Bel. (L. c.) I know it: thou wilt kill me.
Do! strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my father! Though his cruel nature,
Has persecuted me to my undoing,
Driven me to basest wants; can I behold him,
With smiles of vengeance, butchered in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroyed?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?

[Leans on him.]

Nay, be a traitor, too, and sell thy country!
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hired slaves, bravos, and common stabbers,
Join such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

[Part.]

Jaf. (R. c.) Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I've engaged

With men of souls, fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart among them,
But's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashion.

Bel. (L.) What's he, to whose cursed hands last night
thou gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story,
Would rouse thy lion heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury!

Jaf. (c.) Speak on, I charge thee!

Bel. Oh, my love! [Leaning on him,] if e'er
Thy Belvidera's peace deserved thy care,
Remove me from this place. Last night! last night!

Jaf. Di-tract me not, but give me all the truth!

Bel. No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the power of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I laid on my sad bed,
But that vile wretch approached me. Then my heart
Throbbled with its fears;—
Oh, how I wept and sighed,

And shrunk, and trembled ! wished, in vain, for him
That should protect me ! Thou, alas, wast gone !

Jaf. [*Turning, R.*] Patience, sweet Heaven, till I make
vengeance sure !

Bel. He drew the hideous dagger forth, thou gav'st him,
And, with upbraiding smiles, he said, " Behold it :
This is the pledge of a false husband's love :"
And in his arms then pressed, and would have clasped
me ;

But, with my cries, I scared his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and muttered vows to hell.

[*Rush into each other's arms.*
These are thy friends ! [*Part.*] with these thy life, thy ho-
nour,

Thy love, all staked—and all will go to ruin !

Jaf. (c.) No more ; I charge thee, keep this secret
close.

Clear up thy sorrows ; look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more ; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour ;
I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy love.

Bel. (L.) Oh ! should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In anger leave me, and return no more.

Jaf. Return no more ! I would not live without thee
Another night, to purchase the creation.

Bel. When shall we meet again ?

Jaf. Anon, at twelve,
I'll steal myself to thy expecting arms :
Come, like a travelled dove, and bring thee peace.

Bel. Indeed !

Jaf. By all our loves !

Bel. 'Tis hard to part :
But sure no falsehood ever looked so fairly.
Farewell ! remember twelve.

[*Exit, L. D.*

Jaf. (c.) Let Heav'n forget me,
When I remember not thy truth, thy love !

Enter PIERRE, R.

Pierre. Jaffier !

Jaf. (L.) Who calls ?

Pierre. (R. c.) A friend, that could have wished

T' have found thee otherwise employed. What, hunt
A wife, on the dull soil! Sure, a stanch husband,
Of all hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be weaned from caudles and confections?
What feminine tales hast thou been list'ning to,
Of unaired shirts? catarrhs, and tooth-ache, got
By thin-soled shoes? Damnation! that a fellow,
Chosen to be a sharer in the destruction
Of a whole people, should sneak thus in corners,
To waste his time, and fool his mind with love!

Jaf. (L. c.) May not a man, then, trifle out an hour
With a kind woman, and not wrong his calling?

Pierre. (R.) Not in a cause like ours.

Jaf. Then, friend, our cause
Is in a damned condition: for I'll tell thee,
That canker-worm, called lechery, has touched it;
'Tis tainted vilely. Wouldst thou think it? Renault,
(That mortified, old, withered, winter rogue,)
Loves simple fornication like a priest;
I've found him out at watering for my wife;
He visited her last night, like a kind guardian;
Faith, she has some temptations, that's the truth on't.

Pierre. (R. c.) He durst not wrong his trust!

Jaf. 'Twas something late, though,
To take the freedom of a lady's chamber.

"*Pierre.* Was she in bed?"

"*Jaf.* Yes; 'faith! in virgin sheets,
"White as her bosom, Pierre; dished neatly up,—
"Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste."

Pierre. Patience guide me!
He used no violence?

Jaf. No, no: out on't, violence!
Played with her neck; brushed her with his grey beard;
Struggled and touzed; tickled her till she squeaked a little,

May be, or so—but not a jot of violence—

Pierre. [*Runs to R. D.*] Damn him!

Jaf. Ay, so say I: but, hush, no more on't!
Sure it is near the hour

We all should meet for our concluding orders:
Will the ambassador be here in person?

Pierre. (R. c.) No, he has sent commission to that villain,

Renault, to give the executing charge :
I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
And keep thy temper : for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

Jaf. (c.) Fear not ; I'm cool as patience ;

Pierre. He's yonder, coming this way, through the hall :
His thoughts seem full.

Jaf. Pr'ythee, retire, and leave me
With him alone ; I'll put him to some trial ;
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.

Pierre. Be careful, then.

Jaf. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.

[*Exit Pierre*, R. U. E.

What ! be a devil, take a damning oath
For shedding native blood ? Can there be sin
In merciful repentance ? Oh, this villain ! [*Retires up*, c.

Enter RENAULT, L. U. E.

Ren. (L. c.) Perverse and peevish : What a slave is
man,
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him !
Despatch the tool, her husband—that were well.—
Who's there ?

Jaf. A man.

[*Advancing*.

Ren. My friend, my near ally,
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge, is very
well.

Jaf. (R. c.) Sir, are you sure of that ?
Stands she in perfect health ? Beats her pulse even ?
Neither too hot nor cold ?

Ren. What means that question ?

Jaf. Oh ! women have fantastic constitutions,
Inconstant in their wishes, always wavering,
And never fixed. Was it not boldly done,
Ev'n at first sight, to trust the thing I loved
(A tempting treasure, too,) with youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine ? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me ?

Jaf. Cursed be he that doubts
Thy virtue ! I have tried 't, and declare,
Were I to choose a guardian of my honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping ; for I know thee.

Ren. Know me !

Jaf. Ay, know thee.—There's no falsehood in thee ;
Thou look'st just as thou art. Let us embrace.—
Now, wouldst thou cut my throat, or I cut thine !

Ren. You dare not do't !

Jaf. You lie, sir !

Ren. How !

Jaf. No more.—

'Tis a base world, and must reform ; that's all.

*Enter SPINOSA, ELLIOT, THEODORE, DURAND, and MEZZA-
NA, L.*

Ren. Spinosa, Theodorè, you are welcome.

Spin. You are trembling, sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold night, indeed ; and I am aged ;
Full of decay, and natural infirmities.
We shall be warm, my friends, I hope, to-morrow.

[Renault and Conspirators retire and confer.]

Enter PIERRE, R.

Pierre. *[To Jaffier.]* 'Twas not well done ; thou shouldst
have stroked him,
And not have galled him. *[Retires to the others.]*

Jaf. (c.) *[In front.]* Damn him, let him chew on't !
Heav'n ! where am I ? beset with cursèd fiends,
That wait to damn me ! What a devil's man,
When he forgets his nature !—hush, my heart.

[Renault and the Conspirators advance.]

Ren. My friends, 'tis late : are we assembled all ?

Spin. All—all !

Ren. (c.) Oh ! you're men, I find,
Fit to behold your fate, and meet her summons.
To-morrow's rising sun must see you all
Decked in your honours. Are the soldiers ready ?

Pierre. All—all !

Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand, must possess
St. Mark's ; you, Captain, know your charge already ;
'Tis to secure the ducal palace :
Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
Till in each place you post sufficient guards ;
Then sheathe your swords in every breast you meet.

Jaf. (L.) [*Aside.*] Oh, reverend cruelty! damned, bloody villain!

Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the midst keep your battalia fast :
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the cannon
That may command the streets ;
This done, we'll give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the ars'nal gates ;
Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our cannon, if it dare resist,
Batter to ruin. But, above all, I charge you,
Shed blood enough ; spare neither sex nor age,
Name nor condition : if there lives a senator
After to-morrow, though the dullest rogue
That e'er said nothing, we have lost our ends.
If possible, let's kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaf. [*Aside to R.*] Merciless, horrid slave! Ay, blood
enough!

Shed blood enough, old Renault! how thou charm'st me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell, till fate
Join us again, or sep'rate us forever :
But let us all remember,

We wear no common cause upon our swords :
Let each man think, that on his single virtue,
Depends the good and fame of all the rest ;
Eternal honour, or perpetual infamy.

You droop, sir.

[*To Jaffier.*]

Jaf. (L. c.) No : with most profound attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy virtue.

Ren. Let's consider,
That we destroy oppression—avarice ;
A people nursed up equally with vices
And loathsome lusts, which nature most abhors,
And such as, without shame, she cannot suffer.

Jaf. (L.) [*Aside,*] Oh, Belvidera! take me to thy arms,
And show me where's my peace, for I have lost it.

[*Exit, L. D.*]

Ren. (L. c.) Without the least remorse, then, let's re-
solve

With fire and sword t'exterminate these tyrants,
Under whose weight this wretched country labours.

Pierre. (R.) And may those Powers above, that are propitious

To gallant minds, record this cause, and bless it!

Ren. (L.) Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for, Should there, my friends, be found among us one False to this glorious enterprise, what fate, What vengeance, were enough for such a villain?

Elliot. (R. c.) Death here, without repentance—hell hereafter!

Ren. (c.) Let that be my lot, if, as here I stand, Listed by fate among her darling sons, Tho' I had one only brother, dear by all The strictest ties of nature, Joined in this cause, and had but ground to fear He meant foul play; may this right hand drop from me, If I'd not hazard all my future peace, And stab him to the heart before you! Who, Who would do less? Would'st thou not, Pierre, the same?

Pierre. You've singled me, sir, out for this hard question,

As if 'twere started only for my sake:

Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom; Search it with all your swords. Am I a traitor?

Ren. No: but I fear your late commended friend Is little less. Come, sirs, 'tis now no time To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffier?

Spin. (R. c.) He left the room just now, in strange disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I observed him; During the time I took for explanation, He was transported from most deep attention To a confusion, which he could not smother. What's requisite for safety, must be done With speedy execution; he remains Yet in our power; I, for my own part, wear A dagger—

Pierre. Well?

[Goes to Renault]

Ren. And I could wish it—

Pierre. Where?

Ren. Buried in his heart.

Pierre. Away! we're yet all friends.—

No more of this; 'twill breed ill blood among us.

Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search the house ;
Pull him from the dark hole, where he sits brooding
O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him.

Pierre. (L.) Who talks of killing ? Who's he'll shed
the blood,
That's dear to me ? I'st you, or you, or you, sir ?

[*Passing from L. to R.*

What ! not one speak ? how you stand gaping all
On your grave oracle, your wooden god there !
Yet not a word ? Then, sir, I'll tell you a secret ;
Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue. [*To Renault.*

Ren. (c.) A coward ! [*Handles his sword.*

Pierre. (R.) Put—Put up thy sword, old man ;
Thy hand shakes at it. Come, let's heal this breach ;
I am too hot : we yet may all live friends.

Spin. Till we are safe, our friendship cannot be so.

Pierre. Again ! Who's that ?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Ren. And I.

Spin. And all.

Let's die like men, and not be sold like slaves.

Pierre. (c.) One such word more, by Heaven, I'll to the
senate,

And hang ye all, like dogs, in clusters.

Why peep your coward swords half out their sheaths ?

Why do you not all brandish them like mine ?

You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing. [*Going, L.*

Ren. (R. c.) Go to the senate, and betray us—haste !

Secure thy wretched life ; we fear to die

Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pierre. That's rank falsehood.

Fear'st thou not death ? Fie, there's a knavish itch

In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting !

Had Jaffier's wife proved kind, he'd still been true.

Faugh—how that stinks ! [*Exit Renault, R.*

“Thou die ? thou kill my friend ?

“Or thou ? with that lean, withered, wretched face !”

Away, disperse all to your several charges,

And meet to-morrow, where your honour calls you,

[*Retiring to M. D*

I'll bring that man whose blood you so much thirst for,

And you shall see him venture for you fairly—
Hence, hence, I say!

Spin. I fear we've been to blame,
And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too far urged against the man you love.

Elliot. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pierre. [*Advancing.*] Nay, now you've found
The way to melt, and cast me as you will.
I'll fetch this friend, and give him to your mercy;
Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me;
For your repose, I'll quit my heart's best jewel;
But would not have him torn away by villains,
And spiteful villainy.

Spin. [*And other Conspirators stand, R.*] No; may ye
both
Forever live, and fill the world with fame!

Pierre. Now, you're too kind. Whence arose all this
discord?

Oh! what a dangerous precipice have we 'scaped!
How near a fall was all we'd long been building!
What an eternal blot had stained our glories,
If one, the bravest and the best of men,
Had fall'n a sacrifice to rash suspicion,
Butchered by those, whose cause he came to cherish!
Oh, could you know him all, as I have known him,
How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this place, till you had seen him,
And gained remission for the worst of follies.
Come but to-morrow, all your doubts shall end,
And to your loves, me better recommend,
That I've preserved your fame, and saved my friend.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, R., Pierre, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter BELVIDERA and JAFFIER, L.

Jaf. (L. c.) Where dost thou lead me ? Ev'ry step I move,

Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb
Of a racked friend. Oh, my dear, charming ruin !
Where are we wandering ?

Bel. (R. c.) To eternal honour !
To do a deed, shall chronicle thy name
Among the glorious legends of those few
That have saved sinking nations. Every street
Shall be adorned with statues to thy honour :
And, at thy feet, this great inscription written—
“ Remember him, that propped the fall of Venice ! ”

Jaf. Rather, remember him, who, after all
The sacred bonds of oaths, and holier friendship,
In fond compassion to a woman's tears,
Forgot his manhood, virtue, truth, and honour,
To sacrifice the bosom that relieved him.
Why wilt thou damn me ?

Bel. Oh, inconstant man !
How will you promise ! how will you deceive !
Do, return back, replace me in my bondage,
Tell all thy friends how dangerously thou lov'st me,
And let thy dagger do its bloody office.
Or, if thou think'st it nobler, let me live,
Till I'm a victim to the hateful will
Of that infernal devil !

Last night, my love—

Jaf. Name, name it not again :
Destruction, swift destruction,
Fall on my coward head, if
I forgive him !

Bel. Delay no longer, then, but to the senate,
And tell the dismal'st story ever uttered ;
Tell them what bloodshed, rapines, desolations,
Have been prepared ;—how near's the fatal hour.

Save thy poor country, save the rev'rend blood
Of all its nobles, which to-morrow's dawn
Must else see shed !

Jaf. Oh !

Bel. Think what then may prove
My lot : the ravisher may then come safe,
And, 'midst the terror of the public ruin,
Do a damned deed.

Jaf. By all Heav'n's powers, prophetic truth dwells in
thee !

For every word thou speak'st, strikes through my heart,
Like a new light, and shows it how't has wandered—
Just what thou'st made me, take me, Belvidera,
And lead me to the place, where I'm to say
This bitter lesson ; where I must betray
My truth, my virtue, constancy, and friends.
Must I betray my friends ? Ah ! take me quickly,
Secure me well before that thought's renewed ;
If I relapse once more, all's lost forever.

Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera ?

Jaf. No : Thou'rt my soul itself ; wealth, friendship,
honour !

All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summed in thee.

[*Going, R.*

Enter CAPTAIN and GUARDS, R. S. E.

Capt. Stand ! who goes there ?

Bel. Friends.

Capt. But what friends are you ?

Bel. Friends to the senate, and the state of Venice.

Capt. My orders are, to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring them to the council,
Who are now sitting.

Jaf. Sir, you shall be obeyed.
Now the lot's cast, and, fate, do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt Jaffier and Belvidera, guarded.*

SCENE II.—*The Senate House.*

The DUKE OF VENICE, PRIULI, and other SENATORS discovered, sitting.

Duke. Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,

Speak—Why are we assembled here this night ?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honour, or its safety ?

Priuli. (R.) Could words express the story I've to tell
you,

Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes ; but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to heaven :
Heav'n knows, if yet there be an hour to come,
Ere Venice be no more.

Duke. How !

Priuli. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends ; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes : nay, the hour, too, fixed ;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn ev'n this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning : but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world in after ages,
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.

[A noise within, L.]

Capt. [Within.] Room, room, make room there for some
prisoners !

Enter OFFICER, L.

Duke. Speak, speak, there ! What disturbance ?

Officer. A prisoner have the guards seized in the street,
Who says, he comes to inform this reverend council
About the present danger.

Enter OFFICER, JAFFIER, CAPTAIN, and GUARDS, L.

All. Give him entrance.—*[Exit Officer.]* Well, who are
you ?

Jaf. (L.) A villain !

Would, every man that hears me,
Would deal so honestly, and own his title !

Duke. 'Tis rumored, that a plot has been contrived

Against the state, and you've a share in't, too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaf. Think not, that I to save my life came hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice:
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The slave capitulates;
Give him the tortures.

Jaf. That, you dare not do:
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story, which you dread the truth of:
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scared with threat'nings; boys are whipped
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the tortures!—name but such a thing
Again, by heav'n, I'll shut these lips forever!
Nor all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away, that you may guess at!

[*Crosses, R.*]

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaf. (R.) For myself, full pardon,
Besides, the lives of two-and-twenty friends,
Whose names I have enrolled—Nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths,
And sacred promise, of this reverend council,
That, in a full assembly of the senate,
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

Duke. Propose the oath.

Jaf. (c.) By all the hopes
You have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear!

Duke. We swear.

Jaf. And, as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blessed,
Or cursed, forever!

Duke. Else be cursed forever!

Jaf. Then here's the list, and with't, the full disclosure
[*Delivers two papers to the Officer, who delivers them to the Duke.*]

Of all that threaten you.

Now, Fate, thou hast caught me !

Duke. Give order, that all diligent search be made
To seizè these men—their characters are public.

The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of the famed Grecian courtesan,
Called Aquilina ; see that place secured.

You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaf. Would the chains of death
Had bound me fast, ere I had known this minute !

Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaf. Sir, [*To Officer,*] if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose
me ;

Where I may doze out, what I've left of life ;—
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance ! how shall I appease thee ?

[*Exit, guarded, R.*]

Officer. [*Without.*] More traitors ! room, room, room,
make room there !

Duke. How's this ?
The treason's
Already at the doors !

Enter OFFICER and CAPTAIN, L.

Officer. My lords, more traitors !
Seized in the very act of consultation :
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief.—
Bring in the prisoners !

*Enter SPINOSA, ELLIOT, THEODORE, DURAND, MEZZANA,
RENAULT, and PIERRE, in Chains, L.*

Pierre. (L.) You, my lords and fathers,
(As you are pleased to call yourselves,) of Venice ;
If you set hère to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often laboured in your service ?

Are these the wreaths of triumph you bestow
On those that bring you conquest home, and honours ?

Duke. Go on ! you shall be heard, sir.

Pierre. (L. c.) Are these the trophies I've deserved for
fighting

Your battles with confederated powers ?

When winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours,
When you, great duke, shrunk trembling in your palace ;
Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour, and the way to greatness ?

Raised you from your capitulating fears

To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace ?

And this my recompence ! If I'm a traitor,

Produce my charge ; or show the wretch that's base,

And brave enough to tell me, I'm a traitor !

[Goes to the table.]

Duke. Know you one Jaffier ?

Pierre. Yes, and know his virtue.

His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Enter CAPTAIN, with JAFFIER in Chains, R.

Pierre. My friend, too, bound ! nay, then,
Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man, whose welfare's so much mine,
They're but one thing ? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
Do call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother ?

Jaf. (R. c.) To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave,
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes, which morning was to've crowned,
Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.

Pierre. (c.) So, then, all's over :
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.
No more !

[Crosses, L.]

Duke. Say ; will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy ?

Pierre. [Returns to c.] Cursed be your senate, cursed
your constitution !

The curse of growing factions, and divisions,

Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear
Hateful to you, as these base chains to me!

Duke. Pardon, or death?

Pierre. Death! honourable death!

Ren. (L.) Death's the best thing we ask, or you can
give.

Duke. Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free; but these must wait for judgment.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Conspirators, and Officer.*]

Pierre. (c.) Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to
my straw:

It will not be the first time I've lodged hard,
To do your senate service.

Jaf. (R. c.) Hold, one moment.

Pierre. Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?
Presumptuous rebel!—on— [Strikes Jaffier.]

Jaf. (c.) By Heaven, you stir not!

[*Exeunt Captain and Guards, R.*]

I must be heard! I must have leave to speak.

Thou hast disgraced me. Pierre, by a vile blow:

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?

But use me as thou wilt, thou can'st not wrong me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,

And, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierre. (R. c.) What whining monk art thou? what ho-
ly cheat,

That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears,

And cant'st thus vilely! Hence! I know thee not!

Jaf. Not know me, Pierre!

Pierre. No, know thee not. What art thou?

Jaf. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend!
Tho' now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

Pierre. Thou, Jaffier! thou, my once-loved, valued
friend!

By heavens, thou ly'st; the man so called my friend,

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;

Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;

Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:

But, thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor, even in soul and loathsome in thy aspect :
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee, avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.

Jaf. I have not wronged thee ; by these tears I have not !

Pierre. Hast thou not wronged me ? Dar'st thou call thyself

That once-loved, honest, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wronged me ? Whence these chains ?

Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment ?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one ?

Jaf. All's true ; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierre. What's that ?

Jaf. To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have proposed : thou, and thy friends,
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierre. Life ! ask my life ! confess ! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this curséd city,
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer !
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art !
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee art fit to live in't.

Jaf. By all that's just—

Pierre. Swear by some other power,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaf. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till, to thyself at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierre. Not leave me !

Jaf. No ; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave ;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head ; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty ;

Lie at thy feet, [*Falls on his knees,*] and kiss them 'tho'
they spurn me ;

Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pierre. Art thou not—

Jaf. What ?

Pierre. A traitor ?

Jaf. Yes.

Pierre. A villain ?

Jaf. Granted.

Pierre. A coward, a most scandalous coward ;
Spiritless, void of honour ; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame, for shameless life ?

Jaf. [*Rising and turning, R.*] All, all, and more, much
more ; my faults are numberless.

Pierre. And would'st thou have me live on terms like
thine ?

Base, as thou'rt false—

Jaf. [*Returning.*] No ; 'tis to me that's granted ;
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompence for faith and trust so broken.

Pierre. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee ;
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends ;
All I received in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n :
So I restore it back to thee again ;
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this cursed hour, to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaf. Say thou wilt live, then.

Pierre. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre !

Pierre. No more.

Jaf. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee, [*Going, R.*
Following.]

But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pierre. Leave me—Nay, then, thus, thus I throw thee
from me ;

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee !

[*Drives him to c.—Exit, R.*]

Jaf. [*Pausing.*] He's gone, my father, friend, preserver ;
And here's the portion he has left me :

This dagger. Well remembered ! with this dagger,

I gave a solemn vow of dire importance ;

Parted with this, and Belvidera together.

Have a care, mem'ry, drive that thought no farther :

No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy ;

Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,

Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,

That, when they meet, they start not from each other.

So, now for thinking—A blow—called traitor, villain,

Coward, dishonourable coward ; faugh !

Oh, for a long, sound sleep, and so forget it !

Down, busy devil !

Enter BELVIDERA, L.

Bel. (L.) Whither shall I fly ?

Where hide me and my miseries together ?

Where's now the Roman constancy I boasted ?

Sunk into trembling fears and desperation,

Not daring to look up to that dear face,

Which used to smile, even on my faults : but, down,

Bending these miserable eyes to earth,

Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

Jaf. (R. c.) Mercy ! kind Heaven has surely endless
stores.

Hoarded for thee, of blessings yet untasted :

“ Let wretches loaded hard with guilt as I am,

“ Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burden,

“ Before the footstool of that Heav'n they've injured.”

Oh, Belvidera ! I'm the wretched'st creature

E'er crawled on earth.

Bel. (L. c.) Alas ! I know thy sorrows are most mighty

Jaf. My friend, too, Belvidera, that dear friend,

Who, next to thee, was all my heart rejoiced in,

Has used me like a slave, shamefully used me :

'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.

Bel. What has he done ?

Jaf. " Oh, my dear angel ! in that friend, I've lost
" All my soul's peace ; for every thought of him
" Strikes my sense hard, and dead's it in my brain !
" Would'st thou believe it ?
" Before we parted,"

Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
As at his feet I kneeled, and sued for mercy,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow :
He struck me, Belvidera ! by Heaven, he struck me !
Buffeted, called me traitor, villain, coward !
Am I a coward ? am I a villain ? tell me :
Thou'rt the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so !
Damnation ! coward !

Bel. Oh ! forgive him, Jaffier !
And, if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow ?

Jaf. Ah !

Bel. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretched in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death ;
What will thy heart do then ? Oh ! sure 'twill stream,
Like my eyes now.

Jaf. What means thy dreadful story ?
Death, and to-morrow ?

Bel. (c.) The faithless senators, 'tis they've decreed it .
They say, according to our friends' request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage ;
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited :
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession,
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.

Jaf. Death ! doomed to die ! condemned unheard ! un-
pleaded !

Bel. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing
To force confession from their dying pangs.
Oh ! do not look so terribly upon me !
How your lips shake, and all your face disordered !
What means my love ?

Jaf. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me ! Strong temp-
tations
Wake in my heart.

Bel. (L.) For what ?

Jaf. No more, but leave me.

Bel. Why ?

Jaf. (L. c.) Oh ! by Heav'n, I love thee with that fondness,

I would not have thee stay a moment longer
Near these cursed hands.

[Pulls the Dagger half out of his bosom, and puts it back again.]

Art thou not terrified ?

Bel. No.

Jaf. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

Bel. Ha !

Jaf. Where's my friend ? my friend, thou smiling mischief !

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late ; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans !

Hark, how he groans ! his screams are in my ears !

Already, see, they've fixed him on the wheel,

And now they tear him—Murder ! perjured senate !

Murder—Oh ! Hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this !

Thanks to thy tears, and false persuading love.

How her eyes speak ! oh, thou bewitching creature !

Madness can't hurt thee. Come, thou little trembler,

Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe ;

'Tis thy own citadel—Hah—yet stand off, [Going, R.]

Heav'n must have justice, and my broken vows

Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy.

I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

Bel. (c.) What means the lord

Of me, my life, and love ? What's in thy bosom

Thou grasp'st at so ?

[Jaffier draws the Dagger, and offers to stab her.]

Ah ! do not kill me, Jaffier.

Jaf. (R. c.) Know, Belvidera, when we parted last,

I gave this dagger with thee, as in trust,

To be thy portion if I e'er proved false.

On such condition was my truth believed :

But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[Offers to stab her again.]

Jaf. Nay, no struggling.

Bel. Now, then, kill me.

[*Falls on his neck, and kisses him.*]

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaf. I am, I am a coward, witness, Heav'n,
Witness it, earth, and ev'ry being witness :
'Tis but one blow ! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear the thought to harm thee.

[*Throws away the dagger, and embraces her.*]

The seal of Providence is sure upon thee ;
And thou wast born for yet unheard-of wonders.
Oh ! thou wert born either to save or damn me !
By all the power that's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
" By the victorious love that still waits on thee,"
Fly to thy cruel father, save my friend,
Or all our future quiet's lost forever.
Fall at his feet, cling round his rev'rend knees,
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears,
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast vanquished me.

[*Exeunt Jaffier, R., Belvidera, L.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Priuli's House.*

Enter PRIULI, L.

Priuli. (L.) Why, cruel Heav'n, have my unhappy days
Been lengthened to this sad one ? Oh ! dishonour,
And deathless infamy have fall'n upon me.
Was it my fault ? Am I a traitor ? No. (c.)
But then, my only child, my daughter wedded ;

There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seized upon my memory.

Enter BELVIDERA in a Mourning Veil, L.

Bel. [*Speaking as she enters.*] He's there, my father, my
inhuman father,

That, for three years, has left an only child,
Exposed to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruin!—Oh!—

Priuli. What child of sorrow
Art thou, that com'st, wrapt up in weeds of sadness,
And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?

Bel. (L. c.) A wretch, who, from the very top of happiness,
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Priuli. (R. c.) What wouldst thou beg for?

Bel. Pity and forgiveness. [*Throws up her Veil.*
By the kind, tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love. [*Kneels.*

Priuli. My daughter!

Bel. Yes, your daughter; and you've oft told me,
With smiles of love, and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.

Priuli. Don't talk thus.

Bel. Yes, I must: and you must hear, too.
I have a husband.

Priuli. Damn him!

Bel. Oh, do not curse him!
He would not speak so hard a word towards you,
On any terms, howe'er he deal with me.

Priuli. Ah! what means my child?

Bel. Oh! my husband, my dear husband,
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera!

Priuli. Kill thee!

Bel. Yes, kill me. When he passed his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,
He gave me up a hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
Whene'er he failed, to plunge it through this bosom.
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love

T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
 Great love prevailed, and blessed me with success !
 He came, confessed, betrayed his dearest friends,
 For promised mercy. Now, they're doomed to suffer !
 Galled with remembrance of what then was sworn,
 If they are lost, he vows t' appease the gods
 With this poor life, and make my blood th' atonement.

Priuli. Heavens !

Bel. If I was ever then your care, now hear me !
 Fly to the senate, save the promised lives
 Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

Priuli. Oh, my heart's comfort !

Bel. Will you not, my father ?
 Weep not, but answer me.

Priuli. By Heav'n, I will !
 Not one of them but what shall be immortal !
 Canst thou forgive me all my follies past ?
 I'll henceforth be indeed a father ! never,
 Never more, thus expose, but cherish thee,
 Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life :
 Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee :
 Peace to thy heart. Farewell !

Bel. Go, and remember,
 'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for !

[*Exeunt Priuli, R., Belvidera, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rialto.*

Enter CAPTAIN—*Muffled Drums*—GUARDS—EXECUTIONER,
with Axe—RENAULT—SPINOSA—ELLIOT—THEODORE—
 DURAND—MEZZANA—PIERRE—OFFICER—GUARDS—
They all pass over the Stage, R. to L., and exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter JAFFIER, R.

Jaf. Final destruction seize on all the world !
 Bend down, ye Heav'ns, and, shutting round this earth,
 Crush the vile globe into its first confusion !

Enter BELVIDERA, L.

Bel. (c.) My life !—

Jaf. (R. c.) My plague!—

Bel. Nay, then, I see my ruin.

If I must die!

Jaf. (c.) No, death's this day too busy;
Thy father's ill-timed mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy labours, though; and him, too.
But all my poor, betrayed, unhappy friends,
Have summons to prepare for fate's black hour.
Yet, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy:
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Bel. (L. c.) I will, when I've done weeping—

Jaf. Fie, no more on't!

How long is't since the miserable day
We wedded first?

Bel. Oh! oh!

Jaf. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me quite.

Bel. Heaven knows I cannot!

The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow—

Jaf. Come, I'll kiss them dry, then.

Bel. [*Hanging on him.*] But was't a miserable day?

Jaf. A cursed one!

Bel. I thought it otherwise, and you've often sworn,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn you blessed
it.

Jaf. 'Twas a rash oath.

Bel. Then why am I not cursed, too?

Jaf. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal truth,
I dote with too much fondness.

Bel. Still so kind!

Still then do you love me?

Jaf. Man ne'er was blessed,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

Bel. Then sure you will not curse me?

Jaf. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.
'Tis now, I think, three years we've lived together.

Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till, reverend grown, for age and love, we go

Down to one grave, as our last bed together ;
There sleep in peace till an eternal morning.

Jaf. Did I not say I came to bless thee ?

Bel. You did.

Jaf. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven ! [Part
[Kneeling

Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand : let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her :
Feed her with plenty ; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning ;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts ; and prop her virtue
To bear the loss of one that too much loved ;
And comfort her with patience in our parting !

Bel. How ? parting, parting !

Jaf. Yes, forever parting !

I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon Heav'n,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour forever !

Bel. Oh ! call back

Your cruel blessing ; stay with me, and curse me.

Jaf. Now hold, heart, or never !

Bel. By all the tender days we've lived together,
Pity my sad condition ; speak, but speak !

Jaf. Murder ! unhold me ;

Or by th' immortal destiny that doomed me

[Draws his dagger.

To this cursed minute, I'll not live one longer !

Resolve to let me go, or see me fall—

Hark ! the dismal bell

[Passing bell tolls.

Tolls out for death ! I must attend its call, too ;

For my poor friend, my dying Pierre, expects me ;

He sent a message to require I'd see him

Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.

Farewell forever !

[Going, L.

Bel. Leave thy dagger with me ;

Bequeath me something—Not one kiss at parting !

Oh, my poor heart, when wilt thou break ?

Jaf. [Returning—she runs into his arms.] Yet stay :

We have a child, as yet a tender infant :

Be a kind mother to him when I'm gone ;

Breed him in virtue and the paths of honour,
 But never let him know his father's story!
 I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate
 May do his future fortune or his name.

Now—nearer yet—

Oh, that my arms were riveted

Thus round thee ever! But my friends! my oath!

This, and no more!

[*Kisses her.*]

Bel. Another, sure another

For that poor little one you've ta'en such care of.

I'll give't him truly.

Jaf. So—now, farewell!

Bel. Forever?

[*Going, L.*]

Jaf. Heav'n knows, forever! all good angels guard
 thee!

[*Exit, L.*]

Bel. All ill ones, sure, had charge of me this moment!

Oh, give me daggers, daggers, [*Returns, c.*] fire, or water!

How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves

Huzzing and foaming round my sinking head,

Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!

Oh! there's all quiet—here, all rage and fury!

The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;

I long for thick substantial sleep: (R. c.) Hell! hell!

Burst from the centre, (R.) rage and roar aloud,

If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am!

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*St. Mark's Place.—A Scaffold in the back ground, and a Wheel, prepared for the Execution of Pierre.*

*Enter CAPTAIN, PIERRE, GUARD, EXECUTIONER, and RAB-
 BLE.*

Pierre. (L.) My friend not yet come?

Enter JAFFIER, R.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre!

[*Falling on his knees.*]

Pierre. (c.) Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone
 my fame,

I can't forget to love thee. Pr'ythee, Jaffier,

Forgive that filthy blow, my passion dealt thee:

I'm now preparing for the land of peace

And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men like thee, to bless my journey.

Jaf. Good! I'm the vilest creature—worse than e'er
Suffered the shameful fate thou'rt going to taste of.

Capt. (R.) The time grows short; your friends are dead
already.

Jaf. (L. c.) Dead!

Pierre. Yes, dead, Jaffier! they've all died like men,
too,

Worthy their character.

Jaf. And what must I do?

Pierre. Oh, Jaffier!

Jaf. Speak aloud thy burdened soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortured friend.

Pierre. Friend! Couldst thou yet be a friend, a gene-
rous friend,

I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.

Heaven knows, I want a friend!

Jaf. And I a kind one,

That would not scorn thus my repenting virtue,
Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.

Pierre. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffier.

Jaf. Yes, I will live:

But it shall be to see thy fall revenged,
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for,

Pierre. Wilt thou?

Jaf. I will, by Heaven!

Pierre. Then still thou'rt noble,

And I forgive thee. Oh!—yet—shall I trust thee?

Jaf. No; I've been false already.

Pierre. Dost thou love me?

Jaf. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.

Pierre. Curse on this weakness!

[*Weeps.*

Jaf. Tears! Amazement! Tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before;

And know there's something labouring in thy bosom,
That must have vent; though I'm a villain, tell me.

Pierre. See'st thou that engine? [*Pointing to the Wheel.*

Jaf. Why?

Pierre. (R. c.) Is't fit a soldier, who has lived with honor,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crowned with con-
quest,

Be exposed, a common carcase, on a wheel ?

Jaf. Hah !

Pierre. Speak ! is't fitting ?

Jaf. Fitting !

Pierre. I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attain it.

Capt. The day grows late, sir.

Pierre. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier !

Though thou'st betrayed me, do me some way justice.

Jaf. What's to be done ?

Pierre. This and no more.

[*Whispers Jaffier.*

Jaf. Hah ! is't then so ?

Pierre. Most certainly.

Jaf. I'll do't.

Pierre. Remember.

Capt. Sir—

Pierre. Come, now I'm ready.

Captain, [*Crossing to him*] you should be a gentleman of
honour ;

Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.

You'll think on't ?

[*To Jaffier.*

Jaf. 'Twont grow stale before to-morrow.

[*Pierre and Jaffier ascend the Scaffold—Executioner
binds Pierre.*

Pierre. Now, Jaffier ! now I'm going ! Now—

Jaf. Have at thee,

Thou honest heart, then !—here—

[*Stabs him.*

And this is well, too.

[*Stabs himself.*

Pierre. Now, now—thou hast indeed been faithful !

This was done nobly !—We've deceived the senate.

Jaf. Bravely !

Pierre. Ha ! ha ! ha !—oh ! oh !

[*Falls down on the Scaffold and dies*

Jaf. Now, ye cursed rulers,

Tnus of the blood ye've shed, I make libation,

And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you,

And all your race ! Oh, poor Belvidera !

Sir, I've a wife ; bear this in safety to her,

A token that, with my dying breath, I blessed her,

And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick—I'm quiet. [*Dies.—The Scene shuts upon them.*]

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in Priuli's House.*

Enter PRIULI, R.; BELVIDERA, distracted; and two of her Women.

Priuli. (L. c.) Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heav'n!

Bel. (c.) Come, come, come, come, come; nay, come to bed,

Pr'ythee, my love. The winds! hark how they whistle!
And the rain beats! Oh, how the weather shrinks me!

I say you shall not go, indeed you shall not:

Whip your ill-nature; get you gone, then; Oh!

Are you returned? See, father, here he's come again!

Am I to blame to love him? Oh, thou dear one!

Why do you fly me? Are you angry still, then?

Jaffier, where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?

Stand off! don't hide him from me! He's there somewhere.

Stand off, I say! What, gone? Remember, tyrant,
I may revenge myself for this trick, one day.

Enter CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, L., and whispers Priuli.

Priuli. News! what news?

Capt. (L.) Most sad, sir:

Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent

A shameful death, stabbed Pierre, and next himself;

Both fell together.

Bel. (R.) Ha! look there!

My husband bloody, and his friend, too! Murder!

Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision;

On these poor trembling knees, I beg it. Vanished:—

Here they went down. (R. c.)—Oh, I'll dig, dig the den
up!

Hoa, Jaffier, Jaffier!

Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him!

I have got him, father! Oh!

My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!

They have hold of me, and drag me to the bottom !
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell— [Dies, c.

"Priuli. [*Bending over her.*] Oh ! lead me to some place
"that's fit for mourning ;

"Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun,

"May never enter ; hang it round with black,

"Set up one taper that may last a day,

"As long as I've to live ; and there all leave me :

"Sparing no tears when you this tale relate,

"But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate." [*Exeunt omnes.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

MAIDS.
R.]

BELVIDERA AND PRIULI.

CAPTAIN.
[L]

No. XXI.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

P I Z A R R O :

A Play

IN FIVE ACTS.

ALTERED FROM KOTZEBUE

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK :

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE success of Kotzebue's "Stranger," as translated by Thompson and re-touched by Sheridan, led to the production of an English version of "Pizarro," or, as it is called in the original, "The Spaniards in Peru." This melo-dramatic tragedy was originally produced at Drury Lane Theatre, of which Sheridan was manager, the 24th May, 1799. Although brought out thus late in the season, it was received with an extraordinary degree of favor by the public, and speedily replenished the somewhat attenuated treasury of the theatre. It was played thirty-five nights almost consecutively, till the conclusion of the season on the fourth of July. It also passed in a few months through twenty-nine editions of a thousand copies each.

Regarded in a literary point of view, much cannot be said in favor of "Pizarro." The style is inflated, and somewhat bombastic—a sort of mongrel diction, neither prose nor blank verse. Compare the language with that of "Othello," for instance, or "Venice Preserved," and it is like contrasting the coarse effects of a scenic drop-curtain with one of Claude's finished landscapes. But in adapting "Pizarro" for the stage, Sheridan, who could not read German, worked from an English paraphrase by Lewis; and, in many instances, his dislike of trouble led him to adopt without variation the turgid language of the translator. Thus, in the passage where Cora describes the "white blossoms" of her infant's teeth "breaking the crimson buds that did enclose them"—which passage has often been cited as a specimen of Sheridan's false ornament—he transcribed, almost literally, the words which he found set down in the English paraphrase.* *Elvira* says to *Pizarro* at the end of the third act: "Thou on

* So Moore assures us, in a vindictory tone, in his "Life of Sheridan," to which we have been indebted for other statements included in this notice.

Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raving elements, that tore the silence of that horrid night; when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift, and, stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth," &c. This certainly sounds very much like fustian; but we are not informed where the responsibility of it rests.

Moore seems anxious to relieve Sheridan as far as possible of the reputation of having written "*Pizarro*"; but the advertisement and dedication by the latter show at least that he was not ashamed of the production. In the plot and arrangement of scenes, there is but little alteration from the German original. The omission of the comic scene of *Diego*, the judicious suppression of *Elvira's* love for *Alonzo*, and her re-appearance in the character of a nun—also the introduction of *Rolla's* passage across the bridge with the child, which scene the pencil of Lawrence has immortalized in his spirited sketch of John Philip Kemble—form the most important points in which Sheridan's play deviates from the structure of the original drama. A few speeches and a few short scenes re-written, constitute almost the whole of his remaining contributions.

The scene between *Alonzo* and *Pizarro* in the third act, is one of those almost entirely re-written by Sheridan. The celebrated harangue of *Rolla* to the Peruvians, into which Kemble used to infuse such dignity, and which has long been a favorite piece of declamation with school-boys, is an amplification of the following sentences of the original:—

"*Rolla*. You Spaniards fight for gold; we for our country.

Alon. They follow an adventurer to the field; we, a monarch whom we love.

Ataliba. And a God, whom we adore," &c.

This harangue of *Rolla's*, to the popular sentiments of which the play owed much of its success, was chiefly made up of loans from Sheridan's own orations at Westminster Hall. The image of the vulture and the lamb was taken from a passage in his speech on Warren Hastings's trial. The *aside* apostrophe of *Rolla* in the prison, after he has overcome the scruples of the sentinel, was also an interpolation of Sheridan's—Kotzebue having, with more propriety, condensed the reflections of *Rolla* into the short exclamation, "Oh, sacred Nature! thou art still true to thyself!"

"I am free to own," says Thomas Campbell, "that '*Pizarro*,' to a great extent, owed its fortune to scenery, music, and processions.* But the more I look at Kotzebue's faults, the more I am inclined to give him credit for a certain liveliness in dealing with the fancy, that pleases us in spite of them. We all remember that '*Pizarro*' had an imposing effect upon every spectator, from the king to the commoner. Its attractiveness was felt universally. Nor do I believe that all the pageantry in the world could have wrought so powerfully on the senses, if the piece had not possessed something intrinsically animating. Its subject was new, and peculiarly fortunate. It brought the adventures of the most romantic kingdom in Christendom, into picturesque combination with the simplicity and superstitions of the transatlantic world. At first, I believe, Mrs. Siddons by no means liked the character of the camp-follower, *Elvira*, but she certainly raised it into respectability; and it is remarkable, that with the exception of *Mrs. Haller*, she never performed any character originally, that she rendered half so popular."

The most celebrated *Rolla* of late years has been James Wal-lack. Miss Ellen Tree used to personate *Elvira*, but we believe she has abandoned the character.

With all its defects, this play will not soon be forgotten either by the reading or play-going public. Sheridan has left the ineffaceable impress of his genius upon its pages. This will always render it interesting as a literary work. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons won new laurels by the support they lent it in the representation. This will always make it memorable in dramatic annals.

* Boaden says, in his "Life of Kemble," that Sheridan was miserably anxious about the success of "*Pizarro*," on the night of its representation. He was sufficiently miserable about Mrs. Jordan's inability to speak a line of the part of *Cora*; but he also dreaded that Mrs. Siddons would not fall in with his notion of *Elvira*. The actress agreeably surprised him.

SHERIDAN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

As the two translations which have been published of Kotzebue's "Spaniards in Peru" have, I understand, been very generally read, the public are in possession of all the materials necessary to form a judgment on the merits and defects of the Play performed at Drury Lane Theatre.

DEDICATION.

To her, whose approbation of this Drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public have been to me the highest gratification derived from its success—I dedicate this Play.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1799.</i>	<i>Park, 1846.</i>	<i>Bowery, 1837.</i>
<i>Ataliba</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Crocker.	Mr. Jamieson.
<i>Rolla</i>	" J. P. Kemble.	" G. Vaudenhoff.	" Hamblin.
<i>Orozembo</i>	" Dowton.	" Bass.	" Blakely.
<i>Orano</i>	" Archer.	" Povey.	" Lewis.
<i>Alonzo</i>	" C. Kemhle.	" Dyott.	" Woodhull.
<i>Pizarro</i>	" Barrymore.	" M. Cutcheon.	" Matthews.
<i>Almagro</i>	" Caulfield.	" Gourlay.	" Rose.
<i>Gonzalo</i>	" Wentworth.	"	
<i>Davilla</i>	" Trueman.	" Gallot.	" Barry.
<i>Gomez</i>	" Surmont.	"	" Beckwell.
<i>Valverde</i>	" R. Palmer.	" De Walden.	" Walton.
<i>Las Casas</i>	" Aickin.	" Vaché.	" Jackson.
<i>Old Man</i>	" Cory.	" Anderson.	" James.
<i>Boy (Topac)</i>	Master Chatterly.	Miss King.	Master Nelson.
<i>Sentinel</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Gates.
<i>Attendant</i>	" Maddocks.	" Heath.	
<i>High Priest</i>		" S. Pearson.	" Addis.
<i>Cora</i>	Mrs. Jordan.	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. G. Barrett.
<i>Elvira</i>	Mrs. Siddons.	Mrs. Dyott.	Mrs. Green.

Cora's Child, Priests, Virgins of the Sun, Matrons, Warriors, &c. &c.

Scene—Peru.

Drury Lane, 1837—Rolla, Mr. E. Forest.

COSTUMES.

ATALIBA.—Purple velvet robe, trimmed with ermine, purple and gold coronet, cap with white plumes, white hose, white shoes, sword and gauntlets.

ROLLA.—White and gold vest, mantle of crimson and gold, helmet of purple velvet and gold (or cap with white plumes), buff hose, sandals, sword and gauntlets.

ALONZO.—Light drab and gold vest, white and gold pantaloons, russet boots with scarlet tops, round black hat with white plumes, sword and gauntlets.

PIZARRO.—Rich Spanish uniform, with mantle of scarlet and gold, cap with white plumes, russet boots, spurs, sword and gauntlets.

DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and GONZALO.—Spanish uniforms, differing slightly from Pizarro's.

HIGH PRIEST.—Robes of scarlet and gold, and white muslin.

LAS CASAS.—Grey friar's dress.

OROZEMBO.—Light grey or drab aboriginal dress.

SPANISH SOLDIERS.—Slashed scarlet uniforms.

PERUVIAN SOLDIERS.—White do.

CORA.—White satin or muslin dress, trimmed with silver and gold.

CHILD.—White muslin frock, and gold sash.

ELVIRA.—White satin dress, with mantle of crimson and gold.

VIRGINS.—White dresses and veils edged with gold, and golden sun on bosom.

PRIESTS.—White surplices.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY R. B. SHERIDAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

Chilled by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day,
As some fond maid whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love ;
The season's pleasures, too, delay their hour,
And Winter revels with protracted power :
Then blame not, Critics, if, thus late, we bring
A Winter Drama—but reproach—the Spring.
What prudent Cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust ?
Horsed in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park ;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New Road, and dash thro' Grosvenor gate :
Anxious—yet timorous, too !—his steed to show,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten Row !
Careless he seems, yet, vigilantly sly,
Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by,
While his off' heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honor gains—
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains !
Where white-robed misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How'do, how'do ?"
With generous questions, that no answer wait,
"How vastly full ! A'n't you come vastly late ?"
"I'n't it quite charming ? When do you leave town ?"
"A'n't you quite tired ? Pray, can't we sit down ?"
These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay ;
Should our Play please—and you're indulgent ever—
Be your decree—" 'Tis better late than never."

PIZARRO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Tented Field in the Background—the Fore-ground, a Pavilion near Pizarro's Tent.*

ELVIRA *discovered reclining on a couch*, R. C.—VALVERDE *enters, L., and attempts to kiss her hand; she rises.*

Elv. (R.) Audacious! Whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harassed mind can snatch amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform thy master, Pizarro, of this presumptuous treachery?

Val. (R. C.) I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I ask, by what magic could Pizarro gain thy heart, by what fatality still holds he thy affection?

Elv. (R. C.) Hold! thou trusty secretary!

Val. (C.) Ignobly born! in mind and manners rude, ferocious, and unpolished, though cool and crafty if occasion need—in youth audacious—ill his first manhood—a licensed pirate—treating men as brutes, the world as booty; yet now the Spanish hero is he styled—the first of Spanish conquerors! and, for a warrior so accomplished, 'tis fit Elvira should leave her noble family, her fame, her home, to share the dangers, humours, and the crimes of such a lover as Pizarro!

Elv. (L. C.) What! Valverde moralizing! But grant I am in error, what is my incentive? Passion, infatuation, call it what thou wilt; but what attaches *thee* to this despised, unworthy leader? Base lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could you gain me, thou only hope'st to win a higher interest in Pizarro. I know you.

Val. (R. c.) On my soul, thou wrong'st me ; what else my faults, I have none towards thee ; but indulge the scorn and levity of thy nature ; do it while yet the time permits : the gloomy hour, I fear, too soon approaches.

Elv. Valverde a prophet, too !

Val. Hear me, Elvira. Shame from his late defeat, and burning wishes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru ; but trust me, he overrates his strength, nor measures well the foe. Encamped in a strange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a single friend, what have we to hope ? The army murmuring at increasing hardships, while Pizarro decorates with gaudy spoil the gay pavilion of his luxury, each day diminishes our force.

Elv. But are you not the heirs of those that fall ?

Val. Are gain and plunder, then, our only purpose ? Is this Elvira's heroism ?

Elv. No, so save me Heaven ! I abhor the motive, means, and end of your pursuits ; but I will trust none of you.—In your whole army there is not one of you that has a heart, or speaks ingenuously—aged Las Casas, and he alone, excepted.

Val. He ! an enthusiast in the opposite and worse extreme !

Elv. Oh ! had I earlier known that virtuous man, how different might my lot have been !

Val. I will grant, Pizarro could not then so easily have duped you : forgive me, but at that event I still must wonder.

Elv. (c.) Hear me, Valverde. When first my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my country's idol. 'Tis known that when he left Panama in a slight vessel, his force was not a hundred men. Arrived at the Island of Gallo, with his sword he drew a line upon the sand, and said, " Pass those who fear to die or conquer with their leader." Thirteen alone remained, and at the head of these the warrior stood his ground. Even at the moment when my ears first caught this tale, my heart exclaimed, " Pizarro is its lord !" What since I have perceived, or thought, or felt, you must have more worth to win the knowledge of.

Val. (L. c.) I press no further ; still assured, that while Alonzo de Molina, our general's former friend and pupil,

leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror.

[*Trumpets without, L.*

Elv. Silence! I hear him coming; look not perplexed.—How mystery and fraud confound the countenance. Quick! put on an honest face, if thou canst.

Piz. [*Speaking without.*] Chain and secure him: I will examine him myself.

Enter PIZARRO, L. U. E.

[*Advancing down to c.*] Why dost thou smile, Elvira?

Elv. (R.) To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges poor women have.

Piz. (c.) Elvira, I will know the cause, I am resolved.

Elv. I am glad of that, because I love resolution, and am resolved not to tell thee. Now my resolution, I take it, is the better of the two, because it depends upon myself, and thine does not.

Piz. Psha! trifle!

Val. (L. c.) Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions that—

Piz. Apprehensions!

Val. Yes—that Alonzo's skill and genius should so have disciplined and informed the enemy, as to—

Piz. Alonzo! the traitor! How I once loved that man! His noble mother intrusted him, a boy, to my protection. [*Elvira walks pensively about in the background.*] At my table did he feast—in my tent did he repose. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Often had I talked to him of our first adventures—what storms we struggled with—what perils we surmounted! When landed with a slender host upon an unknown land—then, when I told how famine and fatigue, discord and toil, day by day did thin our ranks; amid close pressing enemies, how, still undaunted, I endured and dared—maintained my purpose and my power, in despite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till, with my faithful few remaining, I became at last victorious!—when, I say, of these things I spoke, the youth Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear his soul's ambition owned no other leader.

Val. What could subdue attachment so begun?

Piz. Las Casas. He it was, with fascinating craft and

canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to forego his country's claims, for those of human nature.

Val. Yes, the traitor left thee, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's.

Piz. But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

Val. They!—Obdurate heathens!—They our brethren!

Piz. But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropped upon my bosom, fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe; then, profiting by the lessons he had gained in wronged Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forced me—Ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it!—in base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

Val. But the hour of revenge is come.

Piz. It is; I have returned—my force is strengthened; and the audacious boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

[*Goes to L.*

Val. (c.) 'Tis doubted whether still Alonzo lives.

Piz. (L. c.) 'Tis certain that he does; one of his armour-bearers is just made prisoner: twelve thousand is their force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a solemn sacrifice on their ungodly altars. We must profit by their security; and attack them unprepared—the sacrificers shall become the victims.

Elv. [*Advancing, R.*] Wretched innocents! And their own blood shall bedew their altars!

Piz. (c.) Right! [*Trumpets without, L.*] (R. c.) Elvira, retire!

Elv. (R.) Why should I retire?

Piz. Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

Elv. Oh, men! men! ungrateful and perverse! Oh, woman! still affectionate, though wronged! [*Valverde retires back on R.*] The beings to whose eyes you turn for

animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry, and on whose bosoms, in the hour of sore calamity, you seek for rest and consolation, *them*, when the pompous follies of your mean ambition are the question, you treat as playthings, or as slaves !—I shall not retire.

Piz. Remain, then—and, if thou canst, be silent.

Elv. They only babble who practise not reflection. I shall think—and thought is silence.

[*Goes to the couch, R. C., and sits. Valverde stands at her back.*]

Piz. Ha !—there's somewhat in her manner, lately.

Enter LAS CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALA, DAVILLA, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS, L.

Las C. (R. C.) Pizarro, we attend thy summons.

Piz. (C.) Welcome, venerable father—my friends, most welcome ! Friends and fellow-soldiers, at length the hour has arrived, which, to Pizarro's hopes, presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice : if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity—trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

Alm. (L. C.) Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast—our stores exhausted, and our soldiers murmuring. Battle ! battle !—then death to the armed, and chains for the defenceless.

Dav. Death to the whole Peruvian race !

Las C. Merciful Heaven !

Alm. Yes, General, the attack, and instantly ! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our sufferings, and scorn our force.

Las C. Alonzo !—Scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. 'Tis fit Las Casas should defend his pupil.

Piz. Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed ?

Alm. & Dav. We are.

Gon. All !—Battle ! Battle !

Las C. Is, then, the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete ?—Battle !—gracious Heaven !—Against whom ?—Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atro-

cious injuries even yet have not excited hate ! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed : a people who, children of innocence ! received you as cherished guests—with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes : you repaid them by fraud, oppression and dishonor. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as gods you were received ; as fiends you have acted.

Piz. Las Casas !

Las C. Pizarro, hear me !—Hear me, Chieftains !—And thou, All-powerful, whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamantine rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—Oh ! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will ! Do not, I implore you, Chieftains, countrymen, do not, I implore you—renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race !—But hush, my sighs—fall not, drops of useless sorrow !—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance ! All I entreat is, send me once more to those you *call* your enemies.—Oh ! let me be the messenger of penitence from you ; I shall return with blessings and with peace from them. [*Turning to Elvira.*] Elvira, you weep !—Alas ! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine ?

Alm. Because there are no women here but she and thou.

Piz. Close this idle war of words ; time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle ?

Alm. We are.

Las C. Oh, men of blood ! [*Kneels, r.*] God ! thou hast anointed me thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen ; yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness. [*Rises.*] No ! I curse your purpose, homicides !—I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell disunion, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects, and betray your hopes ! On you and on your children be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day ! I leave you, and forever ! No

longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts commune: and when at length we meet before the blessed tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, Oh, then shall *you* feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now.

[*Going.*

Elv. [*Rises and takes the hand of Las Casas.*] Oh! take me with thee.

Las C. Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures, if thou canst: then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest.

[*Exit, R.*

Piz. (R. c.) How, Elvira! would'st thou leave me?

Elv. I am bewildered—grown terrified! Your inhumanity—and that good old man—oh! he appeared to me, just now, something more than heavenly!—and you! ye all looked worse than earthly.

Piz. Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

Elv. Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

Piz. [*Turning to Almagro.*] Now to prepare our muster and our march. At mid-day is the hour of the sacrifice. [*Elvira sits.*] Consulting with our guides, the route of your divisions shall be given to each commander. If we surprise, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

Alm. And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

Piz. Not so fast—ambition for a time must take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must hold the shadow of a sceptre in his hand—Pizarro still appear dependent upon Spain; while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, [*Elvira rises much agitated,*] secures the proud succession to the crown I seek.

Alm. 'Tis best. In Pizarro's plans, observe the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's valor.

Val. [*To Elvira.*] You mark, Elvira!

Elv. (R.) Oh, yes—this is best—this is excellent.

Piz. You seem offended. Elvira still retains my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

Elv. Offended? No! Thou knowest thy glory is my idol; and this will be most glorious, most just, and honorable.

Piz. What mean you?

Elv. Oh! nothing—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps; but let it not impede the royal hero's course. [*Trumpet without, L.*] The call of arms invites you. Away, away! you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

Piz. And go you not with me?

Elv. Undoubtedly! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

Enter GOMEZ, L.

Alm. How, Gomez! what bring'st thou?

Gom. On yonder hill, among the palm trees, we have surprised an old cacique: escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breathe naught but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us. [*Elvira sits pensively—Gomez leaves the tent and returns, conducting in Orozembo and an Attendant in chains, L.*] What art thou, stranger?

Oro. (L. c.) First tell me, which among you is the captain of this band of robbers?

Piz. (c.) Ha!

Alm. Madman! Tear out his tongue, or else—

Oro. Thou'lt hear some truth.

Dav. (L. c.) [*Showing his poniard.*] Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

Oro. [*After surveying Davilla contemptuously—then turning to Pizarro.*] Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

Piz. Audacious!—This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity, perhaps, would have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree—it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that

leads to your strong-hold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name your reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha! ha! ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee and thy offer!—Wealth! I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons—I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chief treasure do I bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure, unsullied conscience.

[*Elvira still sits, paying marked attention to Orozembo.*]

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost.

Gon. Obdurate Pagan! How numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It has no weak part—on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Know'st thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him! Alonzo! Know him! Our nation's benefactor!—the guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war, a tiger, chased by the hunter's spear; in peace, more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

[*Retires to confer with Valverde.*]

Oro. Thou hadst better not! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble !

Oro. Beardless robber ! I never yet have trembled before God—why should I tremble before man ? Why before thee, thou less than man ?

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike !

Oro. Strike, Christian ! Then boast among thy fellows—I, too, have murdered a Peruvian !

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee ! [Stabs him.]

Piz. [*Rushing forward, c.*] Hold !

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults ?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured ?

Oro. True ! Observe, young man, [*To Davilla*] thy unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack ; and thou thyself hast lost the opportunity of a useful lesson : thou might'st thyself have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments—and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

Elv. [*Rising, runs to Orozembo, and supports his head on her bosom, L. c.*] Oh ! ye are monsters all. Look up, thou martyred innocent ! look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. God ! how I pity thee !

Oro. Pity me ! Me ! So near my happiness ! Bless thee, lady ! Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. [He is borne off, dying, L.]

Piz. Away !—Davilla ! if thus rash a second time—

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which—

Piz. No more ! Unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart : 'tis well he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance. Hark ! our troops are moving.

Att. (L.) [*On passing Elv.*] If, through thy gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult—

Elv. I understand thee.

Att. His sons may yet thank thy charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [Exit, L.]

Piz. What says the slave ?

Elv. A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

Piz. Our guard and guides approach. [*Soldiers cross from R. to L.*] Follow me, friends—each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peruvia's God shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito.

[*Exeunt all but Elvira and Valverde, L.*]

Val. (L.) Is it now presumption that my hopes gain strength with the increasing horrors which I see appal Elvira's soul?

Elv. (R.) I am mad with terror and remorse! Would I could fly these dreadful scenes!

Val. Might not Valverde's true attachment be thy refuge?

Elv. What wouldst thou do to save or to avenge me?

Val. I dare do all thy injuries may demand—a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

Elv. Perhaps we will speak again of this. Now leave me. [*Exit Valverde, L.—Alone, R. C.*] No! not this revenge—no! not this instrument! Fie, Elvira! even for a moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor! Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be true to any pledge of love or honor? Pizarro will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake, have sacrificed—Oh, God!—what have I not sacrificed for him! Yet, curbing the avenging pride that swells this bosom, I still will further try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the wanton's flattery, a new delight, oh, ye may insult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, howe'er you injure and desert them, have yet the proud retreat of an unspotted fame—of unrepublishing conscience. But beware the desperate libertine, who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection—of all self-consolation!—What has he left her?—Despair and vengeance! [*Exit, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A rock, with a forest in the background.—A bank, R.—CORA, playing with her Child, and ALONZO, hanging over them with delight.*

Cora. (R.) Now confess, does he resemble thee, or not?

Alon. (R.) Indeed he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo! Oh, my lord's image, and my heart's adored!

[*Cora presses the Child to her bosom.*]

Alon. The little darling urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora; at least, she shares caresses which, till his birth, were only mine.

Cora. Oh, no, Alonzo! A mother's love for her sweet babe is not a stealth from the dear father's store: it is a new delight, that turns with quickened gratitude to Him, the author of her augmented bliss.

Alon. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon; then will be the last of the three holidays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Alon. (c.) What are those three?

Cora. (R. c.) The ecstasy of his birth I pass—that in part is selfish; but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did encase them, that is a day of joy; next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee, that is the mother's heart's next holiday; and sweeter still the third, whene'er his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of Father! Mother!—oh! that is the dearest joy of all!

Alon. Beloved Cora!

Cora. (c.) Oh, my Alonzo! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

Alon. To Heaven and Rolla.

Cora. Yes, to Heaven and Rolla! And art thou not grateful to them, too, Alonzo? Art thou not happy?

Alon. Can Cora ask that question?

Cora. Why, then, of late, so restless on thy couch? Why to my waking, watching ear, so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs?

Alon. Must I not fight against my country, against my brethren?

Cora. Do they not seek our destruction? and are not all men brethren?

Alon. Should they prove victorious?

Cora. I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

Alon. Fly, with thy infant, Cora?

Cora. What! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child?

Alon. Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest?

Cora. Oh, yes, yes, yes!

Alon. Hasten, then, to the concealment in the mountains: where all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the issue of the war.—Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sister's and her monarch's wish.

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot leave thee. Oh! how in every moment's absence would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandoned! No, no, I cannot leave thee!

Alon. Rolla will be with me.

Cora. Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee. But I have sworn never to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo! canst thou wish that I should break my vow?

Alon. 'Then be it so. Oh! excellence in all that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and truth! my pride, my content, my all! Can there on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and pass by love in the pursuit?

Cora. Alonzo, I cannot thank thee—silence is the gratitude of true affection; who seeks to follow it by sound, will miss the track. [*Shouts without, L.*] Does the king approach?

Alon. No, 'tis the general, placing the guard that will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes. [*Trumpets sound, L.*]

Rol. [*Without, L.*] Then place them on the hill, fronting the Spanish camp.

Enter ROLLA, L.

Cora. Rolla! my friend, my brother!

Alon. Rolla! My friend, my benefactor! how can our lives repay the obligations which we owe thee?

Rol. (*L. c.*) Pass them in peace and bliss. Let Rolla witness it, he is overpaid.

Cora. Look on this child. He is the life-blood of my heart; but if ever he love or revere thee less than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him!

Rolla. (c.) Oh, no more! What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness. I see her happy. Is not my object gained; and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, (R. C.) listen to a friend's advice. Thou must away; thou must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofaned recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and e'en the virgins of the sun, retire.

Cora. (R.) Not secure with Alonzo, and with thee?

[*Alonzo stands, R. C.*]

Rol. (R.) We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surprise us. Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

Cora. Impede!

Rolla. Yes, yes. Thou know'st how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us?—Our thoughts, our valor—vengeance will not be our own. No advantage will be pursued, that leads us from the spot where thou art placed: no succour will be given, but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

Alon. Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.

Cora. This timid excess of love, producing fear instead of valor, flatters, but does not convince me; the wife is incredulous.

Rol. And is the mother unbelieving, too?

Cora. [*Kisses the Child.*] No more. Do with me as thou pleasest. My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

Alon. My adored! we thank you both. [*March without, R.*] Hark! the king approaches to the sacrifice. Thou, *Rolla*, spokest of rumors of surprise. A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

Rol. It matters not. We are every where prepared.—Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks, thou'lt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage.

[*Exeunt, R.*—*Rolla leads off Cora.*—*Alonzo takes the Child by the hand and follows.*]

SCENE II.—*The Temple of the Sun.*

A solemn march.—Enter WARRIORS and KING, L. U. E. and R. U. E., come down the c. and form R. and L. side of the Temple.—ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA on the R.

Ata. (c.) Welcome, Alonzo! [*To Rolla.*] Kinsman, thy hand. [*To Cora.*] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

Cora. (R.C.) May the sun bless the father of his people.

Ata. In the welfare of his children, lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

Rol. (c.) Such as becomes the cause which they support! Their cry is, victory or death! our king, our country, and our God!

Ata. (R.) Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valor knows so well to guard.

Rol. [*During this speech, the King stands, R.—Alonzo, Cora, and Child, L. C., near the altar.*] Yet never was the hour of peril near, when, to inspire them, words were so little needed. My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! *you* have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. *We*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate. *We* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes—*they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—yes, such pro-

tection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them ! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our own plain answer, this :—The throne *we* honor is the *people's choice*—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change ; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

[*Goes R. to the King.—Loud shouts of Soldiery, R.*

Ata. [*Embracing Rolla.*] Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice.

CHORUS—*Enter PRIESTS and VIRGINS, L. U. E. and R. U. E. descend in the c. and form R. and L. HIGH PRIEST stands R. of the altar. The Banner of the Sun placed behind the Altar.*

Oh, Power Supreme ! in mercy smile
With favor on thy servants' toil !
Our hearts from guileful passions free,
Which here we render unto thee !
Thou Parent Light, but deign to hear
The voices of our feeble choir ;
And this, our sacrifice of fear,
Consume with thine own hallowed fire !

[*Fire from above alights upon the altar.—Rolla and King advance to the altar.*

Give praise, give praise, the God has heard,
Our God most awfully revered !
The altar his own flames enwreathed !
Then be the conquering sword unsheathed,
And victory sit on Rolla's brow,
His foes to crush—to overthrow !

Ata. (c.) Our offering is accepted. [*Rise, and all close round and prostrate at the altar.—Exit Chorus, etc.*] Now to arms, my friends ; prepare for battle !

[*Goes with Rolla, R.*

Enter ORANO, R.

Ora. (R.) The enemy !

Ata. (L.) How near ?

Ora. From the hill's brow, e'en now as I overlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion :—

with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

Rol. (R. c.) They must be met before they reach it.

Ata. [*To Cora, etc., c.*] And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety!

Cora. (L. c.) Oh, Alonzo! [*Embracing him.*]

Alon. (L. c.) We shall meet again.

Cora. Bless us once more, ere thou leavest us.

Alon. Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

Ata. (R.) Haste! haste!—each moment is precious!

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

Rol. [*As she is passing him, R. c.*] Not one farewell to Rolla?

Cora. [*Giving him her hand.*] Farewell! The God of war be with thee: but bring me back Alonzo.

[*Exit with the Child, R.*]

Ata. (c.) [*Drawing his sword.*] Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valor. Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts. If successful, let mercy be the first. Alonzo, to thee I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, straight forward will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God! and our native land!

[*A march.—Exeunt, L. U. E. King first, Rolla and Alonzo follow hand-in-hand, Soldiers close up the rear, R. and L. U. E.*]

SCENE III.—A Wood.

Enter ROLLA and ALONZO, L.

Rol. (R. c.) Here, my friend, we separate—soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

Alon. (L. c.) Or perhaps we part to meet no more. Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

Rol. There is in language, now, no word but battle.

Alon. Yes, one word more—Cora!

Rol. Cora! speak!

Alon. The next hour brings us—

Rol. Death or victory!

Alon. It may be victory to one—death to the other.

Rol. Or both may fall.

Alon. If so, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of Heaven, and my king. But should I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

Rol. How?

Alon. Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

Rol. Rouse thee, Alonzo! Banish these timid fancies.

Alon. Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me: thou know'st it will not shake me in the fight; but give me the promise I exact.

Rol. If it be Cora's will—Yes—I promise.

[*Gives his hand.*]

Alon. Tell her it was my last wish! and bear to her and to my son, my last blessing.

Rol. I will.—Now, then, to our posts, and let our swords speak for us.

[*They draw their swords.*]

Alon. For the king and Cora!

Rol. For Cora and the king!

[*Exeunt Rolla, R., Alonzo, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*A view of the Peruvian Camp.*

Enter an OLD BLIND MAN and a BOY, L.

O. Man. (L.) Have none returned to the camp?

Boy. (L.) One messenger alone. From the temple they all marched to meet the foe.

O. Man. Hark! I hear the din of battle. Oh! had I still retained my sight, I might now have grasped a sword, and died a soldier's death! Are we quite alone?

Boy. Yes!—I hope my father will be safe!

O. Man. He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

Boy. I can stay with thee, dear grandfather.

O. Man. But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

Boy. Impossible, grandfather! for they will see at once that thou art old and blind, and cannot do without me.

O. Man. Poor child! thou little know'st the hearts of these inhuman men. [*Trumpets, alarums, and discharges of*

cannon heard, R.] Hark! the noise is near—I hear the dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers. (Shouts at a distance, R.) At every shout, with involuntary haste I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. •Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant soldiers!

Boy. Oh, father! there are soldiers running—

O. Man. Spaniards, boy?

Boy. No, Peruvians!

O. Man. How! and flying from the field!—It cannot be.

Enter two Peruvian SOLDIERS, R.

Oh, speak to them, boy!—Whence come you? How goes the battle?

Sol. We may not stop; we are sent for the reserve behind the hill. The day's against us. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

O. Man. Quick, then, quick.

Boy. I see the points of lances glittering in the light.

O. Man. Those are Peruvians. Do they bend this way?

Enter a Peruvian SOLDIER, R.

Boy. Soldier, speak to my blind father.

Sol. I'm sent to tell the helpless, father, to retreat among the rocks: all will be lost, I fear.—The king is wounded.

O. Man. Quick, boy! lead me to the hill where thou mayst view the plain.

[*Alarms—Old Man and Boy retire, L.*

Enter ATALIBA, wounded, with ORANO, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS, R. U. E.

Ata. (c.) My wound is bound; believe me, the hurt is nothing; I may return to the fight.

Ora. Pardon your servant; but the allotted priest who attends the sacred banner has pronounced, that the Inca's blood once shed, no blessing can await the day, until he leave the field.

Ata. Hard restraint! Oh! my poor brave soldiers!—Hard, that I may no longer be a witness of their valor. But haste you; return to your comrades: I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen

brethren. [*Exeunt Orano, &c.*] I will not repine : my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear. [*Old Man and Boy advance.*]

O. Man. (L. c.) Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate ? Who is it complains thus ?

Ata. One almost by hope forsaken.

O. Man. Is the king alive ?

Ata. The king still lives.

O. Man. Then thou art not forsaken ! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

Ata. And who shall protect Ataliba ?

O. Man. The Immortal Powers, that protect the just ! The virtues of our monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people, and the benign regard of heaven.

Ata. How impious had I murmured ! How wondrous, thou Supreme Disposer, 'are thy acts ! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love. [*Aside.*]

Boy. [*Turning forward.*] Oh, father !—Stranger !—See those hideous men that rush upon us yonder !

Ata. Ha ! Spaniards ! And I, Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive ! without a sword even to try the ransom of a monarch's life.

Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Spanish SOLDIERS, L.

Dav. 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the king.

Alm. Away ! Follow with your prize. Avoid those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

[*Exeunt Davilla, Almagro, etc., with Ataliba, prisoner.*]

O. Man. The king ! Wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form !—Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords !

Boy. Father ! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

O. Man. No—to the rescue of their king—they never will desert him. [*Alarms without.*]

Enter Peruvian OFFICERS and SOLDIERS, ORANO following, R. S. E., and form on L.

Ora. (R.) Hold, I charge you ! Rolla calls.

Offi. We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

Enter ROLLA, R. S. E.

Rol. (c.) Hold, recreants! cowards!—What, fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the king?

Ora. From this old man and boy I learn, that the detachment of the enemy which you observed so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him; they are yet in sight.

Rol. And bear the Inca off a prisoner?—Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout! Look there!—the dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging, with ruffian taunts, your king, your father—Ataliba in bondage!—Now fly, and seek your own vile safety, if you can!

O. Man. Bless the voice of Rolla!—and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale, trembling wretches, who dare not follow Rolla, though to save their king!

Rol. Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe, and fall ye not at this rebuke?—Oh! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now!—But do—alone I go—alone—to die with glory by my monarch's side!

Sol. Rolla! We'll follow thee!

[Rolla rushes out, R., followed by Orano, etc.]

O. Man. (L. c.) Oh, godlike Rolla! And thou, sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid!—Haste, my boy; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest!

Boy. I can climb this rock, and the tree above. [*Ascends a rock, L.*] Oh, now I see them—now—yes—and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

O. Man. Rolla follows them?

Boy. He does—he does—he moves like an arrow!—now he waves his arm to our soldiers. [*Reports of Cannon, R.*] Now there is fire and smoke.

O. Man. Yes, fire is the weapon of those fiends.

Boy. The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

O. Man. Seest thou the king ?

Boy. Yes ! Rolla is near him !—His sword sheds fire as he strikes !

O. Man. Bless thee, Rolla ! Spare not the monsters.

Boy. Father ! father ! the Spaniards fly !—Oh, now I see the king embracing Rolla.

[*Shouts of victory, flourishing of trumpets, etc.*

O. Man. [*Falls on his knees, L. c.*] Fountain of life ! how can my exhausted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life ! My boy, come down and let me kiss thee !—My strength is gone—

[*Boy descends.*

Boy. Let me help thee, father. Thou tremblest so—

O. Man. 'Tis with transport, boy !

[*Boy leads him off, L.—Shouts, Flourish, etc.*

Enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, and PERUVIANS, R. U. E.

Ata. (c.) In the name of my people, the savior of whose sovereign thou hast this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. [*Giving Rolla his sun of diamonds.*] The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

Rol. (c.) It was the hand of heaven, not mine, that saved my king.

Enter Peruvian OFFICER, R.

Rol. Now, soldier, from Alonzo ?

Offi. Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks ; but I fear we have to mourn Alonzo's loss : his eager spirit urged him too far in the pursuit.

Ata. How ! Alonzo slain ? Oh ! victory, dearly purchased !

Rol. (R. c.) Oh, Cora ! who shall tell thee this ?

Ata. Rolla, our friend is lost—our native country saved ! Our private sorrows must yield to the public claim for triumph. Now go we to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of those whose brave protectors have perished in their country's cause.

[*Triumphant march.—King takes the hand of Rolla, and exeunt, L., Soldiers following.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A wild retreat.*—CORA sitting with her Child in the background, and Wives and Children discovered, scattered about.

GLEE.—WOMEN.

Fly away, Time, nor be the anxious hour delayed—
Fly away, Time, that soothes the heart by grief dismayed;
Should ghastly death appear in view,

We can dare it;

With friends we love, so brave, so true,

We will share it.

Fly away, Time, &c.

[*A triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance.*—Cora rises and looks anxiously about.

Wom. Hush! hush! don't you hear?

A distant march assails the ear;

Hark! louder still from yonder hill

Increasing sounds with terror fill—

Enter WARRIORS, singing, ATALIBA and ROLLA follow,
L. U. E.—Cora attentively examines them all as they pass.

Victory now has made us free,

We haste, we haste, our friends to see!

Ata. Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well: believe it; the blood once stopped, my wound was nothing.

Cora. [*Approaches Rolla, c., who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.*] Where is Alonzo? [*Rolla turns away in silence. Falling at the King's feet.*] Give me my husband; give this child his father!

Ata. (c.) I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

Cora. Hoped you to find him?

Ata. Most anxiously.

Cora. Ataliba! is he not dead?

Ata. No! the gods will have heard our prayers.

Cora. [*Starts up.*] Is he not dead, Ataliba?

Ata. He lives—in my heart.

Cora. Oh, king! torture me not thus!—Speak out, is this child fatherless?

Ata. (L. c.) Dearest Cora! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

Cora. The little hope ! yet still there is hope ! [*Turns to Rolla.*] Speak to me, Rolla ! thou art the friend of truth.

Rol. (R. c.) Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. (c.) Not found ! What mean'st thou ? Will not thou, Rolla, tell me true ? Oh ! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance ; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once.—Say not that he is not found ; say at once that he is dead.

Rol. Then should I say false.

Cora. False ! blessings on thee for that word ! But snatch me from this terrible suspense. [*She kneels with the Child to Rolla.*] Lift up thy little hands, my child ; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner ! and by the Spaniards ? Pizarro's prisoner ? Then is he dead !

Ata. Hope better ;—the richest ransom which our realm can yield, a herald shall this instant bear.

Cora. Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

Ata. Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother, too : hazard not thy own honor, and the safety of thy infant. Among these barbarians, the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster thy Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee. Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

Cora. Teach me how to live till then.

Ata. Now we go to offer to the gods thanks for our victory, and prayers for Alonzo's safety.

[*March and Procession.*—*Exeunt King and Army, L.*
U. E.—*Cora and Child, followed by Rolla, R. S. E.*

SCENE II.—*The Wood.*—*Enter CORA and CHILD, R.*

Cora. Mild innocence ! what will become of thee ?

Enter ROLLA, R.

Rol. (R.) Cora, I attend thy summons at the appointed spot.

Cora. (c.) Oh, my child, my boy ! hast thou still a father ?

Rol. Cora, can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives ?

Cora. Will he not soon want a mother, too ? For canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss ?

Rol. (R. c.) Yes! For his child's sake.—Yes, as thou did'st love Alonzo, Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend.

Cora. Thou bidd'st me listen to the world.—Who was not Alonzo's friend?

Rol. (c.) His parting words—

Cora. His parting words! [*Wildly.*] Oh, speak!

Rol. Consigned to me two precious trusts—his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

Cora. His last request! his last!—Oh, name it!

Rol. If I fall, said he—and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke—promise to take Cora for thy wife; be thou a father to my child. I pledged my word to him, and we parted. Observe me, Cora, I repeat this, only as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo—for myself, I neither cherish claim nor hope.

Cora. (L. c.) Ha! does my reason fail me, or what is this horrid light that presses on my brain? Oh, Alonzo! it may be, that thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart—hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms—

Rol. Cora! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

Cora. Yes, yes, 'tis clear—his spirit was ensnared; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valor could not front a host of murderers. He fell—in vain did he exclaim for help to Rolla. At a distance thou look'st on, and smil'dst—Thou couldst have saved him—could'st, but did'st not.

Rol. Oh, glorious sun! can I have deserved this? Cora, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart—

Cora. No! live! live for love! for that love thou seek'st: whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betrayed and slaughtered friend!—But thou hast borne to me the last words of my Alonzo! now hear mine—Sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast—sooner would I link me to the pallid corse of the meanest wretch that perished with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father—than I call Rolla husband!

Rol. Yet call me what I am—thy friend, thy protector!

Cora. [*Distractedly.*] Away! I have no protector but my God! [*Falls on her knees.*—*Rolla steps back, R.*] With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of slaughter—There with these hands will I turn up to the light every

mangled body—seeking, however by death disfigured, the sweet smile of my Alonzo—with fearful cries I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest spark of life remain, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look. [*Rises.*] But if we find him not—Oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp—that look of thine will win me passage thro' a thousand swords—they, too, are men. Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprisoned father? No, no, my child; everywhere we shall be safe. A wretched mother, bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has Nature's passport through the world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father.

[*Passes Rolla, and exit with the Child, R.*

Rol. (c.) [*After a pause of agitation.*] Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I should be the wretch I think I was not formed to be. Her safety must be my present purpose—then to convince her she has wronged me. [Exit, L.

SCENE III.—*Pizarro's Tent.*—PIZARRO *traversing the stage in agitation.*

Piz. Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true.—Yet, ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

Enter ELVIRA, R.

Who's there? Who dares intrude? (c.) Why does my guard neglect their duty?

Elv. (R.) Thy guard did what they could—but they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

Piz. And what is it thou desirest?

Elv. (R. c.) To see how a hero bears misfortunes. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thyself.

Piz. Would'st thou, I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accursed Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers?

Elv. No!—I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm; still and sullen as the

awful pause that precedes nature's convulsion : yet I would have thee feel assured, that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

Piz. Woman ! Elvira !—why had not all my men hearts like thine ?

Elv. Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

Piz. Oh ! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

Elv. Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther ; not now his courage, but his magnanimity. Alonzo is thy prisoner.

Piz. How !

Elv. 'Tis certain : Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within thy camp. I chose to bring thee this intelligence myself.

Piz. Bless thee, Elvira, for the news !—Alonzo in my power !—Then I am the conqueror—the victory is mine !

Elv. Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph.—Believe me, thou raisest impatience in my mind to see the man whose valor and whose genius awe Pizarro ; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph ; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

Piz. (R.) Guard !—Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo !—Quick, bring the traitor here !

Elv. What shall be his fate ?

Piz. (R. c.) Death ! death ! in lingering torments ! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

Elv. (L. c.) Shame on thee ! Wilt thou have it said, that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder ?

Piz. Be it said—I care not ! His fate is sealed. Why this interest for a stranger ? What is Alonzo's fate to thee ?

Elv. (L.) His fate !—nothing !—thy glory, everything !—Think'st thou I could love thee, stripped of fame, of honor, and a just renown !—Know me better.

Piz. (L. c.) Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known that, once provoked to hate, I am forever fixed in vengeance—[*Alonzo is brought in in chains,*

guarded, R.; Pizarro turns and surveys him.] Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina! 'Tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it, that, amid the toils and cares of war, thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

Alon. (R.) Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace still is here.

[Putting his hand to his heart.]

Piz. Sarcastic boy!

Elv. Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

Piz. And thou art wedded, too, I hear; ay, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty; of all his mother's faith.

Alon. The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

Piz. Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

Elv. Pizarro—no!

Piz. Hence—or dread my anger.

Elv. (c.) I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

Alon. [To Elvira.] Generous loveliness! spare thy unavailing pity.—Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

Piz. Audacious rebel! Thou, a renegado from thy monarch and thy god!

Alon. 'Tis false.

Piz. Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country's legions, and, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land?

Alon. No! Deserter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honor of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, they deserted me. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were Justice, Faith, and Mercy. If these

are beaten down, and trampled under foot—I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

Piz. The power to judge and punish thee, at least, exists.

Alon. Where are my judges ?

Piz. Thou would'st appeal to the war council ?

Alon. If the good Las Casas have yet a seat there, yes ; if not, I appeal to Heaven !

Piz. And to impose upon the folly of Las Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason ?

Elv. The folly of Las Casas !—Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom !—Oh ! would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las Casas !

Alon. To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side ; but I would gently lead him by the hand, through all the lovely fields of Quito ; there, in many a spot, where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, is my work : I would show him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won. raised in pure devotion to the true and only God !—this, too, I could tell him, is Alonzo's work ! Then would Las Casas clasp me in his aged arms ; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once this world's best proof, that I had acted rightly here, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward hereafter.

Elv. Happy, virtuous Alonzo ! And thou, Pizarro, would'st appal, with fear of death, a man who thinks and acts as he does !

Piz. Daring, obstinate enthusiast ! But know, the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not avail thee here ; he has fled like thee—like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward thou hopest, is nearer than perhaps thou'st thought ; for, by my country's wrongs and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death.

Elv. Hold!—Pizarro, hear me!—If not always justly, at least act always greatly. Name not thy country's wrongs—'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so—and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it—profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

Piz. Official advocate for treason—peace! Bear him hence—he knows his sentence. *[Retires back.]*

Alon. *[To Pizarro.]* Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it;—to me thy haste is mercy. *[To Elvira.]* For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon savages, as they are called, thou'dst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

Piz. *[Returns to c.]* Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

Alon. Inhuman man! that pang, at least, might have been spared me: but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—Pizarro. *[Exit, guarded, R.]*

Elv. (L. c.) Now, by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened at the meanness of thy vengeance.

Piz. What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

Elv. (R.) He is in your power, and therefore is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue—I ask not of thee nobleness of mind—I require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired; be not the assassin of thine own renown. Do not an act which, howe'er thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by posterity.

Piz. And should posterity applaud my deeds, think'st thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with transport in my tomb? This is renown for visionary boys to dream of—I understand it not. The fame I value shall uplift my living estimation—o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes—advance my purposes, and aid my power.

Elv. Pizarro, thou no longer lov'st me.

Piz. It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect—this wond'rous interest for a stranger! Take back thy reproach.

Elv. No, Pizarro; as yet I am not lost to thee—one string still remains, and binds me to thy fate. Do not, I conjure thee—do not, for thine own sake, tear it asunder—shed not Alonzo's blood!

Piz. My resolution is fixed.

Elv. Even though that moment lose thee Elvira forever?

Piz. Even so.

Elv. Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection: bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk, in rushing to thy arms, to bury myself in the bosom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils—heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

Piz. 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle—in war the soldier's pattern—and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

Elv. Convince me I possess the first, I exchange all title to the latter, for—mercy to Alonzo!

Piz. No more! Had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate

Elv. Alonzo, then, at morn will die?

Piz. Think'st thou yon sun will set? As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

Elv. (c.) Then be it done—the string is cracked—sun-dered forever. But mark me—thou hast heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution, howe'er offended—but mark me now—the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm which, unshaken by its bloody purpose, shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith! Pizarro, scorn not my words—beware thou slight'st them not! I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts.

Who could not feel as I do, I condemn : who, feeling so, yet would not act as I shall, I despise.

Piz. [*With a smile of contempt.*] I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which inspire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cause ! Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo !—He dies at sunrise !

[*Exit, L.*]

Elv. 'Tis well ! 'tis just I should be humble—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of innocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall, fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman can love, Pizarro, thou hast known too well—how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted ! “thou whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled ! thou, who on Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raving elements, that tore the silence of that horrid night, when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift, and, stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth ! thou, who, when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen—as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck—to wave thy glittering sword above thy head, as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity ! come, fearless man !” now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life :—meet, and survive an injured woman's fury, if thou canst !

[*Exit R.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dungeon.—ALONZO in chains.—A SENTINEL walking near, L. U. E.*

Alon. (c.) For the last time, I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O Sun ! (and soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall,

which—No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run, by the mean reck'ning of the hours and days which thou hast breathed : a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line ; by deeds, not years. Then would'st thou murmur not, but bless the Providence, which, in so short a span, made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings, to the helpless and oppressed ! Though sinking in decrepid age, he prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously.

Enter a SOLDIER—Shows the Sentinel a passport, who withdraws.

What bear you there ?

Sol. These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

Alon. By whom ordered ?

Sol. By the Lady Elvira ; she will be here herself before the dawn.

Alon. Bear back to her my humblest thanks ; and take thou the refreshments, friend. I need them not.

Sol. I have served under you, Don Alonzo. Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Alon. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt, requires forgiveness. [*Looking out.*] Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the east. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn ; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme ! shall be for my wife and child ! Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace ; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless. [*Enters the cave, R. U. E.*]

Sen. Who's there ? answer quickly ! who's there ?

Rol. [*Without, L.*] A friar, come to visit your prisoner.

ROLLA enters, L. U. E., disguised as a Monk.

(c.) Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon ?

Sen. (c.) He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sen. You must not.

[*Stopping him with his spear.*]

Rol. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were thy brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate ?

Sen. He dies at sunrise.

Rol. Ha ! Then I am come in time.

Sen. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sen. Back, back !—It is impossible.

Rol. I do entreat thee, but for one moment.

Sen. Thou entreat'st in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sen. He brought a pass which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine—beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sen. Away !—wouldst thou corrupt me ? Me ! an old Castilian ! I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier !—hast thou a wife ?

Sen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children ?

Sen. Four—honest, lovely boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them ?

Sen. In my native village ; even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife ?

Sen. Do I love them ! God knows my heart—I do.

Rol. Soldier ! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land. What would be thy last request ?

Sen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh ! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate, and should there be told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife, what would'st thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door ?

Sen. How !

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sen. Go in. [*Shoulders his spear, and walks to L. U. E.*]

Rol. (c.) Oh, holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom, thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.—Yes, now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate! Alonzo! Alonzo! my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep! Alonzo—rise!

Alon. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, [*Returning from the recess, R. U. E.*] I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo, know me.

Alon. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

[*Takes off his disguise.*]

Alon. Rolla! my friend! [*Embraces him.*] Heavens!—how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon: now take it, thou, and fly.

Alon. And Rolla—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And die for me? No! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert—nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art—a husband and a father: the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go! go, Alonzo! Go, to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend! I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace! devoting her thou'st sworn to live for to madness, misery, and death! For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Alon. Oh, God !

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. And by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence ; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child—are lost forever.

Alon. Oh, Rolla ! you distract me !

Rol. Begone ! A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me ; I will treat with Pizarro, as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt not, while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, may'st at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo ! Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee ! Haste, Alonzo !—Haste !—Haste !

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend ?

Alon. Oh ! my preserver ! *[Embracing him.]*

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek.—Go ! I am rewarded. *[Throwing the Friar's garment over him.]* There, conceal thy face ; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee !

Alon. At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven ! I return to save, or perish with thee ! *[Exit, L. U. E.]*

Rol. *[Looking after him.]* He has passed the outer porch—he is safe ! he will soon embrace his wife and child ! Now, Cora, did'st thou not wrong me ? This is the first time throughout my life, I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of Truth ! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again ! Yes, there ! *[Lifting his hands to heaven]*—assuredly we shall meet again ; there, possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love and friendship—on earth, imperfect and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines.

[Retires into the cavern.]

Enter ELVIRA, L. U. E.

Elv. (L. c.) No, not Pizarro's brutal taunts, not the

glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in my harassed bosom, which honor would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land, yet shall the delight be mine, to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending people, whom his virtues guide, and valor guards. Alonzo, come forth!

Enter ROLLA, R. U. E.

Ha! (c.) who art thou? Where is Alonzo?

Rol. (R. c.) Alonzo's fled.

Elv. Fled!

Rol. (c.) Yes; and he must not be pursued. Pardon this roughness [*Seizing her hand*], but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

Elv. What if I call the guard?

Rol. Do so—Alonzo still gains time.

Elv. What if thus I free myself? [*Shows a dagger.*]

Rol. Strike it to my heart—still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me! I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard, nor cause pursuit.

Rol. At once, I trust thy word. A feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name? Speak freely: by my order the guard is removed beyond the outer porch.

Rol. My name is Rolla.

Elv. The Peruvian leader?

Rol. I was so yesterday: to-day, the Spaniard's captive.

Elv. And friendship for Alonzo moved thee to this act?

Rol. Alonzo is my friend. I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

Elv. One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

Rol. And that is—

Elv. Love?

Rol. True!

Elv. Gallant, ingenuous Rolla! Know that my purpose here was thine; and were I to save thy friend—

Rol. How! a woman blessed with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

Rol. Not so—you are worse and better than we are!

Elv. Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance—restore thee to thy native land—and thy native land to peace—would'st thou not rank Elvira with the good?

Rol. To judge the action, I must know the means.

Elv. Take this dagger.

Rol. How to be used?

Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps; the scourge of innocence—the terror of thy race, the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country.

Rol. Hast thou not been injured by Pizarro?

Elv. Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

Rol. And thou ask'st that I shall murder him in his sleep!

Elv. Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains? He that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla: so may I prosper in this perilous act, as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

Rol. The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

Elv. Then, Peruvian, since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

Rol. Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest. Give me the dagger!

Elv. Now follow me; but first—and dreadful is the hard necessity—thou must strike down the guard.

Rol. The soldier who was on guard here?

Elv. Yes, him; else, seeing thee, the alarm would be instant.

Rol. And I must stab that soldier as I pass?—Take back thy dagger.

Elv. Rolla!

Rol. That soldier, mark me, is a man! All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers—re-

fused my gold—denying to admit me—till his own feelings bribed him. For my nation's safety I would not harm that man.

Elv. Then he must with us. I will answer for his safety.

Rol. Be that plainly understood between us : for, whatever betide our enterprise, I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heartstrings from consuming fire.

[*Exeunt*, L. U. E.]

SCENE II.—*The Inside of Pizarro's Tent.*—PIZARRO on a couch, at the back of stage, c.

Piz. [*In his sleep.*] No mercy, traitor ! Now at his heart ! Stand off there, you !—Let me see him bleed ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Let me hear that groan again.

Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA, L.

Elv. (L. c.) There !—Now, lose not a moment.

Rol. Thou must leave me now. This scene of blood fits not a woman's presence.

Elv. But a moment's pause may—

Rol. Go !—retire to thy own tent, and return not here. I will come to thee. Be thou not known in this business, I implore thee !

Elv. I will withdraw the guard that waits. [*Exit*, L.]

Rol. (L. c.) Now have I in my power the accursed destroyer of my country's peace : yet tranquilly he rests. God ! can this man sleep ?

Piz. [*In his sleep.*] Away ! away ! Hideous fiends ! Tear not my bosom thus !

Rol. No : I was in error :—the balm of sweet repose he never more can know. Look here, ambition's fools ! ye, by whose inhuman pride the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing, behold the rest of the guilty ! He is in my power ; and one blow !—No ! my heart and hand refuse the act : Rolla cannot be an assassin !—Yet Elvira must be saved. [*Approaches the couch.*] Pizarro ! awake !

Piz. [*Starts up.*] Who ?—Guard !—

Rol. Speak not—another word is thy death. Call not for aid ! this arm will be swifter than thy guard.

Piz. Who art thou ? and what is thy will ?

Rol. I am thine enemy ! Peruvian Rolla ! Thy death is not my will, or I could have slain thee sleeping.

Piz. Speak, what else?

Rol. Now thou art at my mercy, answer me! Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Did'st thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet show mercy to a Peruvian in thy power? Now shalt thou feel, and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly—a Peruvian's vengeance!—[*Drops the dagger at his feet.*] There!

Piz. Is it possible!

Rol. Can Pizarro be surprised at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept. Thou see'st, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice.

Piz. Rolla, thou hast indeed surprised—subdued me.

[*Retires, L.*]

Re-enter ELVIRA, L.—(Not seeing Pizarro.)

Elv. Is it done? Is he dead?—[*Sees Pizarro.*] How! still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more! Oh, Rolla! Treacherous, or cowardly?

Piz. How! can it be that—

Rol. Away! Elvira speaks she knows not what!—Leave me, [*To Elvira*] I conjure thee, with Pizarro.

Elv. How! Rolla, dost thou think I shall retract—or that I meanly will deny, that in thy hand I placed a poniard to be plunged into that tyrant's heart? No! my sole regret is, that I trusted to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself. Too soon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to all thy race!

Piz. Guard! quick! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

Elv. (R.) Yes, a guard! I call them, too! And soon I know they'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment! Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injured heart, prompted me to this design. No! had I been only influenced so, thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down. But, though defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose—to have rescued millions of innocents from the blood-thirsty tyranny of one—by ridding the insulted world of thee!

Rol. Had the act been noble as the motive, Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

Enter GUARDS, R.

Piz. Seize this discovered fiend, who sought to kill your leader.

Elv. Touch me not, at the peril of your souls ; I am your prisoner, and will follow you. But thou, their triumphant leader, first shall hear me. Yet, first, for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness ; even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admired thee for it. But 'twas myself provoked my doom. Thou would'st have shielded me. Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Did'st thou but know the fiend-like arts by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart ! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud he practised upon those in whom I most confided—till my distempered fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt—

Piz. Why am I not obeyed ? Tear her hence !

Elv. 'Tis past—but did'st thou know my story, Rolla, thou would'st pity me.

Rol. From my soul I do pity thee.

Piz. Villains ! drag her to the dungeon ! prepare the torture instantly.

Elv. Soldiers, but a moment more. 'Tis to applaud your general ; it is to tell the astonished world, that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of justice ; yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agonized the human frame ; it will be justice. Yes, bid the minions of thy fury wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caressed, and—even defended thee ! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so oft, oh, God ! have hung with love and homage on thy looks ; then approach me, bound on the abhorred wheel, there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonored bosom, which was once thy pillow !—Yet will I bear it all ; for it will be justice, all ! And, when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unshrinking ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan ; but to the last gasp, my body's patience shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

Piz. Hear'st thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

Rol. Yes; and if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her; if true, thy barbarity cannot make her suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on thee.

Elv. (c.) And now, farewell, world! Rolla, farewell! Farewell, thou condemned of heaven! [*To Pizarro,*] for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart. We shall meet again. Ha! be it thy horror here to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches, hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloistered saint from whom thou stolest me. Then, the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murdered brother—murdered by thee, fell monster—seeking atonement for his sister's ruined honor! I hear them now! To me, the recollection's madness! At such an hour—what will it be to thee?

Piz. A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives—

Elv. I have spoken, and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past. And now, with an undaunted spirit and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not live nobly, has been Pizarro's act—that I will die nobly, shall be my own. [*Exit, guarded, R.*]

Piz. (L. c.) Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant and renowned, should'st credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury—Oh! a wanton passion for the rebel youth, Alonzo, now my prisoner.

Rol. (R. c.) Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

Piz. How!

Rol. I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard. I have succeeded; I remain thy prisoner.

Piz. Alonzo fled! Is, then, the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

Rol. Dismiss such passions from thy heart; then thou'lt consult its peace.

Piz. I can face all enemies that dare confront me—I cannot war against my nature.

Rol. Then, Pizarro, ask not to be deemed a hero. To

triumph over ourselves is the only conquest, where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow ; but, in a contest with thyself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

Piz. Peruvian ! thou shalt not find me to *thee* ungrateful or ungenerous. Return to thy countrymen—thou art at liberty.

Rol. Thou dost act in this, as honor, and as duty, bid thee.

Piz. I cannot but admire thee, Rolla ; I would we might be friends.

Rol. Farewell ! Pity Elvira !—Become the friend of virtue, and thou wilt be mine. [*Exit, L.*

Piz. Ambition ! tell me what is the phantom I have followed ? where is the one delight which it has made my own ? My fame is the mark of envy—my love, the dupe of treachery—my glory, eclipsed by the boy I taught—my revenge, defeated and rebuked by the rude honor of a savage foe, before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued ! I would I could retrace my steps—I cannot. Would I could evade my own reflections ! No, thought and memory are my hell. [*Exit, R.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A thick Forest. A dreadful storm. CORA has covered her Child on a bed of leaves and moss, R. U. E.*

Cora. [*Sitting on bank by Child, R.*] Oh, Nature ! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march ; my wearied shivering frame sinks under it. And for thee, my boy, when faint beneath thy lovely burden, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest ! Oh, my child ! were I assured thy poor father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side !—but down—down forever ! [*Thunder and lightning.*] I ask thee not, unpitying storm ! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery ; nor while thy thun-

ders spare his slumbers, will I disturb my sleeping cherub ; though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all, while what I have of reason holds. [*Thunder and lightning.*] Still, still implacable !—unfeeling elements ! yet still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent ! Oh, Death ! when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose ?—Sure I may shield thee better from the storm : my veil may—

Alon. [*Without, L.*] Cora !

Cora. [*Runs to c.*] Ha !

Alon. Cora !

Cora. Oh, my heart ! Sweet Heaven, deceive me no
Is it not Alonzo's voice ?

Alon. [*Louder.*] Cora !

Cora. (L. c.) It is—it is Alonzo !

Alon. [*Very loud.*] Cora ! my beloved !

Cora. (L.) Alonzo ! Here !—here !—Alonzo !

[*Runs out, L. S. E.*]

Enter two SPANISH SOLDIERS, L.

1st Sol. I tell you we are near our outposts, and the word we heard just now was the countersign.

2d Sol. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to have discovered their secret passage through the rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us—Pizarro will reward us.

1st Sol. This way. The sun, though clouded, is on our left. [*Perceives the Child.*] What have we here ? A child, as I'm a soldier !

2d Sol. 'Tis a sweet little babe. Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

1st Sol. It would so. I have one at home shall play with it. Come along. [*Takes the Child. Exeunt, R.*]

Re-enter CORA and ALONZO, L. S. E.

Cora. [*Speaking without.*] This way, dear Alonzo. Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot ? Now, wilt thou look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking, with his full blue laughing eyes, to welcome thee at once ? Yes—yes. Stand thou there ; I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the

perfumed morn. [*Finding only the mantle and veil which she tears from the ground, and the Child gone, she screams.*

Alon. [*Running to her.*] Cora! my heart's beloved!

Cora. He is gone!

Alon. Eternal God!

Cora. He is gone!—my child! my child!—

Alon. Where did'st thou leave him?

Cora. [*Dashing herself on the spot.*] Here!

Alon. Be calm, beloved Cora! he has waked and crept to a little distance—we shall find him. Are you assured this was the spot you left him in?

Cora. (R.) Did not these hands make that bed and shelter for him? And is not this the veil that covered him?

Alon. Here is a hut yet unobserved.

Cora. Ha! yes, yes! there lives the savage that has robbed me of my child. [*Beats at the door, exclaiming,*]
"Give me back my child—restore to me my boy.

"*Enter LAS CASAS from the Hut.*

Las C. Who calls me from my wretched solitude?

Cora. Give me back my child!

Alon. Almighty Powers! do my eyes deceive me!—

Las C. Alonzo! my beloved young friend!

Alon. My revered instructor! [*They embrace.*

Cora. Wilt thou embrace this man before he restores my boy?

Alon. Alas! my friend! in what a moment of misery do we meet!

Cora. Yet, his look is goodness and humanity. Good old man, have compassion on a wretched mother, and I will be thy servant while I live. But do not, for pity's sake—do not say, thou hast not seen him.

"*Runs into the wood.*

Las C. What can this mean?

Alon. She is my wife. Just rescued from the Spaniards' prison, I learned she had fled to this wild forest. Hearing my voice, she left her child and flew to meet me—he was left sleeping under yonder tree.

Las C. How! didst thou leave him? [*Cora returns.*

Cora. Oh! "thou art right! right!"—unnatural mother that I was! I left my child—I forsook my innocent! But I will fly to the earth's brink, but I will find him.

[*Takes up mantle and runs out, R.*

"*Alon.* Forgive me, Las Casas, I must follow her; for at night I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

"*Las C.* I will not leave thee, Alonzo! Thou must try to lead her to the right—that way lies thy camp. Wait not my infirm steps—I follow thee, my friend."

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*The Outpost of the Spanish Camp, and a Bridge. Trumpets sound without.*

Alm. [*without.*] Bear him along—his story must be false.

Enter ALMAGRO—ROLLA is brought in, in chains, by Soldiers, L.

Rol. (L.) False! Rolla utter falsehood! I would I had thee in a desert, with thy troop around thee, and I but with my sword in this unshackled hand! [*Trumpet without.*

Alm. (c.) Is it to be credited, that Rolla, the renowned Peruvian hero, should be detected like a spy, skulking through our camp?

Rol. (L. c.) Skulking!

Alm. But answer to the general—he is here.

Enter PIZARRO, R.

Piz. What do I see? Rolla!

Rol. Oh! to thy surprise, no doubt!

Piz. And bound, too!

Rol. So fast, thou need'st not fear approaching me.

Alm. The guards surprised him, passing our outposts.

Piz. Release him instantly. Believe me, I regret this insult.

Rol. Thou feel'st, then, as thou ought'st.

Piz. Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarmed. Accept this, though it has been thy enemy's. [*Gives a sword.*] The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valor.

Rol. And the Peruvians how to forget offences.

Piz. May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

Rol. When the sea divides us; yes! May I now depart?

Piz. Freely.

Rol. And shall I not again be intercepted?

Piz. No!—let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

Enter DAVILLA and SOLDIERS, with the Child, L.

Dav. Here are two soldiers, captived yesterday, who have escaped from the Peruvian hold, and by the secret way we have so long endeavored to discover.

Piz. Silence!—imprudent! Seest thou not—?

[Pointing to Rolla.]

Dav. In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems—

Piz. What is the imp to me? Bid them toss it into the sea.

Rol. (L. c.) Gracious Heavens! it is Alonzo's child!—give it to me.

Piz. (c.) Ha! Alonzo's child! *[Takes the Child.]* Welcome, thou pretty hostage. Now Alonzo is again my prisoner.

Rol. Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

Piz. Will I not? What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight, think'st thou I shall not have a check upon the valor of his heart, when he is reminded, that a word of mine is this child's death?

Rol. I do not understand thee.

Piz. My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo! and this pledge may help to settle the account.

[Gives the Child to a Soldier.]

Rol. Man! Man! Art thou a man! Could'st thou hurt that innocent? By Heaven! it is smiling in thy face!

Piz. Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

Rol. Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire. If thou dost harm that child, think not his blood will sink into the barren sand. No! faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart, 'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on his accursed destroyer's head.

Piz. (c.) Be that peril mine.

Rol. *[Throwing himself at his feet, c.]* Behold me at thy feet—me, Rolla!—me, the preserver of thy life!—me, that have never yet bent or bowed before created man!—In humble agony I sue to thee—prostrate I implore thee, but spare that child, and I will be thy slave.

Piz. Rolla! still thou art free to go—this boy remains with me.

Rol. Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine !
[*Seizes the Child.*] Who moves one step to follow me, dies
upon the spot. [*Exit with the Child, L.*]

Piz. Pursue him instantly—but spare his life. [*Excunt
Almagro and Soldiers, L.*] With what fury he defends him-
self ! Ha ! He fells them to the ground—and now—

Enter ALMAGRO, L.

Alm. Three of thy brave soldiers are already victims to
thy command to spare this madman's life ; and if he once
gain the thicket—

Piz. Spare him no longer. [*Exit Almagro.*] Their guns
must reach him—he'll yet escape—holloa to those horse
—the Peruvian sees them—and now he turns among the
rocks—then is his retreat cut off. [*Rolla crosses the wooden
bridge, from L. to R., pursued by the Soldiers ; they fire, and
a shot strikes him.*] Now ! quick ! quick ! seize the child !

[*Rolla retreats by the background, bearing off the Child.*]

Re-enter ALMAGRO, L.

Alm. [*L.*] By hell ! he has escaped ! and, with the child,
unhurt.

Dav. (c.) No—he bears his death with him.—Believe
me, I saw him struck upon the side.

Piz. But the child is saved—Alonzo's child ! Oh ! the
furies of disappointed vengeance !

Alm. Away with the revenge of words !—let us to deeds.
Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret
pass, which through the rocky cavern's gloom brings thee
at once to the stronghold, where are lodged their women
and their treasures.

Piz. Right, Almagro ! Swift as thy thought, draw forth
a daring and a chosen band—I will not wait for numbers.
Stay, Almagro !—Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day ?

Alm. He is—and one request alone she—

Piz. I'll hear of none !

Alm. The boon is small—'tis but for the noviciate habit
which you first beheld her in. She wishes not to suffer in
the gaudy trappings, which remind her of her shame.

Piz. Well, do as thou wilt—but tell Valverde, at our
return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she
is dead.

[*Excunt severally, R. and L.*]

SCENE III.—*Ataliba's Tent.*

Enter ATALIBA, followed by CORA and ALONZO, R.

Cora. (c.) Oh! avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom but to her king is the wretched mother to address her griefs? The gods refuse to hear my prayers. Did not my Alonzo fight for *thee*?—And will not my sweet boy, if thou'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles, too?

Alon. Oh! my suffering love—my poor heart-broken Cora!—thou but wound'st our sovereign's feeling soul and not reliev'st thine own.

Cora. Is he our sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

Ata. (c.) When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a king; when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

[*Voices behind, R.*] Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

Enter ROLLA, R., his countenance ghastly and bleeding, with the Child, followed by Peruvians.

Rol. Thy child!

[*Gives the Child into Cora's arms, and falls c.*]

Cora. Oh, God! there is blood upon him!

Rol. 'Tis my blood, Cora!

Alon. Rolla, thou diest.

Rol. For thee, and Cora.

[*Dies.*]

Enter ORANO, L.

Ora. Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now the foe assails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

Alon. (c.) Lose not a moment! Swords, be quick! Your wives and children cry to you. Bear our loved hero's body in the van; 'twill raise the fury of our men to madness.—Now, fell Pizarro, the death of one of us is near!—Away! be the word of assault, Revenge and Rolla.

[*Exeunt Alonzo and Ataliba, L. Soldiers take up the body, and bear it off, L., followed by Cora and Child and Army. Charge, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Recess among the Rocks.*

Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and Spanish Soldiers, R. U. E.

Piz. (c.) Well!—if surrounded, we must perish in the centre of them. Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

Enter ALONZO, ORANO, and Peruvians, L.

Alon. (L.) Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

Piz. Thou know'st the advantage of thy numbers. Thou dardest not singly face Pizarro.

Alon. (L. c.) Peruvians, stir not a man! Be this contest only ours.

Piz. (R. c.) Spaniards!—observe ye the same.

[They fight—Alonzo is disarmed, and beat down.]

Piz. Now, traitor, to thy heart!

ELVIRA enters, in black.—Pizarro, appalled, staggers back—Alonzo recovers his sword, renews the fight, and slays him.

ATALIBA enters, L., and embraces Alonzo.

Ata. My brave Alonzo!

Alm. Alonzo, we submit. Spare us! we will embark, and leave the coast.

Val. Elvira will confess I saved her life; she has saved thine.

Alon. Fear not. You are safe.

[Spaniards ground their arms.]

Elv. Valverde speaks the truth; nor could he think to meet me here. An awful impulse, which my soul could not resist, impelled me hither.

Alon. Noble Elvira! my preserver! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee! If amid this grateful nation thou wouldst remain—

Elv. (c.) Alonzo, no! the destination of my future life is fixed. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavor to atone the guilty errors, which, however-masked by shallow cheerfulness, have long consumed my secret heart. When, by my sufferings purified, and penitence sincere, my soul shall

dare address the Throne of Mercy in behalf of others, for thee, Alonzo, for thy Cora, and thy child—for thee, thou virtuous monarch, and the innocent race thou reign'st over, shall Elvira's prayers address the God of Nature.—Valverde, thou hast preserved my life. Cherish humanity, avoid the foul examples thou hast viewed. Spaniards, returning to your native home, assure your rulers they mistake the road to glory or to power. Tell them, that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.

[*Takes a last look of Pizarro's body, and exit, R. The body is borne off, R. S. E.—Flourish of Trumpets.*

Alon. Ataliba, think not I wish to check the voice of triumph, when I entreat we first may pay the tribute due to our loved Rolla's memory. [Exeunt, R.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

A solemn march. Enter L. U. E., a Procession of Peruvian Soldiers, bearing ROLLA'S body on a bier.—Choir form up the R. and L. of the stage. Bier placed in the C., the feet toward the audience. High Priest stands at the head. Cora, with her Child, weeping, R. of the bier, and bending over it.—Ataliba and Alonzo on the L., also bending over it.—Guards stand across back ground.—Solemn Chorus.—Virgins and Priests kneel round the bier.

DIRGE.

Let tears of gratitude and woe
For the Brave Rolla ever flow.

Curtain slowly descends.

THE END.

*EPILOGUE—Written by the Hon. William Lamb, and
Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.*

Ere yet suspense has stilled its throbbing fear,
Or Melancholy wiped the grateful tear,
While e'en the miseries of a sinking state,
A monarch's danger, and a nation's fate,
Command not now your eyes with grief to flow,
Lost in a trembling mother's nearer woe,
What moral lay shall poetry rehearse,
Or how shall elocution pour the verse
So sweetly, that its music shall repay
The loved illusion which it drives away?
Mine is the task, to rigid custom due,
To me ungrateful, as 'tis harsh to you,
To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,
To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought.
To scare reflection, which, in absent dreams,
Still lingers, musing on the recent themes;
Attention, ere with contemplation tired,
To turn from all that pleased, from all that fired
To weaken lessons strongly now impressed,
And chill the interest glowing in the breast;—
Mine is the task; and be it mine to spare
The souls that pant, the griefs they see, to share,
Let me with no unhallowed jest deride
The sigh that sweet compassion owns with pride—
The sigh of comfort to affliction dear,
That kindness heaves, that virtue loves to hear
E'en gay *THALIA* will not now refuse
This gentle homage to her sister Muse.

O ye, who listen to the plaintive strain
With strange enjoyment, and with rapturous pain,
Who erst have felt the *Stranger's* lone despair,
And *Haller's* settled, sad, remorseful care,
Does *Rolla's* pure affection less excite
The inexpressive anguish of delight?
Do *Cora's* fears, which beat without control,
With less solicitude engross the soul?
Ah, no! your minds with kindred zeal approve
Maternal feeling, and heroic love.
You must approve: where man exists below,
In temperate climes, or midst drear wastes of snow
Or where the solar fires incessant flame,
Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the same.
Vainly the Sophist boasts, he can explain
The causes of thy universal reign—
More vainly would his cold presumptuous art
Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart:
A voice proclaims thee, that we must believe—
A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive;
That voice poor *Cora* heard, and closely pressed
Her darling infant to her fearful breast:
Distracted, dared the bloody field to tread,
And sought *Alonzo* through the heaps of dead,
Eager to catch the music of his breath,
Though faltering in the agonies of death,
To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once more,
And clasp his bosom, though it streamed with gore
That voice, too, *Rolla* heard, and, greatly brave,
His *Cora's* dearest treasure died to save;
Gave to the hopeless parent's arms her child
Beheld her transports, and, expiring, smiled.
That voice we hear—oh! be its will obeyed!
'Tis valor's impulse, and 'tis virtue's aid—
It prompts to all benevolence admires,
To all that heavenly piety inspires,
To all that praise repeats through lengthened years,
That honor sanctifies, and time revere.

No. XXII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.



THE LOVE-CHASE.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE,



NEW YORK :

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

PHILADELPHIA—73 DOCK STREET, OPPOSITE EXCHANGE BUILDING.

BALTIMORE—JARVIS BUILDINGS, NORTH STREET.

1846.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE title, plot, and characters of this comedy, are among the author's most felicitous conceptions. "The Love Chase" was originally produced the ninth of October, 1837, at the Haymarket Theatre, London. Its success was unequivocal. Mrs. Nisbet, as *Constance*, won the greatest share of the laurels bestowed upon the performers on the occasion. "She caught," says one of the critics of the day, "the full meaning of this finely drawn part, and conveyed its spirit to the audience with a fascinating power, which drew forth reiterated plaudits in every scene. Her delivery of the beautiful language, with which she was entrusted, was easy and natural, yet full of point, enforced by action characteristically vigorous, but not unfeminine, and graceful without the slightest degree of affectation. With regard to the merit of the play itself, the delight we experienced in witnessing the production of a comedy, which displays much of the beauty and power of our early dramatists, without a particle of their grossness, renders the task of fault-finding difficult and disagreeable."

In America, "The Love Chase" has been always an acceptable play to audiences, though it has not attained the popularity of "The Hunchback" or "The Wife." Some of the stage situations are very cleverly contrived. That wherein the *Widow Green* thinks she has excited the jealousy of *Master Waller* while encouraging the addresses of *Sir William Fondlove*, never fails to be highly amusing when well presented; and the contrivance by which *Wildrake* is roused to woo "*Neighbour Constance*," and *Constance* is, on her part, alarmed at the idea of losing "*Neighbour Wildrake*," is ingenious and effective. True there is some little violation of the probabilities of real life, in

Constance's undetected disguise; but we can almost forget this as a fault, when we recollect it has afforded the author an opportunity of introducing the spirited description of the chase, which he puts into the mouth of his heroine—a description which has been lamely imitated in a recent comedy, professing to depict English fashionable society.

The contrast in the characters of "*Lydia*" and "*Constance*," is dramatically conceived; but we are at a loss to know *why* the former should have been attacked by ruffians at the precise moment she is on her way to her lover's house. To make a deed dramatic, we must see that it has a sufficient motive. This is wanting in the instance we allude to; and the consequence is, that *Lydia* utterly lacks our sympathy when she is brought in exanimate from terror. We see at once, that she has been attacked solely for the author's convenience, and not because it was in the nature of occurrences that an attack should be made.

This play is by no means deficient in beauties of language and thought. One of the most admirable specimens of word-painting that we remember, is *Sir William Fondlove's* description of the *Widow Green*, in the first act. There she is, vividly before us, as we read. We can see her entering a drawing-room, or presiding at the card-table. We want no illustration by Cruikshank or Browne, to show us how she looks. Her well-rounded figure, her dimples, her air and manner, the very tones of her voice, are so inimitably portrayed by the author, that we ask no limner's skill to aid us in forming an adequate conception of the character.

The concluding scene of the "*Love Chase*" bears marks of haste and negligence. *Constance* should have had the last speech. The words spoken by the *Widow*, have been justly complained of as tame and obscure. But notwithstanding this and other flaws in the execution, the comedy is one of the best and most unexceptionable of modern plays.

TO JOHN VANDENHOFF, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is to your suggestion and encouragement that I owe this return to Dramatic Composition. Your taste and judgment have also assisted in the completion of the work; and to you I dedicate that which is indebted to you for its existence.

The value of the offering is very doubtful—but not the sincerity with which it is made—nor the estimation in which your talents are held, and your friendship prized, by

Your obliged and ever faithful servant,

THE AUTHOR.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

PREFACES are generally tedious things—troublesome to the writer, wearying to the reader, and perhaps in most cases better omitted altogether. Yet a little mercy may fairly be craved by an author who, on the eve of the production of his work, finds himself nearly a thousand miles away from the scene of his interests—unable to correct any of the faults which a nearer view might have rendered visible to him—and beyond the reach of even a single proof sheet.

Such is the position of the writer of the following pages; and his fate will be decided long before it can be known to himself. He is, however, fortunate in the support of talents for his principal characters, which he knows will more than work out his own conceptions. To these and to an indulgent Public, whose kindness he has more than once experienced, he commits himself.

Some resemblance will be found between the conduct of a portion of this play, and Mr. James's novel of the *Ancien Regime*. That gentleman's lamp, however, is too bright for him to grudge a little of its light to one whose own taper burns more dully.

Breslau, August, 1842.

CAST OF CHARACTERS,

As originally played at the Drury Lane and Park Theatres.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Park.</i>
<i>Sir William Fondlove (an old Baronet) ..</i>	Mr. Strickland.	Mr. Placide.
<i>Waller (in love with Lydia)</i>	" Elton.	" Wheatley.
<i>Wildrake (a Sportsman)</i>	" Webster.	" Mason.
<i>Trueworth (a friend of Sir William)</i>	" Hemmings.	" Fredericks.
<i>Neville, } Friends to Waller</i>	" Woorel.	" Nexsen.
<i>Humphries, }</i>	" Hutchings.	" Wells.
<i>Lash</i>	" Ross.	" Johnson.
<i>Chargewell</i>	" Edwards.	" Povey.
<i>George</i>	" Bishop.	" Gallot.
<i>Servant</i>		" Garland.
<i>Lawyer</i>	" Ray.	" King.
<i>Widow Green</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Wheatley.
<i>Constance (daughter to Sir William) ...</i>	Mrs. Nisbett.	" Shaw.
<i>Lydia</i>	Miss Vandenhoff.	" Richardson.
<i>Alice</i>	Mrs. Tayleure.	" Durie.
<i>Phæbe</i>	Miss Wrighten.	" Conway.
<i>Amelia</i>	" Gallot.	Miss Verity.

Four Bridesmen, Three Bridesmaids, and Three Servants.

COSTUMES.

SIR WILLIAM FONDLOVE.—Black and gold costume of Charles II.—Second dress: do. of white and silver.
WALLER.—Light brown dress, edged with scarlet.
WILDRAKE.—Dark brown dress and high boots.
TRUEWORTH.—Dress of black velvet with scarlet puffs.
NEVILLE and HUMPHREYS.—Dark brown, edged with black.
LASH.—Russet-coloured jerkin.
CHARGEWELL.—Dark brown dress and green apron.
GEORGE.—Buff jerkin.
SERVANT.—Ditto.
LAWYERS.—Black with black gown.
FOUR BRIDESMEN.—White satin and silver.
THREE SERVANTS.—Buff jerkins.
WIDOW GREEN.—Grey and black dress with points and beads.
CONSTANCE.—Dress of rose-coloured satin.—Second dress: scarlet riding habit.
 —Third dress: White satin and flowers.
LYDIA.—Plain brown dress with black body.—Second dress, of white satin and silver, and wedding veil.
ALICE.—Dark brown dress and point lace.
PHÆBE.—Grey dress with black points.
AMELIA.—White satin and silver.
BRIDESMAIDS.—White satin and silver.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
 S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
 L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

THE LOVE-CHASE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Lobby of an Inn.*

Enter CHARGEWELL, hurriedly, L.

Char. WHAT, hoa, there! Hoa, Sirrahs! More wine! Are the knaves asleep? Let not our guests cool, or we shall starve the till! Good waiting, more than viands and wine, doth help to make the Inn! George!—Richard!—Ralph!—Where are you?

Enter GEORGE, R.

Geo. Here am I, Sir.

Char. Have they taken in more wine to that company?

Geo. Yes, Sir.

Char. That's right. Serve them as quick as they order! A fair company! I have seen them here before. Take care they come again. A choice company! That Master Waller, I hear, is a fine spirit—leads the town. Pay him much duty. A deep purse, and easy strings!

Geo. And there is another, Sir;—a capital gentleman, though from the country. A gentleman most learned in dogs and horses! He doth talk wondrous edification:—one Master Wildrake. I wish you could hear him, Sir.

Char. Well, well!—attend to them. Let them not cool o'er the liquor, or their calls will grow slack. Keep feeding the fire while it blazes, and the blaze will continue. Look to it well!

Geo. I will, Sir.

Char. And be careful, above all, that you please Master Waller. He is a guest worth pleasing; he is a gentleman.—Free order, quick pay!

Geo. And such, I'll dare be sworn, is the other. A man of mighty stores of knowledge—most learned in dogs and horses! Never was I so edified by the discourse of mortal man.
[*Exeunt, Chargewell, L., George, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in an Inn.*

MASTERS WALLER, WILDRAKE, TRUEWORTH, NEVILLE, and HUMPHREYS, *sitting round a table, c.*

Wal. Well, Master Wildrake, speak you of the chase! To hear you, one doth feel the bounding steed; You bring the hounds, and game, and all to view— All scudding to the jovial huntsman's cheer! And yet I pity the poor crownéd deer, And always fancy 'tis by Fortune's spite, That lordly head of his, he bears so high— Like Virtue, stately in calamity, And hunted by the human, worldly hound— Is made to fly before the pack, that straight Burst into song at prospect of his death. You say their cry is harmony; and yet The chorus scarce is music to my ear, When I bethink me what it sounds to his; Nor deem I sweet the note that rings the knell Of the once merry forester!

Nev. The same things Do please or pain, according to the thought We take of them. Some smile at their own death, Which most do shrink from, as a beast of prey It kills to look upon. But you, who take Such pity of the deer, whence follows it You hunt more costly game?—The comely maid, To wit, that waits on buxom Widow Green?

Hum. The comely maid!—Such term not half the sum Of her rich beauty gives! Were rule to go By loveliness, I know not in the court, Or city, lady might not fitly serve That lady serving-maid!

True. Come! your defence!

Why show you ruth where there's least argument,
Deny it where there's most? You will not plead?
Oh, Master Waller, where we use to hunt,
We think the sport no crime.

Hum. I give you joy,
You prosper in your chase.

Wal. Not so! The maid
In simple honesty I must pronounce
A miracle of virtue, well as beauty.

Nev. And well do I believe you, Master Waller;
Those know I who have ventured gift and promise
But for a minute of her ear—the boon
Of a poor dozen words spoke through a chink—
And come off bootless, save the haughty scorn
That cast their bounties back to them again.

True. That warrants her what Master Waller speaks her.
Is she so very fair?

Nev. Yes, Master Truworth;
And I believe indeed an honest maid;
But love's the coin to market with for love,
And that knows Master Waller. On pretence
Of sneaking kindness for gay Widow Green,
He visits her for sake of her fair maid!
To whom a glance or word avails to hint
His proper errand: and—as glimpses only
Do only serve to whet the wish to see—
Awakens interest to hear the tale
So stintingly that's told. I know his practice—
Luck to you, Master Waller! If you win,
You merit it, who take the way to win!

Wal. Good, Master Neville!

True. I should laugh to see
The poacher snared!—the maid, for mistress sought,
Turn out a wife.

Nev. How say you, Master Waller?
Things quite as strange have fallen!

Wal. Impossible!

True. Impossible! Most possible of things—
If thou'rt in love! Where merit lies itself,
What matters it to want the name, which, weighed,
Is not the worth of so much breath as it takes
To utter it! “If but from Nature's hand,

"She is all you could expect of gentle blood,
 "Face, form, mien, speech; with these, what to belong
 "To lady more behoves—thoughts delicate,
 "Affections generous, and modesty—
 "Perfectionating, brightening crown of all!—
 "If she hath these—true titles to thy heart—
 "What doth she lack that's title to thy hand?
 "The name of lady, which is none of these,
 "But may belong without?" Thou might'st do worse
 Than marry her! Thou would'st, undoing her!
 Yea, by my mother's name, a shameful act,
 Most shamefully performed!

Wal. [*Starting up and drawing, R. c.*] Sir!

Nev. [*And the others interposing, c.*] Gentlemen!

True. (L. c.) All's right! Sit down!—I will not draw again.

A word with you:—If—as a man—thou say'st,
 Upon thy honour, I have spoken wrong,
 I'll ask thy pardon—though I never hold
 Communion with thee more!

Wal. [*After a pause, putting up his sword, R. c.*] My sword is sheathed!

Wilt let me take thy hand?

True. (L. c.) 'Tis thine, good Sir,
 And faster than before—A fault confessed,
 Is a new virtue added to a man!
 "Yet let me own some blame was mine. A truth
 "May be too harshly told"—but 'tis a theme
 I am tender on—I had a sister, Sir—
 You understand me!—'Twas my happiness
 To own her once—I would forget her now!—
 I have forgotten!—I know not if she lives!—
 Things of such strain as we were speaking of,
 Spite of myself, remind me of her!—So!—

Nev. Sit down! Let's have more wine.

Wild. (L.) Not so, good Sirs.
 Partaking of your hospitality,
 I have overlooked good friends I came to visit,
 And who have late become sojourners here—
 Old country friends and neighbors, and with whom
 I e'en take up my quarters. Master Truworth,
 Bear witness for me.

True. It is even so :

Sir William Fondlove and his charming daughter.

Wild. Ay, neighbour Constance. Charming, does he say ?

Yes, neighbour Constance is a charming girl
To those that do not know her. If she plies me
As hard as was her custom in the country,
I should not wonder, though this very day
I seek the home I quitted for a month !

[*Aside, R.*

Good even, gentlemen.

[*Crosses, L., going out.*

Hum. Nay, if you go,

We all break up, and sally forth together.

Wal. (R. c.) Be it so—Your hand again, good Master
Trueworth !

I am sorry I did pain you

True. (c.) It is thine, Sir.

[*They go out, L.*

SCENE III.—*Sir William Fondlove's House.—A Room.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM, R.

Sir W. At sixty-two, to be in leading strings,
Is an old child—and with a daughter, too !
Her mother held me ne'er in check so strait
As she. I must not go but where she likes,
Nor see but whom she likes, do anything
But what she likes !—A slut, bare twenty-one !
Nor minces she commands !—A brigadier
More coolly doth not give his orders out
Than she ! Her waiting maid is aid-de-camp ;
My steward adjutant ; my lacqueys sergeants ;
That bring me her high pleasure how I march
And counter-march—when I'm on duty—when
I'm off—when suits it not to tell it me
Herself—“ Sir William, thus my mistress says ! ”
As saying it were enough—no will of mine
Consulted ! I will marry. Must I serve,
Better a wife, my mistress, than a daughter !
And yet the vixen says, if I do marry,
I'll find she'll rule my wife as well as me !

Enter TRUEWORTH, L.

Ah, Master Trueworth ! Welcome, Master Trueworth !

True. Thanks, Sir ; I am glad to see you look so well !

Sir W. Ah, Master Trueworth, when one turns the hill,
'Tis rapid going down ! We climb by steps ;
By strides, we reach the bottom. Look at me,
And guess my age.

True. Turned fifty.

Sir W. Ten years more !

How marvellously well I wear ! I think
You would not flatter me !—But scan me close,
And pryingly, as one who seeks a thing
He means to find—What signs of age dost see ?

True. None !

Sir W. None about the corners of the eyes ?
Lines that diverge like to the spider's joists,
Whereon he builds his airy fortalice ?
They call them crow's feet—has the ugly bird
Been perching there ?—Eh ?—Well ?

True. There's something like,
But not what one must see, unless he's blind
Like steeple on a hill.

Sir W. [*After a pause.*] Your eyes are good !
I am certainly a wonder for my age ;
I walk as well as ever ! Do I stoop ?

True. A plummet from your head would find your heel.

Sir W. It is my make—my make, good Master True-
worth ;

I do not study it. Do you observe
The hollow in my back ? That's natural.
As now I stand, so stood I when a child,
A rosy, chubby boy !—I am youthful to
A miracle ! My arm is firm as 'twas
At twenty. Feel it !

True. [*Feeling his arm.*] It is deal !

Sir W. Oak—oak,

Isn't it, Master Trueworth ? Thou hast known me
Ten years and upwards. Think'st my leg is shrunk ?

True. No.

Sir W. No ! not in the calf ?

True. As big a calf

As ever.

Sir W. Thank you, thank you—I believe it !
When others waste, 'tis growing time with me !

I feel it, Master Truworth ! Vigour, Sir,
In every joint of me !—could run ! could leap !
Why shouldn't I marry ? Knife and fork I play
Better than many a boy of twenty-five—
Why shouldn't I marry ? If they come to wine,
My brace of bottles can I carry home,
And ne'er a headache. Death ! why shouldn't I marry ?

True. I see in nature no impediment.

Sir W. Impediment ? she's all appliances !—
And fortune's with me, too ! The Widow Green
Gives hints to me ! The pleasant Widow Green !
Whose fortieth year, instead of autumn, brings
A second Summer in. Odds boddikins,
How young she looks ! What life is in her eyes !
What ease is in her gait ! while, as she walks,
Her waist, still tapering, takes it pliantly !
How lollingly she bears her head withal :
On this side now—now that ! When enters she
A drawing-room, what worlds of gracious things
Her courtesy says !—she sinks with such a sway,
Greeting on either hand the company,
Then slowly rises to her state again !
She is the empress of the card-table !
Her hand and arm !—Gods, did you see her deal—
With curved and pliant wrist dispense the pack,
Which at the touch of her fair fingers fly !
How soft she speaks—how very soft ! Her voice
Comes melting from her round and swelling throat,
Reminding you of sweetest, mellowest things—
Plums, peaches, apricots and nectarines—
Whose bloom is poor to paint her cheeks and lips.
By Jove, I'll marry !

[*Crosses, L.*

True. You forget, Sir William,
I do not know the lady.

Sir W. Great your loss.

By all the Gods, I'll marry !—But my daughter
Must needs be married first. She rules my house ;
Would rule it still, and will not have me wed.
A clever, handsome, darling, forward minx !
When I became a widower, the reins
Her mother dropped she caught,—a hoyden girl ;
Nor since would e'er give up, howe'er I strove

To coax or catch them from her. One way still
Or t'other, she would keep them—laugh, pout, plead ;
Now vanquish me with water, now with fire ;
Would box my face, and, ere I well could ope
My mouth to chide her, stop it with a kiss !
The monkey ! what a plague she's to me !—How
I love her ! how I love the Widow Green ! [Crosses, R.

True. Then marry her !

Sir W. I tell thee, first of all
Must needs my daughter marry.—See I not
A hope of that ; she naught affects the sex :
Comes suitor after suitor—all in vain.
Fast as they bow, she courtesies, and says “ Nay ! ”
Or she, a woman, lacks a woman's heart,
Or hath a special taste which none can hit.

True. Or taste, perhaps, which is already hit.

Sir W. Eh !—how ?

True. Remember you no country friend,
Companion of her walks—her squire to church,
Her beau whenever she went visiting—
Before she came to town ?

Sir W. No !

True. None ?—art sure ?

No playmate when she was a girl ?

Sir W. Oh ! ay !

That Master Wildrake I did pray thee go
And wait for at the Inn, but had forgotten.
Is he come ?

True. And in the house.—Some friends that met him,
As he alighted, laid strong hands upon him
And made him stop for dinner. We had else
Been earlier with you.

Sir W. Ha ! I am glad he's come.

True. She may be smit with him.

Sir W. As cat with dog !

True. He heard her voice as we did mount the stairs,
And darted straight to join her.

Sir W. You shall see
What wondrous calm and harmony take place,
When fire meets gunpowder !

Con. [Without, R.] Who sent for you ?
What made you come ?

Wild. [*Without, R.*] To see the town, not you!—
A kiss!

Con. I vow I'll not.

Wild. I swear you shall.

Con. A saucy cub! I vow, I had as lieve
Your whipper-in had kissed me!

Sir W. Do you hear?

True. I do. Most pleasing discords!

Enter CONSTANCE and WILDRAKE, R.

Con. Father, speak
To neighbour Wildrake.

Sir W. Very glad to see him.

Wild. I thank you, good Sir William! Give you joy
Of your good looks!

Con. What, Phœbe!—Phœbe!—Phœbe!

Sir W. What want'st thou with thy lap-dog?

Con. Only, Sir,
To welcome neighbor Wildrake! What a figure
To shew himself in town!

Sir W. Wilt hold thy peace?

Con. Yes; if you'll lesson me to hold my laughter.
Wildrake!

Wild. Well?

Con. Let me walk thee in the Park—
How they would stare at thee!

Sir W. Wilt ne'er give o'er?

Wild. Nay, let her have her way—I heed her not!
Though to more courteous welcome I have right;
Although I am neighbour Wildrake! Reason is reason!

Con. And right is right! so welcome, neighbour Wild-
rake,

I am very, very, very glad to see you!
Come, for a quarter of an hour, we'll e'en
Agree together!—How do your horses, neighbour?

Wild. Pshaw!

Con. And your dogs?

Wild. Pshaw!

Con. Whipper-in and huntsman?

Sir W. Converse of things thou know'st to talk about!

Con. And keep him silent, father, when I know
He cannot talk of any other things?

How does thy hunter? What a sorry trick
 He played thee t'other day, to balk his leap,
 And throw thee, neighbour! Did he balk the leap?
 Confess! You sportsmen never are to blame!
 Say you are fowlers, 'tis your dog's in fault;
 Say you are anglers, 'tis your tackle's wrong;
 Say you are hunters, why, the honest horse
 That bears your weight, must bear your blunders, too!
 Why, whither go you?

Wild. Any where from thee.

Con. With me, you mean.

Wild. I mean it not.

Con. You do!

I'll give you fifty reasons for't—and first,
 Where you go, neighbour, I'll go!

[*They go out, L.—Wild. pettishly, Constance laughing.*]

Sir W. Do you mark?

Much love is there!

True. Indeed, a heap, or none.

I'd wager on the heap!

Sir W. Ay!—Do you think

These discords, as in the musician's art,
 Are subtle servitors to harmony?

That all this war's for peace? This wrangling but
 A masquerade, where love his roguish face
 Conceals beneath an ugly visor!—Well?

True. Your guess and my conceit are not a mile
 Apart. “Unlike to other common flowers,

“The flower of love shows various in the bud,
 “’Twill look a thistle, and ’twill blow a rose!”

And with your leave, I'll put it to the test;

Affect myself, for thy fair daughter, love—

Make him my confidant—dilate to him

Upon the graces of her heart and mind,

Feature and form—that well may comment bear—

Till—“like the practised connoisseur, who finds

“A gem of art out in a household picture

“The unskilled owner held so cheap, he grudged

“Renewal of the chipped and tarnished frame,

“But values now as priceless—” I arouse him

Into a quick sense of the worth of that

“Whose merit hitherto, from lack of skill,

"Or dulling habit of acquaintanceship,"

He has not been awake to.

Con. [*Without*, c. d.] Neighbour Wildrake!

Sir W. Hither they come. I fancy well thy game!

Oh, to be free to marry Widow Green!

I'll call her hence anon—then ply him well. [*Goes out*, R.]

Wild. [*Without*.] Nay, neighbour Constance!

True. He's high in storm.

Enter WILDRAKE and CONSTANCE, L. D.

Wild. To Lincolnshire, I tell thee.

Con. Lincolnshire!

What, prithee, takes thee off to Lincolnshire.

Wild. Too great delight in thy fair company.

True. Nay, Master Wildrake, why away so soon?

You're scarce a day in town!—"Extremes like this,

"And starts of purpose, are the signs 'tis love,

"Though immatured as yet.

[*Aside.*"]

Con. He's long enough

In town! What should he here? He's lost in town:

No man is he for concerts, balls or routs!

No game he knows at cards, save rare Pope Joan!

He ne'er could master dance beyond a jig;

And as for music, nothing to compare

To the melodious yelping of a hound,

Except the braying of his huntsman's horn!

Ask *him* to stay in town!

Sir W. [*without*, R.] Hoa, Constance!

Con. Sir!—

Neighbour, a pleasant ride to Lincolnshire!

Good bye!

Sir W. [*without*, R.] Why, Constance!

Con. Coming, Sir! Shake hands!

Neighbour, good bye! Don't look so wo-begone;

'Tis but a two-days' ride, and thou wilt see

Rover, and Spot, and Nettle, and the rest

Of thy dear country friends!

Sir W. [*without*, R.] Constance! I say.

Con. Anon!—Commend me to the gentle souls,
And pat them for me!—Will you, neighbour Wildrake?

Sir W. [*without*, R.] Why, Constance! Constance!

Con. In a moment, Sir!

Good bye !—I'd cry, dear neighbour, if I could !
 Good bye !—a pleasant day, when next you hunt !
 And, prithee, mind thy horse don't balk his leap !
 Good bye—and, after dinner, drink my health !
 " A bumper, Sirs, to neighbour Constance !"—Do !—
 And give it with a speech, wherein unfold
 My many graces, more accomplishments,
 And virtues topping either—in a word,
 How I'm the fairest, kindest, best of neighbours !

[*They go out severally.—Trueworth trying to pacify
 Wildrake, L.—Constance laughing, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir William's House.*

Enter TRUEWORTH and WILDRAKE, R.

Wild. Nay, Master Trueworth, I must needs be gone !
 She treats me worse and worse ! I am a stock,
 That words have none to pay her. For her sake,
 I quit the town to-day. I like a jest,
 But hers are jests past bearing. I am her butt
 She nothing does but practise on ! A plague !—
 Fly her shafts ever your way ?

True. Would they did !

Wild. Art mad ?—or wishest she should drive thee so ?

True. Thou know'st her not.

Wild. I know not neighbour Constance ?
 Then know I not myself, or anything
 Which as myself I know !

True. Heigh ho !

Wild. Heigh ho !

Why, what a burden that for a man's song !
 'Twould fit a maiden that was sick for love.
 Heigh ho ! Come, ride with me to Lincolnshire,
 And turn thy " heigh ho ! " into " hilly ho ! "

True. Nay, rather tarry thou in town with me.
 Men sometimes find a friend's hand of avail,
 When useless proves their own. Wilt lend me thine ?

Wild. Or may my horse break down in a steeple chase!

True. A steeple chase! What made thee think of that?
I'm for the steeple—not to ride a race,
Only to get there!—not alone, in sooth;
But in fair company!

Wild. Thou'rt not in love!

True. Heigh ho!

Wild. Thou wouldst not marry!

True. With your help.

Wild. And whom, I prithee?

True. Gentle mistress Constance!

Wild. What!—neighbour Constance?—Never did I
dream

That mortal man would fall in love with her. [*Aside.*

In love with neighbour Constance?—I feel strange

At thought that she should marry!—[*Aside.*] Go to church

With neighbour Constance! That's a steeple chase

I never thought of. I feel very strange;

What seest in neighbour Constance?

True. Lovers' eyes

See with a vision proper to themselves,

Yet thousand eyes will vouch what mine affirm.

First, then, I see in her the mould express

Of woman—stature, feature, body, limb—

Breathing the gentle sex we value most,

Whom most 'tis at antipodes with ours!

Wild. You mean that neighbour Constance is a woman.

Why, yes; she is a woman, certainly.

True. So much for person. Now for her complexion.

What shall we liken to her dainty skin?

Her arm, for instance?—

Wild. Snow will match it.

True. Snow!—

It is her arm without the smoothness on't:

Then is not snow transparent. 'Twill not do.

Wild. A pearl's transparent!

True. So it is, but yet

Yields not elastic to the thrilled touch!

I know not what to liken to her arm,

Except its beauteous fellow! Oh, to be

The chosen friend of two such neighbours!

Wild. Would

His tongue would made a halt. He makes too free
 With neighbour Constance! Can't he let her arms
 Alone! I trust their chosen friend
 Will ne'er be he! I'm vexed.

[*Aside.*

True But graceful things
 Grow doubly graceful in the graceful use!
 Hast marked her ever walk the drawing-room?

Wild. [*Snappishly.*] No.

True. No! Why, where have been your eyes?

Wild. In my head!

But I begin to doubt if open yet.

[*Aside.*

True. Yet that's a trifle to the dance: down which
 She floats as though she were a form of air;
 "The ground feels not her foot, or tells not on't;
 "Her movements are the painting of the strain,
 "Its swell, its fall, its mirth, its tenderness!
 "Then is she fifty Constances! each moment
 "Another one, and each, except its fellow,
 "Without a peer!" You have danced with her?

Wild. I hate

To dance! I can't endure to dance! [*Crosses L.*] Of course
 You have danced with her?

True. I have.

Wild. You have?

True. I have.

Wild. I do abominate to dance!—Could care
 Fiddlers and company! A dancing man,
 To me, was ever like a dancing dog!
 Save less to be endured!—Ne'er saw I one,
 But I bethought me of the master's whip.

True. A man might bear the whip to dance with her!

Wild. Not if I had the laying of it on!

True. Well; let that pass. The lady is the theme.

Wild. Yes; make an end of it!—I'm sick of it. [*Aside.*

True. How well she plays the harpsichord and harp!
 How well she sings to them! Who'er would prove
 The power of song, should hear thy neighbour sing,
 Especially a love song!

Wild. Does she sing
 Such songs to thee?

True. Oh, yes, and constantly!
 For such I ever ask her.

Wild. Forward minx !

[*Aside.*

Maids should not sing love songs to gentlemen !

Think'st neighbour Constance is a girl to love ?

True. A girl to love ?—Ay, and with all her soul !

Wild. How know you that ?

True. I have studied close the sex.

Wild. You town-rakes are the devil for the sex ! [*Aside.*

True. Not your most sensitive and serious maid

I'd always take for deep impressions. "Mind

"The adage of the bow. The pensive brow

"I've oft seen bright in wedlock, and anon

"O'ercast in widowhood ; then bright again,

"Ere half the season of the weeds was out.

"While, in the airy one, I've known one cloud

"Forerunner of a gloom that ne'er cleared up—

"So it would prove with neighbour Constance. Not

"On superficial ground she'll ever love ;

"But once she does, the odds are ten to one,"

Her first love is her last !

Wild. I wish I ne'er

Had come to town ! . I was a happy man

Among my dogs and horses. [*Aside.*] Hast thou broke

Thy passion to her ?

True. Never.

Wild. Never ?

True. No.

I hoped you'd act my proxy there.

Wild. I thank you.

True. I knew 'twould be a pleasure to you.

Wild. Yes ;

A pleasure !—an unutterable pleasure !

True. Thank you ! You make my happiness your own.

[*Crosses, L.*

Wild. I do.

True. I see you do. Dear Master Wildrake !

Oh, what a blessing is a friend in need,

You'll go and court your neighbour for me ?

Wild. Yes.

True. And says she "nay" at first, you'll press again ?

Wild. Ay, and again !

True. There's one thing I mistrust—yea, most mistrust,
That of my poor deserts you'll make too much.

Wild. Fear anything but that.

True. 'Twere better far,
You slightly spoke of them.

Wild. You think so?

True. Yes,
Or rather did not speak of them at all.

Wild. You think so?

True. Yes.

Wild. Then I'll not say a word
About them.

True. Thank you! "A judicious friend
"Is better than a zealous.—You are both!
"I see you'll plead my cause as 'twere your own;
"Then stay in town and win your neighbour for me,
"Make me the envy of a score of men
"That die for her as I do."—Make her mine,
And when the last "Amen!" declares complete
The mystic tying of the holy knot,
And 'fore the priest a blushing wife she stands,
Be thine the right to claim the second kiss
She pays for change from maidenhood to wifehood.

[*Goes out, L.*]

Wild. Take that thyself! The first be mine, or none!
A man in love with neighbour Constance!—Never
Dreamed I that such a thing could come to pass!
Such person, such endowments, such a soul!
I never thought to ask myself before
If she were man or woman! Suitors, too,
Dying for her! I'll e'en make one among 'em!
Woo her to go to church along with him,
And for my pains, the privilege to take
The second kiss? I'll take the second kiss,
And first one, too—and last! No man shall touch
Her lips but me. I'll massacre the man
That looks upon her! Yet what chance have I
With lovers of the town, whose study 'tis
To please your lady belles!—who dress, walk, talk,
To hit their tastes—what chance, a country squire
Like me? Yet your true fair, I've heard, prefers
The man before his coat at any time,
And such a one must neighbour Constance be.
I'll show a limb with any of them! Silks

I'll wear, nor keep my legs in cases more.
I'll learn to dance town-dances, and frequent
Their concerts ! Die away at melting strains,
Or seem to do so—far the easier thing,
And as effective, quite ; leave naught undone
To conquer neighbour Constance.

Enter LASH, L.

Lash. Sir.

Wild. Well, sir.

Lash. So please you, sir, your horse is at the door.

Wild. Unsaddle him again, and put him up.

And, hark you, get a tailor for me, sir—
The rarest can be found.

Lash. The man's below, sir,
That owns the mare your worship thought to buy.

Wild. Tell him I do not want her, sir.

Lash. I vow,
You will not find her like in Lincolnshire.

Wild. Go to ! She's spavined.

Lash. Sir !

Wild. Touched in the wind.

Lash. I trust my master be not touched in the head !
I vow, a faultless beast ! *[Aside.]*

Wild. I want her not,
And that's your answer—Go to the hosier's, sir,
And bid him send me samples of his gear,
Of twenty different kinds.

Lash. I will, sir.—Sir !

Wild. Well, sir.

Lash. Squire Brush's huntsman's here, and says
His master's kennel is for sale.

Wild. The dogs
Are only fit for hanging !

Lash. Finer bred—

Wild. Sirrah, if more to me thou talk'st of dogs,
Horses, or aught that to thy craft belongs,
Thou may'st go hang for me !—A cordwainer
Go fetch me straight—the choicest in the town.
Away, sir ! Do thy errands smart and well,
As thou canst crack thy whip !—*[Exit Lash, L.]*—Dear
neighbour Constance,
I'll give up horses, dogs, and all, for thee ! *[Exit, R.]*

SCENE II.—*Toilette-table, Sofa, &c., discovered.*

Enter WIDOW GREEN and LYDIA, R.

Widow G. Lydia, my gloves. If Master Waller calls, I shall be in at three; and say the same To old Sir William Fondlove. Tarry yet!—What progress, think you, make I in the heart Of fair young Master Waller? Gods, my girl, It is a heart to win and man as well! How speed I, think you? Didst, as I desired, Detain him in my absence when he called, And, without seeming, sound him touching me?

Lydia. (L. c.) Yes.

Widow G. And affects he me, or not? How guess you?

What said he of me? Looked he balked, or not, To find me not at home? Inquired he, when I would be back, as much he longed to see me? What did he—said he? Come!—Is he in love, Or like to fall into it? Goes well my game, Or shall I have my labour for my pains?

Lydia. I think he is in love.—Oh, poor evasion! Oh, to love truth, and yet not dare to speak it! [*Aside.*]

Widow G. You think he is in love. I'm sure of it, As well have asked you has he eyes and ears, And brain and heart to use them? Maids do throw Trick after trick away, but widows know To play their cards! How am I looking, Lydia?

Lydia. E'en as you ever look.

Widow G. Handsome, my girl? Eh? Clear in my complexion? Eh?—brimful Of spirits? not too much of me, nor yet Too little?—Eh?—A woman worth a man? "Look at me, Lydia! Would you credit, girl, "I was a scare-crow before marriage?

Lydia. Nay!—

Widow G. "Girl, but I tell thee, 'yea.' That gown of thine—

"And thou art slender—would have hung about me!
"There's something of me now! good sooth, enough!"
Lydia, I'm quite contented with myself;
I'm just the thing, methinks, a widow should be.

So Master Waller, you believe, affects me ?
But, Lydia, not enough to hook the fish ;
To prove the angler's skill, it must be caught ;
And lovers, Lydia, like the angler's prey—
Which, when he draws it near the landing place,
Takes warning, and runs out the slender line,
And with a spring perchance jerks off the hold—
When we do fish for them, and hook, and think
They are all but in the creel, will make the dart
That sets them free to roam the flood again !

Lydia. Is't so ?

Widow G. Thou'lt find it so, or better luck
Than many another maid ! Now mark me, Lydia :
Sir William Fondlove fancies me. 'Tis well !
I do not fancy him ! What should I do
With an old man ?—Attend upon the gout,
Or the rheumatics ! Wrap me in the cloud
Of a darkened chamber—'stead of shining out,
The sun of balls, and routs, and gala days !
But he affects me, Lydia ; so he may !
Now take a lesson from me—Jealousy
Had better go with open, naked breast,
Than pin or button with a gem—Less plague,
The plague spot : that doth speedy make an end
One way or t'other, girl—Yet never love
Was warm without a spice of jealousy.
Thy lesson now—Sir William Fondlove's rich,
And riches, though they're paste, yet, being many,
The jewel love we often cast away for,
I use him but for Master Waller's sake.
Dost like my policy ?

Lydia. You will not chide me ?

Widow G. Nay, Lydia, I do like to hear thy thoughts,
They are such novel things—plants that do thrive
With country air ! I marvel still they flower,
And thou so long in town ! Speak freely, girl !

Lydia. I cannot think love thrives by artifice,
Or can disguise its mood, and show its face.
I would not hide one portion of my heart,
Where I did give it, and did feel 'twas right,
Nor feign a wish, to mask a wish that was,
Howe'er to keep it. For no cause except

Myself would I be loved. What wer't to me,
My lover valued me the more, the more
He saw me comely in another's eyes,
When his alone the vision I would show
Becoming to ? I have sought the reason oft,
They paint Love as a child, and still have thought,
It was because true love, like infancy,
Frank, trusting, unobservant of its mood,
Doth show its wish at once, and means no more !

Widow G. Thou'lt find out better when thy time doth
come. †

Now would'st believe I love not Master Waller ?
I never knew what love was, Lydia ;
That is, as your romancers have it. First,
I married for a fortune. Having that,
And being freed from him that brought it me,
I marry now, to please my vanity,
A man that is the fashion. Oh, the delight
Of a sensation, and yourself the cause !
To note the stir of eyes, and ears, and tongues,
When they do usher Mistress Waller in,
Late Widow Green, her hand upon the arm
Of her young handsome husband ! How my fan
Will be in requisition—I do feel
My heart begin to flutter now—my blood
To mount into my cheek ! My honey-moon
Will be a month of triumphs !—" Mistress Waller !"
That name, for which a score of damsels sigh,
And but the widow had the wit to win !
Why, it will be the talk of East and West,
And North and South !—The children loved the man,
And lost him so—I liked, but there I stopped ;
For what is it to love, but mind, and heart,
And soul upon another to depend ?
Depend upon another !—Nothing be
But what another wills ! Give up the rights
Of mine own brain and heart !—I thank my stars
I never came to that extremity ! [Exit, L.

Lydia. She never loved, indeed !—She knows not love,
Except what's told of it !—She never felt it.
To stem a torrent, easy, looking at it ;
But once you venture in, you nothing know

Except the speed with which you're borne away,
Howe'er you strive to check it. She suspects not
Her maid, not she, brings Master Waller hither.
Nor dare I undeceive her. Well might she say
Her young and handsome husband! Yet his face
And person are the least of him, and vanish
When shines his soul out through his open eye!
He all but says he loves me!—His respect
Has vanquished me! He looks the will to speak
His passion, and the fear that ties his tongue—
The fear?—He loves not honestly!—and yet
I'll swear he loves!—I'll swear he honours me!
It is but my condition is a bar,
Denies him give me all. But knew he me,
As I do know myself!—Whate'er his purpose,
When next we speak, he shall declare it to me. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Sir William Fondlove's.*

Enter CONSTANCE, *dressed for riding, and* PHŒBE, *R.*

Con. Well, Phœbe, would you know me? Are those
locks

That cluster on my forehead and my cheek,
Sufficient mask? Show I what I would seem,
A lady for the chase? My darkened brows
And heightened colour, foreign to my face,
Do they my face pass off for stranger, too?
What think you?

Phæbe. That he'll ne'er discover you.

Con. Then send him to me—say a lady wants
To speak with him—unless indeed it be
A man in lady's gear—I look so bold,
And speak so gruff!—Away! [*Exit Phæbe, R.*] That I
am glad

He stays in town, I own; but if I am,
'Tis only for the tricks I'll play upon him;
And now begin—persuading him his fame
Hath made me fancy him, and brought me hither
On visit to his worship. Soft! his foot!
This he?—Why, what has metamorphosed him,
And changed my sportsman to fine gentleman?
Well he becomes his clothes!—But I must check my wonder,

Lest I forget myself—Why, what an air
The fellow hath!—A man to set a cap at!

Enter WILDRAKE, R.

Wild. Kind lady, I attend your fair commands.

Con. "My veiled face denies me justice, sir,
"Else would you see a maiden's blushing cheek
"Do penance for her forwardness, too late,
"I own, repented of. Yet, if 'tis true,
"By our own hearts of others we may judge,
"Mine in no peril lies, that's shown to you,
"Whose heart, I'm sure, is noble." Worthy sir,
Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know,
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold chase,
You stand without a peer; and for myself,
I dare avow, 'mong such none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.

Wild. Churl were he
That would gainsay you, madam!

Con. [*Courtesying.*] What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!—
Whose soul, in his task, turns labour into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstasy of motion!

Wild. You are used,
I see, to the chase.

Con. I am, Sir! Then the leap!
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it. Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
Light as a bird on wing.

Wild. Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turned you, madam.

Con. [*Courtesying.*] Sir, you're good!
And then the hounds, sir! Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-trained pack.
The training's everything! Keen on the scent!
At fault none losing heart!—but all at work!
None leaving his task to another!—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
How close they keep together!—What a pack!
Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream divides them—as
They moved with one intelligence, act, will!
And then the concert they keep up!—enough
To make one tenant of the merry wood,
To list their jocund music!

Wild. You describe

The huntsman's pastime to the life!

Con. I love it!

To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top
But's then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigor, health, and joy! Cheer awakes cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before! [*Crosses, L.*]

Wild. Nay, every way,

You do fair justice, lady, to the chase;
But fancies change.

Con. Such fancy is not mine.

Wild. I would it were not mine, for your fair sake.
I have quite given o'er the chase.

Con. You say not so!

Wild. Forsworn, indeed, the sportsman's life, and
grown,
As you may partly see, town gentleman.
I care not now to mount a steed, unless

To amble 'long the street ; no paces mind,
 Except my own, to walk the drawing-room,
 Or in the ball-room to come off with grace :
 No leap for me, to match the light coupé ;
 No music like the violin and harp,
 To which the huntsman's dog and horn, I find,
 Are somewhat coarse and homely minstrelsy :
 Then fields of ill-dressed rustics, you'll confess,
 Are well exchanged for rooms of beaux and belles ;
 In short, I've ta'en another thought of life—
 Become another man !

Con. The cause, I pray ?

Wild. The cause of causes, lady.

Con. He's in love.

[*Aside.*

Wild. To you, of women, I would name it last ;
 Yet your frank bearing merits like return :
 I that did hunt the game, am caught myself,
 In chase I never dreamed of !

[*Exit, R.*

Con. He is in love !

Wildrake's in love ! 'Tis that keeps him in town,
 Turns him from sportsman to town-gentleman.
 I never dreamed that he could be in love !
 In love with whom ?—I'll find the vixen out !
 What right has she to set her cap at him ?
 I warrant me, a forward artful minx !
 I hate him worse than ever.—I'll do all—
 I can to spoil the match. He'll never marry—
 Sure he will never marry ! He will have
 More sense than that ! “ My back doth ope and shut—
 “ My temples throb and shoot—I 'm cold and hot ! ”
 Were he to marry, there would be an end
 To neighbour Constance—neighbour Wildrake—why,
 I should not know myself !

Enter TRUEWORTH, L.

Dear Master Truworth,
 What think you ?—Neighbour Wildrake is in love !
 In love !—would you believe it, Master Truworth ?
 Ne'er heed my dress and looks, but answer me.
 Know'st thou of any lady he has seen,
 That's like to cozen him ?

True. I am not sure—

We talked to-day about the Widow Green !

Con. Her that my father fancies.—Let him wed her!
 Marry her to-morrow—if he will, to-night.
 I can't spare neighbour Wildrake—neighbour Wildrake!
 Although I would not marry him myself,
 I could not bear that other married him!
 Go to my father—[*Crosses, R.*] 'tis a proper match!
 He has my leave! He's welcome to bring home
 The Widow Green. I'll give up house and all!
 She would be mad to marry neighbour Wildrake:
 He would wear out her patience—plague her to death,
 As he does me.—She must not marry him!
 [*Exeunt Truworth c., Constance, R.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room at Widow Green's.*

Enter LYDIA, R., MASTER WALLER *following.*

Wal. But thou shalt hear me, gentle Lydia.
 Sweet maiden, thou art frightened at thyself!
 Thy own perfections 'tis that talk to thee.
 Thy beauty rich!—thy richer grace!—thy mind,
 More rich again than that, though richest each!
 Except for these, I had no tongue for thee,
 Eyes for thee!—ears!—had never followed thee!—
 Had never loved thee, Lydia!—Hear me!—

Lydia. Love

Should seek its match.—No match am I for thee.

Wal. Right! Love should seek its match; and that is,
 love

Or nothing! Station—fortune—find their match
 In things resembling them. They are not love!
 Comes love (that subtle essence, without which
 Life were but leaden dullness!—weariness!
 A plodding trudger on a heavy road!)
 Comes it of title-deeds, which fools may boast?
 Or coffers, vilest hands may hold the keys of?
 Or that ethereal lamp that lights the eyes

To shed their sparkling lustre o'er the face,
Gives to the velvet skin its blushing glow,
And burns as bright beneath the peasant's roof,
As roof of palaced prince? Yes! Love should seek
Its match—then give my love its match in thine,
Its match, which in thy gentle breast doth lodge
So rich—so earthly, heavenly fair and rich,
As monarchs have no thought of on their thrones,
Which kingdoms do bear up.

Lydia. Wast thou a monarch,
Me wouldst thou make thy queen?

Wal. I would!

Lydia. What!—Pass
A princess by for me!

Wal. I would.

Lydia. Suppose
Thy subjects would prevent thee?

Wal. Then, in spite
Of them!

Lydia. Suppose they were too strong for thee?

Wal. Why, then I'd give them up my throne—content
With that thou'dst yield me in thy gentle breast.

Lydia. Can subjects do what monarchs do?

Wal. Far more!
Far less!

Lydia. Among those things, were more their power,
Is marriage one?

Wal. Yes.

Lydia. And no part of love,
You say, is rank or wealth?

Wal. No part of love.

Lydia. Is marriage part of love?

Wal. At times it is,
At times is not. Men love and marry—love
And marry not.

Lydia. Then have they not the power;
So must they hapless part with those they love.

Wal. Oh, no! not part! How could they love and
part?

Lydia. How could they love, not part, not free to wed?

Wal. Alone in marriage doth not union lie!

Lydia. Alone where hands are free!—Oh, yes—alone!

Love that is love, bestoweth all it can !
It is protection, if 'tis anything ;
Which nothing in its object leaves exposed
Its care can shelter. — Love that's free to wed,
Not wedding, doth profane the name of love,
Which is, on high authority to Earth's,
(For Heaven did sit approving at its feast,)
A holy thing ! — Why make you love to me ?
Women whose hearts are free, by nature tender,
Their fancies hit by those they are besought by,
Do first impressions quickly — deeply take ;
And, balked in their election, have been known
To droop a whole life through ! Gain for a maid
A broken heart ! — to barter her young love,
And find she changed it for a counterfeit ! [Crosses, R.

Wal. If there is truth in man, I love thee ! — Hear me !
In wedlock, families claim property, —
Old notions, which we needs must humour often,
Bar us to wed where we are forced to love !
Thou hear'st ?

Lydia. I do.

Wal. My family is proud ;
Our ancestor whose arms we bear, did win
An earldom by his deeds. 'Tis not enough
I please myself ! — I must please others, who
Desert in wealth and station only see.
Thou hear'st ?

Lydia. I do.

Wal. I cannot marry thee, —
And must I lose thee ? — Do not turn away !
Without the altar I can honour thee !
Can cherish thee, nor swear it to the priest ;
For more than life I love thee !

Lydia. Say thou hat'st me,
And I'll believe thee. — Wherein differs love
From hate, to do the work of hate — destroy ?
Thy ancestor won title by his deeds !
Was one of them to teach an honest maid
The deed of sin — first steal her love, and then
Her virtue ? If thy family is proud,
Mine, Sir, is worthy ! If we are poor, the lack
Of riches, Sir, is not the lack of shame !

That I should act a part, would raise a blush,
 Nor fear to burn an honest brother's cheek!
 Thou wouldst share a throne with me!—Thou wouldst
 rob me of

A throne!—reduce me from dominion to
 Base vassalage! Pull off my crown for me,
 And give my forehead in its place a brand!
 You have insulted me.—To show you, Sir,
 The heart you make so light of—you are beloved—
 But she that tells you so, tells you beside
 She ne'er beholds you more!

[*Exit, R.*]

Wal. Stay, Lydia!—No!—

'Tis vain! She is in virtue resolute,
 As she is bland and tender in affection.
 She is a miracle, beholding which,
 Wonder doth grow on wonder!—"What a maid!
 "No mood but doth become her—yea, adorn her.
 "She turns unsightly anger into beauty!
 "Sour scorn grows sweetness, touching her sweet lips!
 "And indignation, lighting on her brow,
 "Transforms to brightness, as the cloud to gold
 "That overhangs the sun! I love her!—Ay!
 "And all the throes of serious passion feel,
 "At thought of losing her!"—So my light love,
 Which but her person did at first affect,
 Her soul has metamorphosed—made a thing
 Of solid thoughts and wishes—I must have her!

Enter WIDOW GREEN, L., unnoticed by Waller, who continues abstracted, R.

Widow G. (L. c.) What!—Master Waller, and contemplative!

Presumptive proof of love! Of me he thinks!
 Revolves the point, "to be or not to be!"
 "To be!" by all the triumphs of my sex!
 There was a sigh! My life upon't, that sigh,
 If construed, would translate "Dear Widow Green!"

Wal. Enchanting woman! [*Takes the stage, musing.*]

Widow G. That is I!—most deep
 Abstraction, sure concomitant of love.
 Now could I see his busy fancy's painting,
 How should I blush to gaze upon myself

Wal. The matchless form of woman ! The choice culling
Of the aspiring artist, whose ambition
Robs Nature to out-do her—the perfections
Of her rare various workmanship combines
To aggrandize his art at Nature's cost,
And makes a paragon ! [*Crosses, R.*

Widow G. (L. c.) Gods ! how he draws me !
Soon as he sees me, at my feet he falls !
Good Master Waller ! (c.)

Wal. (R. c.) Ha ! The Widow Green !

Widow G. He is confounded !—So am I. Oh, dear !
How catching is emotion.—He can't speak !
Oh, beautiful confusion ! Amiable
Excess of modesty, with passion struggling !
Now comes he to declare himself, but wants .
The courage.—I will help him.—Master Waller !

Enter SIR WILLIAM FONDLOVE, L.

Sir W. Dear Widow Green !

Widow G. (c.) Sir William Fondlove !

Wal. Thank

My lucky stars ! [*Aside, R., and retires up a little.*

Widow G. I would he had the gout,
And kept his room ! [*Aside.*]—you're welcome, dear Sir
William !

'Tis very, very kind of you to call.

Sir William Fondlove—Master Waller. [*They advance a
little.*] Pray

Be seated, gentlemen. He shall requite me
For his untimely visit. Though the nail
Be driven home, it may the clinching lack
To make the hold complete ! For that I'll use him.

[*Aside—With ceremony they take chairs and sit. Wal-
ler gets gradually away from the Widow to the R.*

You are looking monstrous well, Sir William ! and
No wonder. You're a mine of happy spirits !
Some women talk of such and such a style
Of features in a man.—Give me good humour ;
That lights the homeliest visage up with beauty,
And makes the face where beauty is already,
Quite irresistible !*

* The sides in this scene may be reversed, if it would improve the business.

Sir W. That's hitting hard.

[*Aside.*

Dear Widow Green, don't say so! On my life,
You flatter me.—You almost make me blush.

Widow G. I durst not turn to Master Waller now,
Nor need I.—I can fancy how he looks!

I warrant me he scowls on poor Sir William,

As he could eat him up.—I will improve

His discontent, and so make sure of him.

[*Aside.*

I flatter you, Sir William? Oh, you men!

You men, that talk so meek, and all the while

Do know so well your power! Who would think

You had a marriageable daughter! You

Did marry very young.

Sir W. A boy!—A boy,

Who knew not his own mind.

Widow G. Your daughter's twenty.

Come, you at least were twenty when you married;

That makes you forty.

Sir W. Oh, dear!—Widow Green.

Widow G. Not forty?

Sir W. You do quite embarrass me!

I own I have the feelings of a boy,

The freshness and the glow of springtime yet,

The relish yet for my young school-day's sports;

Could whip a top—could shoot a taw—could play

At prison-bars and leap-frog, so I might—

Not with a limb, perhaps, as supple, but

With quite as supple will.—Yet I confess

To more than forty!

Widow G. Do you say so? Well,

I'll never guess a man's age by his looks

Again.—Poor Master Waller! He must writhe

To hear I think Sir William is so young.

I'll turn his visit yet to more account.

[*Aside.*

A handsome ring, Sir William, that you wear!

Sir W. Pray look at it.

Widow G. The mention of a ring

Will take away his breath.

[*Aside.*

Wal. She must be mine,

Whate'er her terms!

[*Aside.*

Widow G. I'll steal a look at him!

Wal. What! though it be the ring? the marriage ring?

If that she sticks at, she deserves to wear it!

Oh, the debate which love and prudence hold! [*Aside.*]

Widow G. How highly he is wrought upon!—His hands

Are clenched!—I warrant me his frame doth shake!

Poor Master Waller! I have filled his heart

Brimful with passion for me.—The delight

Of proving thus my power!

Sir W. Dear Widow Green!

She hears not! How the ring hath set her thinking!

I'll try and make her jealous. [*Aside.*]—Widow Green!

Widow G. Sir William Fondlove!

Sir W. Would you think that ring

Could tell a story?

Widow G. Could it? Ah, Sir William!

I fear you are a rogue.

Sir W. Oh, no!

Widow G. You are!

Sir W. No, on my honour! Would you like to hear
The story of the ring?

Widow G. Much,—very much.

Sir W. Think'st we may venture draw our chairs apart
A little more from Master Waller?

Widow G. Yes.

He'll bring it to a scene! Dear—dear Sir William,

How much I am obliged to him! A scene!

Gods, we shall have a scene!—Good Master Waller,

Your leave, I pray you, for a minute, while

Sir William says a word or two to me.

He durst not trust his tongue for jealousy. [*Aside.*]

Now, dear Sir William.

Sir W. You must promise me

You will not think me vain.

Widow G. No fear of that.

Sir W. Nor given to boast.

Widow. Oh! dear Sir William!

Sir W. Nor

A flirt!

Widow G. Oh! who would take you for a flirt?

Sir W. How very kind you are!

Widow G. Go on, Sir William.

Sir W. Upon my life, I fear you'll think me vain!

I'm covered with confusion at the thought
Of what I've done. 'Twas very, very wrong,
To promise you the story of the ring;
Meu should not talk of such things.

Widow G. Such as what?

As ladies' favours?

Sir W. 'Pon my life, I feel

As I were like to sink into the earth.

Widow G. A lady, then, it was gave you the ring?

Sir W. Don't ask me to say yes, but only scan
The inside of the ring. How much she's moved! [*Aside.*

Wal. (R. C.) [Aside.] They to each other company
enough!

I, company for no one but myself.

I'll take my leave, nor trouble them to pay

The compliments of parting. Lydia! Lydia! [*Exit, R.*

Widow G. What's here? "Eliza!"—So, it was a lady!

How wondrously does Master Waller bear it!

He surely will not hold much longer out. [*Aside.*

Sir William! Nay, look up! What cause to cast

Your eyes upon the ground? What an' it were

A lady?

Sir W. You're not angry?

Widow G. No!

Sir W. She is.

I'll take the tone she speaks in 'gainst the word,
For fifty crowns. [*Aside.*—I have not told you all

About the ring; though I would sooner die

Than play the braggart!—yet, as truth is truth,

And, told by halves, may from a simple thing,

By misconstruction, to a monster grow,

I'll tell the whole truth!

Widow G. Dear Sir William, do!

Sir W. The lady was a maid, and very young;

Nor there in justice to her must I stop,

But say that she was beautiful as young,

And add to that that she was learned, too,

"Almost enough to win for her that title,

"Our sex, in poor conceit of their own merits

"And narrow spirit of monopoly,

"And jealousy which gallantry eschews,

"Do give to women who assert their right

"To minds as well as we.

Widow G. What! a blue stocking?

Sir W. "I see.—She'll come to calling names at last.

"[*Aside.*

"I should offend myself to quote the term.

"But to return, for yet I have not done;

"And further yet may go, then progress on"

That she was young, that she was beautiful,

A wit and learned are naught to what's to come—

She had a heart!—

Widow G. [*who, during Sir William's speech has turned gradually.*] What, Master Waller gone! [*Aside,*

Sir W. I say she had a heart—

Widow G. [*Starting up, c.—Sir William also.*] A plague upon her!

Sir W. (l. c.) I knew she would break out! [*Aside.*

Widow G. Here, take the ring.

It has ruined me!

Sir W. I vow thou hast no cause

For anger!

Widow G. Have I not? I am undone,
And all about that bauble of a ring.

Sir W. You're right, it is a bauble.

Widow G. And the minx

That gave it thee!

Sir W. You're right, she was a minx.

I knew she'd come to calling names at last. [*Aside.*

Widow G. Sir William Fondlove, leave me.

Sir W. Widow Green!—

Widow G. You have undone me, Sir!

Sir W. Don't say so!—Don't!

It was a girl—a child gave me the ring!

Widow G. Do you hear me, Sir! I bade you leave me.

"*Sir W.* If

"I thought you were so jealous.

"*Widow G.* Jealous, Sir!

"Sir William! quit my house.

"*Sir W.* A little girl

"To make you jealous!

"*Widow G.* Sir, you'll drive me mad!

"*Sir W.* A child, a perfect child, not ten years old!

" *Widow G.* Sir, I would be alone, sir !

" *Sir W.* Young enough

" To dandle still her doll !

" *Widow G.* Sir William Fondlove !—

" *Sir W.* Dear Widow Green !

" *Widow G.*" I hate you, sir !—Detest you !—Never wish

To see you more ! You have ruined me !—Undone me !
A blighted life I wear, and all through you !
The fairest hopes that ever woman nourished
You've cankered in the very blowing ! bloom,
And sweet destroyed, and nothing left me, but
The melancholy stem.

Sir W. And all about

A little slut I gave a rattle to !—

Would pester me for gingerbread and comfits !

A little roguish feigning !—A love trick

I played to prove your love !

Widow G. Sir William Fondlove !

If of my own house you'll not suffer me

To be the mistress, I will leave it to you !

Sir W. Dear Widow Green ! The ring—

Widow G. Confound the ring,

The donor of it, thee, and everything !

[*Exit, R. 1 E. hurriedly.*]

Sir W. She is over head and ears in love with me.

She's mad with love ! There's love and all its signs !

She's jealous of me unto very death !

Poor Widow Green ! I warrant she is now

In tears !—I think I hear her sob !—Poor thing !

Sir William ! oh, Sir William ! you have raised

A furious tempest ! Set your wits to work

To turn it to a calm. No question that

She loves me !—None, then, that she'll take me ! So

I'll have the marriage settlements made out

To-morrow, and a special licence got,

And marry her the next day ! I will make

Quick work of it, and take her by surprise !

Who but a widower a widow's match ;

What could she see with else but partial eyes

To guess me only forty ! I'm a wonder !

What shall I pass for in my wedding suit !

I vow, I am a puzzle to myself,
As well as all the world besides.—Odds life !
To win the heart of buxom Widow Green ! [Exit, L.

WIDOW GREEN *re-enters with* LYDIA, R. 1 E.

Widow G. At last the dotard's gone ! Fly, Lydia, fly,
This letter bear to Master Waller straight ;
Quick, quick, or I'm undone !—He is abused,
And I must undeceive him—own my love,
And heart and hand at his disposal lay.
Answer me not, my girl—Obey me !—Fly. [Exit, R.

Lydia. Untowardly it falls !—I had resolved
This hour to tell her I must quit her service !
Go to his house !—I will not disobey
Her last commands !—I'll leave it at the door,
And as it closes on me, think I take
One more adieu of him !—Hard destiny ! [Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir William Fondlove's.*

Enter CONSTANCE, R.

Con. The booby ! He must fall in love, indeed !
And now he's naught but sentimental looks
And sentences pronounced 'twixt breath and voice !
And attitudes of tender languishment !
Nor can I get from him the name of her
Hath turned him from a stock into a fool.
He hems and haws, now titters, now looks grave !
Begins to speak and halts !—takes off his eyes
To fall in contemplation on a chair,
A table, or the ceiling, wall, or floor !
I'll plague him worse and worse ! Oh, here he comes !

Enter WILDRAKE, L.

Wild. Despite her spiteful usage, I'm resolved
To tell her now. Dear neighbour Constance !

Con. Fool !

Accost me like a lady, Sir ! I hate
The name of neighbour !

Wild. Mistress Constance, then—
I'll call thee that.

Con. Don't call me anything !

I hate to hear thee speak—to look at thee,
To dwell in the same house with thee !

Wild. In what
Have I offended ?

Con. What !—I hate an ape !

Wild. An ape !

Con. Who bade thee ape the gentleman ?
And put on dress that don't belong to thee ?
Go ! change thee with thy whipper-in or huntsman,
And none will doubt thou wearest thy own clothes.

Wild. A pretty pass ! Mocked for the very dress
I bought to pleasure her ! Untoward things
Are women ! [*Aside—walks backwards and forwards.*]

Con. Do you call that walking ? Pray,
What makes you twist your body so, and take
Such pains to turn your toes out ? If you'd walk,
Walk thus ! walk like a man, as I do now ! [*Walking.*]
Is yours the way a gentleman should walk ?
You neither walk like man nor gentleman !
I'll show you how you walk. [*Mimicks him.*] Do you call
that walking ?

Wild. My thanks for a drill-sergeant twice a day
For her sake ! [*Aside.*]

Con. Now, of all things in the world,
What made you dance last night ?

Wild. What made me dance ?

Con. Right ! It was anything but dancing ! Steps
That never came from dancing school—nor English,
Nor Scotch, nor Irish !—You must try to cut,
And how you did it ! [*Cuts.*] That's the way to cut !
And then you chassè ! Thus you went, and thus,
[*Mimicking him.*]

As though you had been playing at hop, step,
And jump !—And yet you looked so monstrous pleased,
And played the simpleton with such a grace,
Taking the tittering for compliment !
I could have boxed you soundly for't. Ten times,
Denied I that I knew you.

Wild. Twenty guineas
Were better in the gutter thrown, than gone
To see a dancing master ! [*Aside.*]

Con. And you're grown

An amateur in music!—What fine air
 Was that you praised last night?—"The Widow Jones!"
 A country jig they've turned into a song.
 You asked "if it had come from Italy?"
 The lady blushed, and held her peace, and then
 You blushed and said, "Perhaps it came from France!"
 And then when blushed the lady more, nor spoke,
 You said, "At least it came from Germany!"
 The air was English!—a true English air;
 A downright English air! A common air,
 Old as "When Good King Arthur." Not a square,
 Court, alley, street, or lane about the town,
 In which it is not whistled, played, or sung!
 But you must have it come from Italy,
 Or Germany, or France.—Go home! Go home!
 To Lincolnshire, and mind thy dog and horn!
 You'll never do for town! "The Widow Jones"
 To come from Italy! Stay not in town,
 Or you'll be married to the Widow Jones,
 Since you've forsworn, you say, the Widow Green!
 And morn and night they'll din your ears with her!
 "Well met, dear Master Wildrake.—A fine day!
 Pray, can you tell whence came the Widow Jones?"
 They love a jest in town!—To Lincolnshire!
 You'll never do for town!—To Lincolnshire!
 "The Widow Jones" to come from Italy! [Exit, R.

Wild. Confound the Widow Jones! 'Tis true! The

air,
 Well as the huntsman's triple 'most I know,
 But knew not then, indeed, 'twas so disguised
 With shakes and flourishes, outlandish things,
 That mar, not grace, an honest English song!
 Howe'er, the mischief's done! and as for her,
 She is either into hate or madness fallen.

If madness, would she had her wits again,
 Or I my heart—If hate—my love's undone;
 I'll give her up. I'll e'en to Master Truworth,
 Confess my treason—own my punishment—

Take horse, and back again to Lincolnshire! [Exit, L.

"*Con.* [Returning.] Not here! I trust I have not gone
 too far!

"If he should quit the house! Go out of town!

"Poor neighbour Wildrake! Little does he owe me!

"From childhood I've been used to plague him thus.

"Why would he fall in love, and spoil it all!

"I feel as I could cry! He has no right

"To marry any one? What wants he with

"A wife? Has he not plague enough in me?

"Would he be plagued with anybody else?

"Ever since I have lived in town I've felt

"The want of neighbour Wildrake! Not a soul

"Besides I care to quarrel with; and now

"He goes and gives himself to another!—What!

"Am I in love with neighbour Wildrake?—No.

"I only would not have him marry—marry!

"Sooner I'd have him dead than have him marry!

[Exit, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Master Waller's House.*

Enter ALICE hastily, L.

Alice. [Speaking to the outside.] Fly, Stephen, to the door! your rapier! quick!—

Our master is beset, because of one

Whose part he takes, a maid, whom lawless men

Would lawlessly entreat! In what a world

We live!—How do I shake!—With what address

[Looking out of window.

He lays about him, and his other arm

Engaged, in charge of her whom he defends!

A damsel worth a broil!—Now, Stephen, now!

Take off the odds, brave lad, and turn the scale!

"I would I were a swordsman! How he makes

"His rapier fly!—Well done!—Oh, Heaven, there's blood,

"But on the side that's wrong!—Well done, good Stephen!

"Pray Heaven no life be ta'en!—Lay on, brave lad!

"He has marked his man again! Good lad—Well done!

"I pray no mischief come!—Press on him, Stephen!

"Now gives he ground—Follow thy advantage up!
 "Allow no pause for breath!—Hit him again!
 "Forbid it end in death!—Lounge home, good Stephen!
 "How fast he now retreats! That spring, I'll swear,
 "Was answer to thy point!—Well fenced!—Well fenced!"

Now Heaven forefend it end in death!—He flies!
 And from his comrade, the same moment, hath
 Our master jerked his sword.—The day is ours!
 Quick may they get a surgeon for their wounds,
 And I a cordial for my fluttered spirits.
 I vow, I'm nigh to swoon!

Wal. [*without, L.*] Hoa! Alice! Hoa!
 Open the door! Quick, Alice! Quick!

Alice. Anon!
 Young joints do take no thought of aged ones,
 But ever think them supple as themselves.

Wal. Alice!

Alice. [*Opening the door.*] I'm here! A mercy!—Is
 she dead?

Enter WALLER, bearing LYDIA, fainting, L.

Wal. No!—She but faints—A chair!—Quick, Alice,
 quick!

Water to bathe her temples. [*Exit Alice, R.*] Such a turn
 Did fortune never do me! Shall I kiss
 To life these frozen lips?—No!—Of her plight
 'Twere base to take advantage. [*Alice returns, R., &c.*] All
 is well,

The blood returns.

Alice. How wondrous fair she is!

Wal. Thou think'st her so?—No wonder then should I.
 [*Aside.*

How say you?—Wondrous fair?

Alice. Yes; wondrous fair!

Harm never come to her!—So sweet a thing
 'Twere pity were abused!

Wal. You think her fair?

Alice. Ay, marry! Half so fair were more than match
 For fairest she e'er saw mine eyes before!
 And what a form! A foot and instep there!
 Vouchers of symmetry! A little foot

And rising instep, from an ankle arching,
A palm, and that a little one, might span.

Wal. Who taught thee thus ?

Alice. Why, who but her, taught thee ?

Thy mother !—Heaven rest her !—Thy good mother !
She could read men and women by their hands
And feet !—And here's a hand !—A fairy palm !
Fingers that taper to the pinky tips,
With nails of rose, like shells of such a hue,
Berimmed with pearl. you pick up on the shore !
Save these the gloss and tint do wear without.

Wal. Why, how thou talk'st !

Alice. Did I not tell thee, thus
Thy mother used to talk ? Such hand and foot,
She would say, in man or woman, vouched for nature
High tempered !—soil for sentiment refined ;
Affection tender ; apprehension quick—
Degrees beyond the generality !
There is a marriage finger ! Curse the hand
Would balk it of a ring !

Wal. She's quite restored.

Leave us !—Why cast'st thou that uneasy look ?
Why linger'st thou ? I'm not alone with her—
My honour's with her, too ! I would not wrong her.

Alice. And if thou would'st, thou'rt not thy mother's
son. [Exit, R.]

Wal. You are better ?

Lydia. Much !—Much !

Wal. Know you him who durst
Attempt this violence in open day ?
He seemed as he would force thee to his coach,
I saw attending.

Lydia. Take this letter, sir,
And send the answer—I must needs be go !

Wal. [Throws the letter away.] I read no letter ! Tell
me, what of him
I saw offend thee ?

Lydia. He hath often met me,
And by design, I think, upon the street,
And tried to win mine ear, which ne'er he got,
Save only by enforcement. Presents—gifts
Of jewels and of gold to wild amount,

To win an audience, hath he proffered me ;
Until, methought, my silence—for my lips
Disdained reply where question was a wrong—
Had wearied him. Oh, Sir ! whate'er of life
Remains to me I had foregone, ere proved
The horror of this hour !—and you it is
That have protected me !

Wal. Oh, speak not on't !

Lydia. You that have saved me from mine enemy—

Wal. I pray you to forget it.

Lydia. From a foe

More dire than he that putteth life in peril—

Wal. Sweet Lydia, I beseech you, spare me.

Lydia. No !

I will not spare you.—You have brought me safety,
You whom I fear worse than that baleful foe. [*Rises to go.*]

Wal. [*Kneeling and snatching her hand.*] Lydia !

Lydia. Now make thy bounty perfect. Drop
My hand. That posture, which dishonours thee,
Quit !—for 'tis shame on shame to show respect
Where we do feel disdain. Throw ope thy gate
And let me pass, and never seek with me,
By look, or speech, or aught, communion more !

Wal. Thou said'st thou lov'dst me !

Lydia. Yes ! when I believed
My tongue did take of thee its last adieu,
And now that I do know it—for be sure,
It never bids adieu to thee again—
Again I tell it thee ! Release me, sir !
Rise !—and no hindrance to my will oppose,
That would be free to go.

Wal. I cannot lose thee !

Lydia. Thou canst not have me !

Wal. No !

Lydia. Thou canst not. I
Repeat it.—Yet I'm thine—thine every way,
Except where honour fences !—Honour, sir,
Not property of gentle blood alone ;
Of gentle blood not always property.
Thou'lt not obey me ! Still enforcest me !
Oh, what a contradiction is a man !
What in another he one moment spurns,
The next—he does himself complacently !

Wal. Would'st have me lose the hand that holds my life?

Lydia. Hear me and keep it, if thou art a man! I love thee,—for thy benefit would give The labour of that hand!—wear out my feet! Rack the invention of my mind! the powers Of my heart in one volition gather up! My life expend, and think no more I gave, Than he who wins a priceless gem for thanks! For such good will canst thou return me wrong?

Wal. Yet, for a while, I cannot let thee go. Propound for me an oath that I'll not wrong thee; An oath which, if I break it, doth entail Forfeit of earth and heaven. I'll take it—so Thou stay'st one hour with me.

Lydia. No!—Not one moment! . Unhand me, or I shriek!—I know the summons Will pierce into the street, and set me free! I stand in peril while I'm near thee! She Who knows her danger, and delays escape, Hath but herself to thank, whate'er befalls! Sir, I may have a woman's weakness, but I have a woman's resolution, too, And that's a woman's strength! One moment more!—

Wal. Lo! Thou art free to go!

[Rises, and throws himself distractedly into a chair.

Lydia approaches the door—her pace slackens—she pauses with her hand upon the lock—turns and looks earnestly on Waller.

Lydia. (L.) I have a word To say to thee; if by thy mother's honour Thou swear'st to me thou wilt not quit thy seat.

Wal. I swear as thou propound'st to me.

Lydia. *[After a pause, bursting into tears.]* Oh, why—Why have you used me thus? See what you've done! Essayed to light a guilty passion up, And kindled in its stead a holy one! For I do love thee! (c.) Know'st thou not the wish To find desert doth bring it oft to sight, Where yet it is not? so for substance passes What only is a phantasm of our minds! I feared thy love was guilty—yet my wish

To find it honest, stronger than my fear,
My fear with fatal triumph overthrew !
Now hope and fear give up to certainty,
And I must fly thee—yet must love thee still !

Wal. Lydia ! By all—

Lydia. I pray you, hear me out !
Was't right ? was't generous ? was't pitiful ?
One way or other I might be undone :
To love with sin—or love without a hope !

Wal. Yet hear me, Lydia !—

Lydia. Stop ! I am undone !
A maid without a heart—robbed of the soil
Wherein life's hopes and wishes root and spring,
And thou the spoiler did me so much hate,
And vowed me so much love !—But I forgive thee !
Yea, I do bless thee ! [*Rushing up and sinking at his feet*
Recollect thy oath !—
Or in thy heart lodged never germ of honour,
But 'tis a desert all ! [*Kisses his hand—presses it to her*
heart, and kisses it again.

Farewell, then, to thee !

[*Rises.*

May'st thou be happy !

[*Going.*

Wal. Would'st ensure the thing
Thou wishest ? [*She moves towards the door with a ges-
ture that prohibits further converse.*

Stop ! [*She continues to move on.*

Oh, sternly resolute ! [*She still moves.*

I mean thee honour ! [*She stops and turns towards him.*]

Thou dost meditate—

I know it—flight.—Give me some pause for thought,

But to confirm a mind almost made up.

If in an hour thou hear'st not from me, then

Think me a friend far better lost than won !

Wilt thou do this ?

Lydia. I will.

Wal. An hour decides !

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Sir William Fondlove's.

Enter TRUEWORTH and WILDRAKE, R.

Wild. You are not angry ?

True. No ; I knew the service
I sent you on was one of danger.

Wild. Thank you.
Most kind you are—And you believe she loves me ;
And your own hopes give up to favour mine ?
Was ever known such kindness ! Much, I fear,
'Twill cost you.

True. Never mind ! I'll try and bear it.

Wild. That's right. No use in yielding to a thing.
Resolve does wonders. Shun the sight of her—
See other women. Fifty to be found
As fair as she.

True. I doubt it.

Wild. Doubt it not.
Doubt nothing that gives promise of a cure,
Right handsome dames there are in Lancashire,
Whence called their women witches !—witching things !—
I know a dozen families in which
You'd meet a courtesy worthy of a bow.
I'll give you letters to them.

True. (L. c.) Will you ?

Wild. (R. c.) Yes.

True. The worth of a disinterested friend !

Wild. Oh, Master Truworth, deeply I'm your debtor !
I own I die for love of neighbour Constance !
And thou to give her up for me ! Kind friend !
What won't I do for thee !—Don't pine to death ;
I'll find thee fifty ways to cure thy passion,
And make thee heart-whole, if thou'rt so resolved.
Thou shalt be master of my sporting stud,
And go a hunting. If that likes thee not,
Take up thy quarters at my shooting lodge ;
There is a cellar to't, make free with it :
I'll thank thee if thou emptiest it. The song
Gives out that wine feeds love—it drowns it, man !
If thou wilt neither hunt nor shoot, try games ;
Play at loggats, bowls, fives, dominos, draughts, cribbage,
Backgammon—special recipes for love !
And you believe, for all the hate she shows,
That neighbour Constance loves me ?

True. 'Tis my thought.

Wild. How shall I find it out ?

True. Affect to love

Another. Say your passion thrives; the day
Is fixed; and pray her undertake the part
Of bridemaid to your bride. 'Twill bring her out.

Wild. You think she'll own her passion?

True. If she loves.

Wild. I thank thee! I will try it! Master Truworth,
What shall I say to thee, to give her up,
And love her so?

True. Say nothing.

Wild. Noble friend!

Kind friend! Instruct another man the way
To win thy mistress! Thou'lt not break thy heart?
Take my advice, thou shalt not be in love
A month! Frequent the play-house!—walk the Parks!
I'll think of fifty ladies that I know,
Yet can't remember now—enchancing ones!
And then there's Lancashire!—and I have friends
In Berkshire and in Wiltshire, that have swarms
Of daughters! Then my shooting lodge and stud!
I'll cure thee in a fortnight of thy love!
And now to neighbor Constance—[*Crosses, L.*]—yet almost
I fear accosting her—a hundred times
Have I essayed to break my mind to her,
But still she stops my mouth with restless scorn!
Howe'er, thy scheme I'll try, and may it thrive!
For I am sick for love of neighbour Constance.
Farewell, dear Master Truworth! Take my counsel—
Conquer thy passion! Do so! Be a man! [*Exit, L.*]

True. Feat easy done that does not tax ourselves!

Enter PHOEBE, R.

Phoebe. A letter, sir.

[*Exit, R.*]

True. Good sooth, a roaming one!

And yet slow traveller. This should have reached me
In Lombardy.—“The hand! Give way, weak seal,
“Thy feeble let too strong for my impatience!”
Ha! Wronged!—Let me contain myself!—Compelled
To fly the roof that gave her birth!—My sister!
No partner in her flight but her pure honour!
I am again a brother.—Pillow, board,
I know not till I find her.

Enter WALLER, R.

Wal. Master Truworth!

True. Ha! Master Waller! Welcome, Master Waller.

Wal. Good Master Truworth, thank you. Finding you
From home, I e'en made bold to follow you,
For I esteem you as a man, and fain
Would benefit by your kind offices.
But let me tell you first, to your reproof
I am indebted more than e'er I was
To praise of any other. I am come, sir,
To give you evidence I am not one
Who owns advice is right, and acts not on't.

True. Pray you, explain.

Wal. Will you the bearer be
Of this to one has cause to thank you, too,
Though I the larger debtor?—Read it, sir.

True. [*Reading the letter.*] "At morn to-morrow I will
make you mine.

Will you accept from me the name of wife—
The name of husband give me in exchange?"

Wal. How say you, sir?

True. 'Tis boldly—nobly done!

Wal. If she consents—which affectation 'twere
To say I don't—bid her prepare for church,
And you shall act the father, sir, to her
You did the brother by.

True. Right willingly,
Though matter of high moment I defer,
Mind, heart, and soul, are all enlisted in!

Wal. May I implore you, haste! A time is set!—
How light an act of duty makes the heart!

[Exeunt together, R.]

SCENE III.—*Another Chamber in Sir William's House.*

CONSTANCE *discovered, C.*

Con. I'll pine to death for no man! Wise it were,
Indeed, to die for neighbour Wildrake—No!—
I know the duty of a woman better—
What fits a maid of spirit! I am out
Of patience with myself, to cast a thought
Away upon him. Hang him! Lovers cost

Naught but the pains of living. I'll get fifty,
And break the heart of every one of them!
I will! I'll be the champion of my sex,
And take revenge on shallow fickle man,
Who gives his heart to fools, and slights the worth
Of proper women! I suppose she's handsome!
My face 'gainst hers at hazard of mine eyes!
A maid of mind! I'll talk her to a stand,
Or tie my tongue for life! A maid of soul!
An artful, managing, dissembling one!
Or she had never caught him—he's no man
To fall in love himself, or long ago,
I warrant, he had fallen in love with me!
I hate the fool—I do. Ha, here he comes!
What brings him hither? Let me dry my eyes;
He must not see I have been crying. Haug him,
I've much to do, indeed, to cry for him!

Enter WILDRAKE, L.

Wild. Your servant, neighbour Constance.

Con. Servant, sir!

Now what, I wonder, comes the fool to say,
Makes him look so important!

Wild. Neighbour Constance,
I am a happy man.

Con. What makes you so?

Wild. A thriving suit.

Con. In Chancery?

Wild. Oh, no!

In love.

Con. Oh, true! You are in love! Go on!

Wild. Well, as I said, my suit's a thriving one.

Con. You mean you are beloved again?—I don't
Believe it.

Wild. I can give you proof.

Con. What proof?

Love-letters? She's a shameless maid
To write them! Can she spell? Ay, I suppose
With prompting of a dictionary!

Wild. Nay,
Without one.

Con. I will lay you ten to one
She cannot spell! How know you she can spell!

You cannot spell yourself! You write command
With a single M—C—O—M—A—N—D :
Yours to Cò-mand.

Wild. I did not say she wrote
Love-letters to me.

Con. Then she suffers you to press
Her hand, perhaps?

Wild. She does.

Con. Does she press yours!

Wild. She does.—It goes on swimmingly! [*Aside.*]

Con. She does!

She is no modest woman! I'll be bound,
Your arm the madam suffers round her waist?

Wild. She does!

Con. She does! Outrageous forwardness!
Does she let you kiss her?

Wild. Yes.

Con. She should be—

Wild. What?

Con. What you got thrice your share of when at school,
And yet not half your due! A brazen face!
More could not grant a maid about to wed.

Wild. She is so.

Con. What?

Wild. How swimmingly it goes! [*Aside.*]

Con. [*with suppressed impatience.*] Are you about to
marry, neighbour Wildrake?

Are you about to marry?

Wild. Excellent.

Con. [*Breaking out.*] Why don't you answer me? [*Aside.*]

Wild. I am.

Con. You are—

I tell you what, sir—You're a fool!

Wild. For what?

Con. You are not fit to marry! Do not know
Enough of the world, sir! Have no more experience,
Thought, judgment, than a school-boy! Have no mind
Of your own—your wife will make a fool of you,
Will jilt you, break your heart. I wish she may,
I do! You have no more business with a wife
Than I have. Do you mean to say indeed,
You are about to marry?

Wild. Yes, indeed.

Con. And when?

Wild. I'll say to-morrow!

[*Aside.*]

Con. When, I say?

Wild. To-morrow.

Con. Thank you : much beholden to you!

You've told me on't in time! I'm very much
Beholden to you, neighbour Wildrake! And,
I pray you, at what hour?

Wild. That we have left

For you to name.

Con. For me!

Wild. For you.

Con. Indeed,

You're very bountiful. I should not wonder,
Meant you I should be bridesmaid to the lady?

Wild. 'Tis just the thing I mean.

Con. [*Furiously.*] The thing you mean!

Now pray you, neighbour, tell me that again,
And think before you speak; for much I doubt
You know what you are saying. Do you mean
To ask me to be bridesmaid?

Wild. Even so.

Con. Bridesmaid?

Wild. Ay, bridesmaid!—It is coming fast
Unto a head.

[*Aside.*]

Con. And 'tis for me you wait

To fix the day? It shall be doomsday, then!

Wild. Be doomsday?

Con. Doomsday!

Wild. Wherefore doomsday?

Con. [*Boxes him.*] Wherefore!—

Go ask your bride, and give her that from me.
Look, neighbour Wildrake! you may think this strange,
But don't misconstrue it! For you are vain, Sir!
And may put down for love what comes from hate.
I should not wonder, thought you I was jealous;
But I'm not jealous, sir!—would not be so,
Where it was worth my while—I pray henceforth
We may be strangers, sir—you will oblige me
By going out of town—I should not like
To meet you on the street, sir. Marry, sir!

Marry to-day! The sooner, sir, the better.
 And may you find you have made a bargain, sir.
 As for the lady!—much I wish her joy.
 I pray you, send to me no bride-cake, sir!
 Nor gloves—If you do, I'll give them to my maid,
 Or throw them into the kennel—or the fire.
 I am your most obedient servant, sir! [Exit, R.]
Wild. She is a riddle, solve her he who can! [Exit, L.]

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V .

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir William's.*

SIR WILLIAM seated with two LAWYERS, discovered.

Sir W. How many words you take to tell few things
 Again,—again say over that, said once,
 Methinks, were told enough.

1st Law. It is the law,
 Which labours at precision.

Sir W. Yes; and thrives
 Upon uncertainty—and makes it, too,
 With all its pains to shun it. I could bind
 Myself, methinks, with but the twentieth part
 Of all this cordage, sirs.—But every man,
 As they say, to his own **business**. You think
 The settlement is handsome?

1st Law. Very, sir.

Sir W. Then now, sirs, we have done, and take my
 thanks,
 Which, with your charges, I will render you
 Again to-morrow.

1st Law. Happy nuptials, sir! [Exeunt Lawyers, L.]

Sir W. Who passes there? Hoa! send my daughter
 to me,
 And Master Wildrake, too! I wait for them.
 Bold work!—without her leave to wait upon her,
 And ask her go to church!—'Tis taking her
 By storm. What else could move her yesterday,

But jealousy? What causeth jealousy
But love? She's mine the moment she receives
Conclusive proof like this, that heart and soul,
And mind and person, I am all her own!
Heigh ho! These soft alarms are very sweet,
And yet tormenting, too! Ha! Master Wildrake,

Enter WILDRAKE, L.

I am glad you're ready, for I'm all in arms
To bear the widow off. Come! Don't be sad;
All must go merrily, you know, to-day!—
She still doth bear him hard, I see! The girl
Affects him not, and Truworth is at fault,
Though clear it is that he doth die for her. [*Aside.*]
Well, daughter—So I see you're ready, too.

Enter CONSTANCE, R.

Why, what's amiss with thee?

Enter PHOEBE, L.

Phæbe. The coach is here. [*Exit, L.*]

Sir W. Come, Wildrake, offer her your arm.

Con. [*To Wildrake.*] I thank you!

I 'm not an invalid!—can use my limbs!
He knows not how to make an arm befits
A lady lean upon.

Sir W. Why, teach him, then.

Con. Teach him! Teach Master Wildrake! Teach,
indeed!

I taught my dog to beg, because I knew
That he could learn it.

Sir W. Peace, thou little shrew!
I'll have no wrangling on my wedding-day!
Here, take my arm.

Con. I'll not!—I'll walk alone! [*Crosses, L.*]
Live, die alone! I do abominate
The fool and all his sex!

Sir W. Again!

Con. I have done.

When do you marry, Master Wildrake? She
Will want a husband goes to church with thee! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Widow Green's Dressing-Room.*

WIDOW GREEN *discovered at her Toilet, attended by AMELIA*
— *Waller's letter to Lydia in her hand.*

Widow G. Oh, bond of destiny!—Fair bond, that seal'st
My fate in happiness!—I'll read thee yet
Again—although thou'rt written on my heart.
But here his hand, inditing thee, did lie!
And this the tracing of his fingers! So
I read thee that could rhyme thee, as my prayers!
“*At noon to-morrow will I make thee mine,
Wilt thou receive from me the name of wife—
The name of husband give me in exchange?*”
The traitress! to break ope my billet-doux,
And take the envelope!—But I forgive her,
Since she did leave the rich contents behind.
Amelia, give this feather more a slope,
That it sit droopingly. I would look all
Dissolvment, naught about me to bespeak
Boldness! I would appear a timid bride,
Trembling upon the verge of wifehood, as
I ne'er before had stood there! That will do.
Oh, dear!—how I am agitated—don't
I look so? I have found a secret out.
Nothing in women strikes a man so much
As to look interesting! Hang this cheek
Of mine! It is too saucy; what a pity
To have a colour of one's own!—Amelia!
Could you contrive, dear girl, to bleach my cheek,
How I would thank you! I could give it then
What tint I chose, and that should be the hectic
Bespeaks a heart in delicate commotion.
I am much too florid: stick a rose in my hair,
The brightest you can find; 'twill help, my girl,
Subdue my rebel colour—Nay, the rose
Doth lose complexion, not my cheek! Exchange it
For a carnation. That's the flower, Amelia!
You see how it doth triumph o'er my cheek.
Are you content with me?

Amel. I am, my lady.

Widow G. And whither, think you, has the hussy gone,

Whose place you fill so well?—Into the country?
Or fancy you she stops in town?

Amel. I can't

Conjecture.

Widow G. Shame upon her! Leave her place
Without a moment's warning—with a man, too;
Seemed he a gentleman that took her hence?

Amel. He did.

Widow G. You never saw him here before?

Amel. Never.

Widow G. Not lounging on the other side
Of the street, and reconnoitering the windows?

Amel. Never.

Widow G. 'Twas planned by letter. Notes, you know,
Have often come to her—But I forgive her,
Since this advice she chanced to leave behind
Of gentle Master Waller's wishes, which
I bless myself in blessing!—[*A knock.*] Gods, a knock!
'Tis he! Show in those ladies are so kind
To act my bridesmaids for me, on this brief
And agitating notice. [*Amelia goes out, R.*] Yes, I look
A bride sufficiently! And this the hand
That gives away my liberty again?
Upon my life it is a pretty hand,
A delicate and sentimental hand!
No lotion equals gloves; no woman knows
The use of them that does not sleep in them!
My neck hath kept its colour wondrously
Well; after all, it is no miracle
That I should win the heart of a young man.
My bridesmaids come, Oh, dear!

Enter two LADIES, R.

1st Lady. How do you? A good morning to you—
Poor dear,

How much you are affected! Why, we thought
You ne'er would summon us.

Widow G. One takes, you know,
When one is flurried, twice the time to dress.
My dears, has either of you salts? I thank you!
They are excellent; the virtue's gone from mine,
Nor thought I of renewing them.—Indeed,
I'm unprovided quite for this affair.

1st Lady. I think the bridegroom's come!

Widow G. Don't say so! How
You've made my heart jump!

1st Lady. As you sent for us,
A new-launched carriage drove up to the door;
The servants all in favours.

Widow G. 'Pon my life,
I never shall get through it; lend me your hand.

[*Half rises and throws herself back on her chair again.*
I must sit down again! There came just now
A feeling like to swooning over me.
I'm sure, before 'tis over, I shall make
A fool of myself! I vow, I thought not half
So much of my first wedding-day! I'll make
An effort. Let me lean upon your arm,
And give me yours, my dear. Amelia, mind
Keep near me with the smelling bottle.

Enter SERVANT, R.

Ser. Madam,
The bridegroom's come.

[*Exit, R.*

Widow G. The brute has knocked me down!
To bolt it cut so! I had started less
If he had fired a cannon at my ear.
How shall I ever manage to hold up
Till all is done! I'm tremor head to foot.
You can excuse me, can't you? Pity me.
One may feel queer upon one's wedding-day. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*A Drawing-Room.*

*Enter SERVANTS, R., showing in SIR WILLIAM FONDLOVE,
CONSTANCE, and WILDRAKE.—Servants exeunt, C.*

Sir W. [*Aside to Wildrake.*] Good Master Wildrake,
look more cheerfully!—Come,
You do not honour to my wedding-day.
How brisk am I? My body moves on springs!
My stature gives no inch I throw away;
My supple joints play free and sportfully;
I'm every atom what a man should be.

Wild. I pray you, pardon me, Sir William!

Sir W. Smile, then,

And talk, and rally me! I did expect,
Ere half an hour had passed, you would have put me
A dozen times to the blush. Without such things,
A bridegroom knows not his own wedding-day.
I see! Her looks are glossary to thine:
She flouts thee still,—I marvel not at thee;
There's thunder in that cloud! I would to-day
It would disperse, and gather in the morning.
I fear me much, thou know'st not how to woo.
I'll give thee a lesson. Ever there's a way,
But knows one how to take it! Twenty men
Have courted Widow Green. Who has her now?
I sent to advertise her, that to-day
I meant to marry her. She would not open
My note. And gave I up? I took the way
To make her love me! I did send again,
To pray her leave my daughter should be bridesmaid.
That letter, too, came back. Did I give up?
I took the way to make her love me! Yet
Again I sent to ask what church she chose
To marry at; my note came back again;
And did I yet give up? I took the way
To make her love me. All the while, I found
She was preparing for the wedding. Take
A hint from me! She comes! My fluttering heart
Gives note the empress of its realms is near.
Now, Master Wildrake, mark and learn from me
How it behoves a bridegroom play his part.

*Enter WIDOW GREEN, L., supported by her Bridesmaids,
and followed by AMELIA.*

Widow G. I cannot raise my eyes—they cannot bear
The beams of his, which, like the sun's, I feel
Are on me, though I see them not, enlightening
The heaven of his young face; nor dare I scan
The brightness of his form, which symmetry,
And youth and beauty, in enriching vie.
He kneels to me! Now grows my breathing thick,
As though I did await a seraph's voice,
Too rich for mortal ear.

Sir W. My gentle bride!

Widow G. Who's that? who speaks to me?

Sir W. These transports check.
 Lo, an example to mankind I set,
 Of amorous emprise ; and who should thrive
 In love, if not Love's soldier, who doth press
 The doubtful siege, and will not own repulse.
 Lo ! here I tender thee my fealty,
 To live thy duteous slave. My queen thou art,
 In frowns or smiles, to give me life or death.
 Oh, deign look down upon me ! In thy face
 Alone I look on day ; it is my sun
 Most bright ; the which denied, no sun doth rise.
 Shine out upon me, my divinity !
 My gentle Widow Green ! my wife to be !
 My love, my life, my drooping, blushing bride !
Widow G. (R. c.) Sir William Fondlove, you're a fool !
Sir W. (L. c.) A fool ?

Widow G. Why come you hither, sir, in trim like this ?
 Or rather, why at all ?

Sir W. Why come I hither ?
 To marry thee !

Widow G. The man will drive me mad !
 Sir William Fondlove, I'm but forty, sir,
 And you are sixty, seventy, if a day ;
 At least you look it, sir. I marry you !
 When did a woman wed her grandfather ?

Sir W. Her brain is turned !

Widow G. You're in your dotage, sir,
 And yet a boy in vanity ! But know
 Yourself from me : you're old and ugly, sir.

Sir W. Do you deny you are in love with me ?

Widow G. In love with thee !

Sir W. That you are jealous of me ?

Widow G. Jealous !

Sir W. To very lunacy ?

Widow G. To hear him !

Sir W. Do you forget what happened yesterday ?

Widow G. Sir William Fondlove !— [Crosses, L.

Sir W. (R.) Widow Green, fair play !—
 Are you not laughing ? Is it not a jest ?
 Do you believe me seventy to a day ?
 Do I look it ? Am I old and ugly ? Why,
 Why do I see those favours in the hall,

These ladies dressed as bridesmaids, thee as bride,
Unless to marry me ? [Knock

Widow G. He is coming, sir,
Shall answer you for me !

Enter WALLER, L., with Gentlemen as Bridesmen.

Wal. Where is she ? What !
All that bespeaks the day, except the fair
That's queen of it ? Most kind of you to grace
My nuptial so ! But that I render you
My thanks in full, make full my happiness,
And tell me where's my bride ?

Widow G. She's here.

Wal. Where ?

Widow G. Here,
Fair Master Waller !

Wal. Lady, do not mock me.

Widow G. Mock thee ! My heart is stranger to such
mood ;

'Tis serious tenderness and duty all.
I pray you, mock not me, for I do strive
With fears and soft emotions, that require
Support. Take not away my little strength,
And leave me at the mercy of a feather.
I am thy bride ! If 'tis thy happiness
To think me so, believe it, and be rich
To thy most boundless wishes. Master Waller.
I am thy waiting bride, the Widow Green !

Wal. Lady, no widow is the bride I seek,
But one the church has never given yet
The nuptial blessing to !

Widow G. What mean you, sir ?
Why come a bridegroom here, if not to me
You sued to be your bride ? Is this your hand, sir ?
[Showing letter.

Wal. It is ! addressed to your fair waiting maid.

Widow G. My waiting-maid ! The laugh is passing
round,

And now the turn is yours, sir. She is gone !
Eloped ! run off ! and with the gentleman
That brought your billet-doux.

Wal. Is Truworth false ?

He must be false. What madness tempted me
To trust him with such audience as I knew
Must sense, and mind, and soul of man entrance,
And leave him but the power to feel its spell!
Of his own lesson he would profit take,
And plead at once an honorable love,
Supplanting mine, less pure, reformed too late!
And if he did, what merit I, except
To lose the maid I would have wrongly won,
And, had I rightly prized her, now had worn?
I get but my deservings!

*Enter TRUEWORTH, R. C., leading in LYDIA richly dressed,
and veiled from head to foot.*

Master Truworth,
Though for thy treachery thou hast excuse,
Thou must account for it, so much I lose!
Sir, you have wronged me to amount beyond
Acres, and gold, and life, which makes them rich.
And compensation I demand of you,
Such as a man expects, and none but one
That's less than man refuses. Where's the maid
You falsely did abstract?

True. I took her hence.

But not by guile, nor yet enforcement, sir,
But of her free will, knowing what she did.
"That, as I found I cannot give her back,
"I own her state is changed, but in her place
"This maid I offer you, her image, far
"As feature, form, complexion, nature go!
"Resemblance halting only there, where thou
"Thyself didst pause—condition; for this maid
"Is gently born and generously bred."
Lo! for your fair loss, fair equivalent!

Wal. Show me another sun, another earth,
I can inhabit, as this Sun and Earth;
As thou did'st take the maid, the maid herself
Give back herself, her sole equivalent!

True. Her sole equivalent I offer you!
My sister, sir, long counted lost, now found,
Who fled her home unwelcome bands to 'scape,
"Which a half-father would have forced upon her,

"Taking advantage of her brother's absence
"Away on travel in a distant land!
"Returned, I missed her; of the cause received
"Invention, coward, false and criminating!
"And gave her up for lost, but happily
"Did find her yesterday"—Behold her, sir! [*Removes veil.*

Wal. Lydia!

Widow G. My waiting-maid!

Wal. Thy sister, Truworth!

Art thou fit brother to this virtuous maid?

True. [*Giving Lydia to Waller.*] Let this assure thee.

Lydia. [*Crosses R.—To Widow Green.*] Madam, pardon me

My double character, for honesty—
No other end—assumed, and my concealment
Of Master Waller's love. In all things else,
I trust I may believe you hold me blameless;
At least, I'll say for you I should be so,
For it was pastime, madam, not a task,
To wait upon you! Little you exacted,
And ever made the most of what I did
In mere obedience to you.

Widow G. Give me your hand;
No love without a little roguery.
If you do play the mistress well as maid,
You will hear off the bell! There never was
A better girl! [*Waller and Lydia go up.*] I have made
myself a fool;

I am undone, if goes the news abroad,
My wedding-dress I donned for no effect,
Except to put it off! I must be married.
I'm a lost woman, if another day
I go without a husband!—What a sight
He looks by Master Waller!—Yet he is physic
I die without, so needs must gulp it down.
I'll swallow him with what good grace I can.
Sir William Fondlove!

Sir W. Widow Green!

Widow G. I own

I have been rude to you. Thou dost not look
So old by thirty, forty years, as I
Did say. Thou'rt far from ugly—very far;

And as I said, Sir William, once before,
Thou art a kind and right good-humoured man :
I was but angry with you ! Why, I'll tell you
At more convenient season—and you know
An angry woman heeds not what she says,
And will say anything !

Sir W. I were unworthy
The name of man, if an apology
So gracious came off profitless, and from
A lady ! Will you take me, Widow Green ?

Widow G. Hem ! [*Courtesies.*]

True. [*To Wildrake.*] Master Wildrake dressed to go
to church !

She has acknowledged, then, she loves thee ?—No ?
Give me thy hand, I'll lead thee up to her.

Wild. 'Sdeath ! what are you about ? You know her
not.

She'll brain thee !

True. Fear not : come along with me.
Fair Mistress Constance !

Con. Well, sir !

Wild. [*To Truworth.*] Mind !

True. Don't fear.

Love you not neighbour Wildrake ?

Con. Love, sir !

True. Yes,

You do.

Con. He loves another, sir, he does !

I hate him. We were children, sir, together
For fifteen years and more ; there never came
The day we did not quarrel, make it up,
Quarrel again, and make it up again :
Were never neighbours more like neighbours, sir.
Since he became a man, and I a woman,
It still has been the same ; nor cared I ever
To give a frown to any other, sir.
And now to come and tell me he's in love,
And ask me to be bridesmaid to his bride !
How durst he do it, sir !—to fall in love !
Methinks at least he might have asked my leave.
Nor had I wondered had he asked myself, sir !

Wild. Then give thyself to me !

Con. How ! what !

Wild. Be mine !

Thou art the only maid thy neighbour loves.

Con. Art serious, neighbour Wildrake ?

Wild. In the church

I'll answer thee, if thou wilt take me ; though

I neither dress, nor walk, nor dance, nor know

" The Widow Jones " from an Italian, French,

Or German air.

Con. No more of that.—My hand.

Wild. Giv'st it as free as thou didst yesterday ?

Con. [*Affecting to strike him.*] Nay !

Wild. I will thank it, give it how thou wilt.

Widow G. A triple wedding ! May the Widow Green
Obtain brief hearing e'er she quits the scene,
The Love-Chase to your kindness to commend,
In favour of an old, now absent friend !

THE END.

No. XXIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

O T H E L L O .

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PLAYED AT THE PARK THEATRE,

NEW YORK :

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE.

PHILADELPHIA—73 DOCK STREET, OPPOSITE EXCHANGE BUILDING.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS noble tragedy, unlike "Richard III." and "Romeo and Juliet," has been adapted to the modern stage by the simple process of abbreviation. In few instances has the language been altered, or the pure ore of the original verse mingled with the inferior metal of other playwrights. A single scene,—the first of the fifth act, has been transposed, so as to form the last of the fourth act; but the change is a judicious one, and contributes to the unity of the concluding portions of the piece. We believe that no stage edition of "Othello" had been published, before that which appeared in 1804, under the revision of John Philip Kemble.

Probably no one of Shakspeare's plays, with the exception of "Hamlet," is more popular in the representation than this. It is believed to have been one of the author's last, as it is one of his greatest dramatic achievements. The advocates for the preservation of the *unities* of the drama, find in the construction of this tragedy an argument in support of their theory. Dr. Johnson remarks with truth, that had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity. And a writer in Blackwood's Magazine asks, "In what play of Euripides is singleness of interest more completely preserved? The haughty bearing, conscious pride, but ardent love of the Moor; the deep love of Desdemona, nourished, as we so often see in real life, by qualities in her the very reverse; the gradual growth of jealousy from her innocent sportiveness of manner, and the diabolical machinations of Iago; her murder, in a fit of jealousy, by her despairing husband, and his self-sacrifice when the veil was drawn from his eyes,—are all brought forward, if not with the literal strictness of the Greek drama, at least with as much regard to unity of time, place and action, as is required by its principles."

The plot of Othello is taken from the "Hundred Tales" of Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century

But the obligations of Shakspeare are faithfully summed up in the following remarks by M. Guizot, the eminent French scholar and statesman, which we find appended to Verplanck's excellent edition of the works of the immortal dramatist :—

"There was wanting in Cinthio's narrative the poetical genius which filled the scene with actors—which created the individuals—which gave each of them his own aspect, form, and character—which made us see their actions, and listen to their words—which unfolded their thoughts, and penetrated their feelings ;—that vivifying power which summons events to arise, to progress, to expand, to be completed :—that creative breath which, breathing over the past, calls it again into being, and fills it with a present and imperishable life.—this was the power, which Shakspeare alone possessed ; and by this, out of a forgotten novel, he made *Othello*."

Nothing seems more admirable to us in this play, than the contrast of characters. How strikingly does *Iago* stand in opposition to the other three principal male persons of the drama :—in his deep hypocrisy and subtle malignity of temper, to the noble, vehement, and free-hearted Moor ; in his cherishing of revenge and hatred, his defiance of all the restraints of honour, and his distrust of feminine virtue, to the sensitive, chivalrous, and confiding *Cassio*, who regards his reputation as the immortal part of himself ; and who, so far from experiencing resentment because he had been cashiered by *Othello*, admits the justice of the act :—"I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all !" And then, how is the simplicity of the poor dupe, *Roderigo*, set off by "mine ancient's" long-headed sagacity, and thorough worldly experience !

The contrast of the two female characters is no less remarkable :—

"Commend me to my kind lord :—Oh, farewell !"

are the last words of the murdered Desdemona. How different the tone of the indignant Emilia towards her husband :—

"You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie !
Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie !
She false with Cassio !—Did you say, with Cassio ?"

Some critics have said of Desdemona, that she is characterless ; and yet, as Coleridge justly remarks, she is just the woman every man wishes for in a wife—one whose wisdom is of the heart, rather than the head.

The character of *Othello* requires great physical power in the impersonation. We know of no one who excels our American tragedian, Mr. Forrest, in this part. The passions by which the Moor is torn, are of that intense, explosive description, that

no resources of art can supply the lack of extraordinary vocal energy, and that excitability of temper, which fuses the actor's sympathies into the one great emotion he is portraying. In neither of these respects does Mr. Forrest fail. He loses himself in the character, and appears like a blinded giant by the side of his crafty tormentor, *Iago*.

Edmund Kean won much of his reputation from his performance of the two principal parts in this play. His *Iago* is described by his biographer as entirely different from that of any preceding actor. He made him a jocund, elastic villain, who murdered reputations with a smile, and whose vivacity and intelligence formed a cloak far more impervious to suspicion than the vulgar cut-throat aspect which usually disgraces the part, and renders the jealousy of the Moor so eminently ridiculous.

"In regard to Kean's *Othello*," says Barry Cornwall, "it was surely one of the most consummate pieces of art that the stage has ever presented. He did not, as some have conjectured, play at hazard: he studied the part long and anxiously. Whoever witnessed his third act, will not easily forget it. The touching tenderness which he threw into it, still rings in our ears. His utterance of one line—

"Oh, Desdemona!—away—away—away!"

was surely never surpassed. It had in it all that belongs to love to grief, to pity."

Coleridge, who was sometimes more whimsical than just, thought that Kean was not thorough-bred gentleman enough to play *Othello*. He says: "Kean is original, but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act, is like reading *Shakspeare* by flashes of lightning."

The part of *Desdemona* was raised to one of considerable importance by Mrs. Siddons; who, in her transition from *Lady Macbeth* to the bride of *Othello*, is said to have shown her genius to be "a star of the first magnitude, that could reach and adorn the most distant and opposite points in the horizon of tragic excellence." A circumstance, personally unfortunate to her, occurred in her first representation of the part. They gave her, with criminal negligence, a damp bed to lie upon in the death-scene, and she contracted thereby a rheumatic fever.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1845.</i>
<i>Duke of Venice</i>	Mr. King.	Mr. Anderson.
<i>Brabantio</i>	" Powell.	" Vache.
<i>Gratiano</i>	" Meredith.	" Gallot.
<i>Lodovico</i>	" Thompson.	" S. Pearson.
<i>Montano</i>	" Mercer.	" M' Douall.
<i>Othello</i>	" Edmund Kean.	" J. R. Scott.
<i>Cassio</i>	" Cooper.	" Bland.
<i>Roderigo</i>	" Penley.	" De Walden.
<i>Iago</i>	" Chas. Young.	" G. Vandenhoff
<i>Leonardo</i>	" Yardley.	
<i>Julio</i>	" E. Crooke.	" Bulard.
<i>Marco</i>	" Douglas.	" King.
<i>Paulo</i>	" Read.	
<i>Luca</i>	" Turnour.	
<i>Antonio</i>	" Coveney.	" Gourlay.
<i>Giovanni</i>	" Honner.	
<i>Messenger</i>	" Willmott.	" Heath.
<i>Senators, Officers, Servants, &c.</i>		
<i>Desdemona</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Bland.
<i>Emilia</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Abbott.

COSTUMES.

OTHELLO.—Scarlet turban, scarlet mantle, white sarsnet robe, and cestus richly ornamented, copper-coloured pantaloons, and red sandals.

IAGO.—Light drab-colored jacket with hanging sleeves, richly embroidered pantaloons of same, blue silk sash, russet boots, buff-coloured hat and black plumes.

CASSIO.—Black velvet hat and white plumes, fawn-coloured jacket, scarlet under jacket embroidered, blue silk sash, buff pantaloons and russet boots.

DUKE.—Coronet, crimson velvet robe trimmed with ermine, embroidered crimson jacket, trunks puffed with scarlet satin, white silk pantaloons and white shoes.

BRABANTIO.—Brown velvet cloak, trunks puffed with white satin richly embroidered, white silk pantaloons and white shoes.

GRATIANO.—Purple jacket and cloak, trunks puffed with scarlet satin, white silk pantaloons, and white shoes.

MONTANO.—Black velvet hat and white plumes, light green cloth jacket and cloak, trunks puffed with yellow satin and trimmed with silver, white pantaloons and white shoes.

RODERIGO.—Black velvet hat and white plumes, brown cloak, jacket and pantaloons trimmed with scarlet, and russet boots.

ANTONIO.—Black hat and plumes, blue jacket, white waistcoat and pantaloons trimmed with silver, and russet boots.

DESDEMONA.—White satin trimmed with silver, rich white and silver drapery.—Second dress: Muslin night-gown.

EMILIA.—Black dress trimmed with white lace.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

O T H E L L O .

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*Venice.*—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, R.

Rod. Tush, ne'er tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. You will not hear me :
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the
city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capped to him ; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators : *for, certes, say he,*
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he ?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster:—

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (heaven bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient.*

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. Oh, sir, content you;
I follow him, to serve my turn upon him:
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action does demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry it thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight:
Though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signor Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window, L.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors locked?

* Standard bearer, ensign.

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Sir, you are robbed :—for shame, arise, arise !—
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :
Arise I say !—

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I. What are you ?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors :
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet :—

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve
Heaven, if the devil bid you.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—[*Rod. checks him*]—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer ; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
Straight satisfy yourself :
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Give me a taper ;—call up all my people ;—
This accident is not unlike my dream ;
Belief of it oppresses me already :—
Light, I say ! light !

[*Retires.*]

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall,)

Against the Moor : for I do know, the state,—
 However this may gall him with some check,—
 Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embarked
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
 (Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business : in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit, R.]

Enter BRABANTIO and Servants, with torches, from the house, R.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is !
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her ?—Oh, unhappy girl !—
 With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father ?—
 How didst thou know 'twas she ?—Oh, thou deceivest me
 Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers :
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you ?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. Oh, Heaven !—How got she out ?—Oh, treason of
 the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
 By which the property of youth and maidhood
 May be abused ? Have you not read, Roderigo,
 Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.— [Exit a Servant.]

Oh, that you had had her !

Some one way, some another.— [Exit a Servant.]

Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think I can discover him : if you please
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call :
 I may command at most :—get weapons, ho !

And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo ;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt*, R. D.]

SCENE II.—*Venice.—Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R. D.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,
To do no contrived murder : I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service : nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

[*Crosses*, L.]

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married ? for be sure of this—
That the magnifico is much beloved ;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the Duke's : he will divorce you ;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege ;* and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousèd free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But look ! what lights come yonder ?

Iago. These are the raisèd father and his friends :—
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I : I must be found ;

* Class, rank.

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly.—Is it they?

Iago. By Janus—I think, no.

*Enter SERVANTS, with torches, CASSIO, GIOVANNI, and LU-
CA, L.*

Oth. (c.) The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant.—

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. (L.) The Duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
You have been hotly called for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit, R. D.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. (R.) 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-car-
rack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO, R. D.

Iago. Marry, to—come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio :—general, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand, there!

*Enter two SERVANTS, L., with torches, preceding RODERIGO,
BRABANTIO, and OFFICERS.*

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw.*

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. [*Crosses, c.*] Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. Oh, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter ?

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :

For, I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunned

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou : to fear, not to delight.

I therefore apprehend, and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—

Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril. [*They advance on both sides.*]

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest :—

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go

And answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison : till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

Oth. What, if I do obey ?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied ;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state,

To bring me to him ?

Cas. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,

The Duke's in council ; and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the Duke in council !

In this time of the night !—Bring him away :

Mine's not an idle cause : the Duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;

For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Venice.—A Council Chamber.*

The DUKE, GRATIANO, LODOVICO, and other Senators, seated, and MARCO, in waiting, discovered.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

Gra. (L.) Indeed, they are disproportioned :
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Lod. (R) And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account,
Yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

Enter PAULO, L. D.

Paul. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now, the business ?

Enter a MESSENGER, L. D.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there enjoined them with an after-fleet.

[*Gives letters to Marco, who delivers them to the Duke.*]

Lod. How many, as you guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail : and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

Lod. Here comes Brabantio,—and the valiant Moor.

[*Exit Messenger, L. D.*]

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
GIOVANNI, and LUCA, L.—Othello and Cassio cross to R.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy, Ottoman.

I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ;

[*To Brabantio.*

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours : good your grace, pardon me ;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me ; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter ?

Bra. My daughter ! Oh, my daughter ! [Weeps.

Duke. Dead ?

Bra. Ay, to me ;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks :
For nature so preposterously to err,
Sans witchcraft, could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.—
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. We are very sorry for't.—

What, in your own part, can you say to this ? [*To Othello.*

Bra. Nothing, but this—it is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ;—true, I have married her :—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace :
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself : yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love : what drugs, what charms,
What conjurations, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings am I charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself ; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on !
It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature :—
I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof.
Othello, speak ;—
Did you, by indirect and forcèd courses,
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father :
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them : you best know the
place :—

[*Exeunt Iago, Roderigo, Luca, and Giovanni, L. D.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me : oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history :
" Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
" Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
" It was my hent to speak,—such was the process,—
" And of the cannibals that each other eat,
" The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
" Do grow beneath their shoulders." This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange :
'Twas pitiful, 'twas won'drous pitiful :
She wished she had not heard it ;—yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;

And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used ;—
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Duke. Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best ;
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man !—

Enter GIOVANNI, IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO, & LUCA, L.
Come hither, gentle mistress :—
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life, and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. Heaven be with you !—I have done :
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.— [*Othello and Des. retire to R.*
I have done :—Proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes
for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you : you must therefore be content to slubber
the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and
boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driv'n bed of down : I do agnize*
A natural and prompt alacrity

* Acknowledge.

I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place and exhibition ;
With such accommodation and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye.—Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and scorn of fortunes
May trumpet to the world : my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord :
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate :
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords :—'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for stay, or going : the affairs cry—haste !
And speed must answer ; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At ten i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you ;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth concern you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust ;
 To his conveyance I assign my wife
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good-night to every one.—And, noble signior,
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[*Exeunt Duke, Lodovico, the other Senators, Marco, Paulo, Giovanni, and Luca.*]

Bra. Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see ;
 She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Brabantio and Gratiano, R.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee :
 I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her ;
 And bring her after in the best advantage.—
 Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
 To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Cassio, L.*]

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.
 Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment :
 and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our
 physician.

Iago. Oh, villainous ! I have looked upon the world
 for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish
 betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
 knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I'd drown
 myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I'd change my huma-
 nity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to
 be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus,
 or thus. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ! drown cats

and blind puppies ! I profess me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse : follow these wars ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse !—nor he his to her : it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ; put but money in thy purse !—If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her : therefore make money. A plague of drowning ! it is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me :—Go, make money :—I have told thee often, and I tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor ; my cause is hearted, thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. Traverse ; go ; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu !

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell.—Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning,—do you hear ?

Rod. I am changed :—I'll go sell all my land. [*Exit, L.*]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :

For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;

Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now ;

To get his place, and to plume up my will ;

A double knavery.—How ? how ?—Let me see :—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife ;—
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose,*
 To be suspected ; framed to make women false :—
 The Moor, a free and open nature, too,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are :—
 I have't—it is engendered :—Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit, L.]

END OF ACT I.

A C T I I .

SCENE I.—*Cyprus.*—*A Platform before the Town.*

Enter MONTANO, CASSIO, and JULIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor : Oh, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

Mon. Is he well shipped ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approved allowance ;
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure. [A cannon fired.]

[Without.] A sail ! a sail ! a sail !

Cas. What noise ?

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail !

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
 I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth, who 'tis that is arrived.

Jul. I shall. [Exit with Antonio.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived ?

Cas. Most fortunately : he hath achieved a maid

That paragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.

Re-enter ANTONIO and JULIO, L.

Now, who has put in ?

Jul. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed.
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.—
Oh, behold—[*Crosses to meet Desdemona, R., Julio and Antonio cross, R.*

The riches of the ship are come on shore !

Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO, EMILIA, MARCO, and PAULO, L.

Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arrived ; nor know I aught,
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. Oh, but I fear—how lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.— [Cannon fired, L.

[*Without.*] A sail ! a sail !

Cas. But, hark ! a sail :—See for the news.—

[*Exit Antonio, L.*

Good ancient, you are welcome :—Welcome, mistress.

[*To Emilia, kissing her.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners : 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech !

Iago. In faith, too much :

I find it still, when I have list to sleep :

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emi. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended !

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.

Emi. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me ?

Iago. Oh, gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical.*

Des. Come on, assay :—There's one gone to the har-
bour ?

Cas. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving wo-
man, indeed ; one that, in the authority of her merits, did
justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. I am about it : but indeed, my invention,
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frieze,—
It plucks out brain and all : But my muse labours,
And thus she is delivered :

She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—Now I may !
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind ;
She was a wight—if ever such wight were—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and illiberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar. [*Takes Desdemona by the hand, to introduce her to the Gentlemen of Cyprus; he talks with her during Iago's speech.*]

Iago. [*Aside, L.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper;—As little a web as this will ensnare as great a fly as Cassio:—Ay, smile upon her, do:—I will gyve* thee in thine own courtship:—You say true; 'tis so, indeed:—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft. [*Cannon fired.—Trumpet sounds, L.*] The Moor:—I know his trumpet.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him. [*Advancing, L.*]

Enter OTHELLO, ANTONIO, LUCA, GIOVANNI, LORENZO, and Gentlemen, L.

Oth. Oh, my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me.—Oh, my soul's joy!—
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that sweet prayer!—
And this, and this, the greatest discord be [*Embracing.*]
That e'er our hearts shall make!

* Entangle.

Iago. [*Aside.*] Oh, you are well tuned now !
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are drown-
ed.—

How do our old acquaintance of the isle ?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus ;
I've found great love amongst them. Oh, my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel :
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus !

[*Trumpet sounds.*—*Exeunt, R., all but Iago, Rod. last.*

Iago. [*To Roderigo.*] Do thou meet me presently at the
harbour. Come hither : [*Roderigo returns,*] list me.—The
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard :—First,
I will tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with
him.

Rod. With him !—why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instruct-
ed. Mark me, with what violence she first loved the
Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies :
And will she love him still for prating ? Let not thy dis-
creet heart think it : Her eye must be fed ? and what de-
light shall she have to look on the devil ?

Rod. I cannot believe that in her : she is full of most
blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end ! the wine she drinks is made of
grapes : if she had been blessed, she would never have
loved the Moor. Blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see
her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark
that ?

Rod. Yes ; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand ! an index and obscure pro-
logue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.—Sir, be you
ruled by me : I have brought you from Venice : Watch
you to-night : for the command, I'll lay't upon you : Cas-
sio knows you not.—I'll not be far from you : Do you find

some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline ; or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well—

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler ; and, haply, may strike at you :—Provoke him that he may ; for even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny ; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel : I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit, R.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit ;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her, too ;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat : the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even with him, wife for wife ;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do—
If this poor brach* of Venice, whom I track
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap, too—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused ;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [Exit, L.

* Hunting-dog.

SCENE II.—*Cyprus.—The Guard-House before the Castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, GIOVANNI, LUCA, MARCO, and
PAULO, R.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.—
Michael, good-night :—To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you :—
Good-night.—[*Exeunt through the Guard-House, M. D., all
but Cassio.*

Enter IAGO, L.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; it is not yet ten o'clock.
Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, 'tis an alarum to love.

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends;—but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too; and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here:—I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit, L.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. •Now my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep, and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honour in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle—
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,
And they watch, too.—[*Loud laughing, L.*] Now, 'mongst
this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:— [*Vehement laughter, L.*]
But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, JULIO, ANTONIO, LEONARDO, and
a SERVANT, with Wine, L.*

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Sings.*] And let me the canakin clink, clink!

 And let me the canakin clink:

 A soldier's a man:

 A life's but a span;

 Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song!

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are
most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your
swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your
English. [*Plies Cassio with wine.*]

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk : he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant : and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh, sweet England!

[*Sings and gives more wine to Cassio.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor—lown.

Some wine, ho !

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, this is a more exquisite song than the other !

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Cas. No, for I hold him unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I, too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay ; but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this : let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Very well, then—you must not think that I am drunk.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Montano.*

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before ;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction ; and do but see his vice.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

Mont. It were well
The general were put in mind of it :
Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good-nature
Prizes the virtues that appear in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils :—Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO, R.

Iago. How now, Roderigo !
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go.
[*Aside to Roderigo, who exits, L.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well ; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.

Rod. [*without.*] Help ! help !—

Iago. But hark ! what noise ?

Enter CASSIO, L., driving in RODERIGO—ANTONIO and JULIO following them

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant ? [*Stops Cassio.*

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty ?
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ? [*Struggling to reach Rod.*

Mont. [*Staying him.*] Nay, good lieutenant ;
Pray, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ! [*Strikes Montano.—They draw, and fight.*

Iago. Away, I say ! go out and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to Roderigo, who runs out, L.*

Nay, good lieutenant—alas, gentlemen—

Help, ho !—Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir :

Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed !—

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell ?—Diabolo, ho !

The town will rise :—Heaven's will, lieutenant ! hold !
You will be shamed forever.

[*Montano is wounded—Antonio and Julio support him.*]

Enter OTHELLO *from the Guard-House*, M. D., MARCO,
PAULO, GIOVANNI, LUCA, *and* SERVANTS, *with Torches.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives.—

Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?
Are we turned Turks : and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl !
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—

[*Bell rings.*]

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.— [*Exit Marco and returns.*]
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ?—on thy love, I charge thee.

[*Cassio stands leaning against a pillar on the R.*]

Iago. I do not know ; friends all but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed : and then, but now
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And, would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. [*Crosses to Cassio, and surveys him intently.*] How
comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler ? Give me answer to it.

Mont. (L.) Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know : nor know I aught,

By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves, it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way : if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke.—Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me :—What ! and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel !—
In night, and on the court, a guard of safety !—
'Tis monstrous. [*Goes to Iago in the c.*—Iago, who le-
gan't ?

Mont. (1.) If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier. [*To Iago.*

Iago. Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help ;
And Cassio following with determined sword,
To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour,—as it so fell out,—
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose ; and I returned, the rather,
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before : when I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust ; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report :—
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet, surely, Cassio—I believe,—received
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. [*Returns to Cassio, R.*—Cassio,
 I love thee ;

But never more be officer of mine.— [*Crosses to Mon., L.*
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon :
 Lead him off. [*Montano is led off by Julio and Antonio, L.*
 Iago, look with care about the town ;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

[*Excunt into the Guard-House, all but Cassio and Iago, M. D.*

Iago. [*Crosses to Cassio, R.*) What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! Oh, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation !

[*Both return, C.*

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ?—Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil !

[*Crosses to R.*

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword ? What had he done to you ?

Cas. I know not

Iago. Is it possible ?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains !

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough ! How came you thus recovered ?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil Drunkenness, to give place to the devil Wrath : one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. I could heartily wish this had not so befallen ; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again : he shall tell me I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! Oh, strange ! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used : exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir—I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general—confess yourself freely to her ; importune her, she'll help to put you in your place ; she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit, l.]

Iago. And what's he, then, that says, I play the villain, When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probable to the thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again ?—

How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good?—Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Enter RODERIGO, R.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio.
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning!
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee—go where thou art billeted;
Away, I say: thou shalt know more hereafter.

Nay, get thee gone.

[*Exit Roderigo, R.*]

Two things are to be done:—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress:
I'll set her on:—

Myself the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump where he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that's the way!
Dull not device by coldness and delay!

[*Exit, L.*]

A C T I I I .

SCENE I.—*Cyprus.—A Room in the Castle.**Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CASSIO.*

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my husband
As if the case were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. Oh, sir, I thank you ! You do love my lord :
You've known him long ; and be you well assured,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay—but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; [*Goes to c.*] before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article ; my lord shall never rest :
I'll watch him tame,* and talk him out of patience ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

* Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep.

Enter OTHELLO, reading a paper, and IAGO, L.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio, R.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.—

[Aside, but loud enough for Othello to hear.]

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal away, so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your Lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:—
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him:—Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days.—In faith, he's penitent:—
When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello.—I wonder, in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering* on.—What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part,—to have so much to do
To bring him in!—Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more;—let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love, indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no! Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be't as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Excunt Emilia and Desdemona, R.*]

Oth. Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. [*Nearest the L. side.*] My noble lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for the satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. What of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. Oh, yes: and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed? indeed! Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

[*Advancing toward Iago.*]

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest?—ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!—

By heaven he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought,

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something :

I heard thee say but now,—“I like not that,”—

When Cassio left my wife :—What didst not like?

And, when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st, “Indeed!”

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain,

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost ; [Both go to the c.]

And—for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :

For such things, in a false, disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,

They're close denotements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn,—I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so, too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem :

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this ;

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.—

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
(Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,—
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,)—I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits, —
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of this scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I'll know thy thought!

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!—

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. Oh, misery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, endless, are as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,

Is—once to be resolved.—

'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt :

For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago :

I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—

Away at once with love, or jealousy. [Crosses, L.]

Iago. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you,

With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,

Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof :—

Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;

Wear your eye, thus—not jealous, nor secure :—

I would not have your free and noble nature,

Out of self-bounty, be abused ; look to't.

I know our country disposition well ;

In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands ! their best conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

[Crosses, R.]

Iago. Why, go to, then ;

She that so young, could give out such a seeming,

To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—

He thought 'twas witchcraft :—but I am much to blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,

For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee forever.

[Crosses, L.]

Iago. I see, this hath a little dashed your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

[Crosses, R.]

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke,

Comes from my love !—but, I do see, you are moved :—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech

To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,

Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success,*
As my thoughts aim not at : Cassio's my trusty friend,—
My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved :—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point : as,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposéd matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends ;—
Fie ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me ; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :—
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;—
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Exit, L.

Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest creature, doubt-
less,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Re-enter IAGO, L.

Iago. My lord,—I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means ;
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that.—In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

* Success here means consequence or event.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit, L.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnéd spirit,
Of human dealings.—If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.—Haply,—for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ;—or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years ;—yet, that's not much :—
She's gone ; I am abused ; and my relief
Must be—to loathe her.—Oh, curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses.—

Desdemona comes :—

If she be false, Oh, then Heaven mocks itself !—
I'll not believe it.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint ? Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

Des. Why, that's with watching ; 'twill away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

[*Takes out her handkerchief.*]

Oth. Your napkin is too little :

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*]
Let it alone.—Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I'm very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona, R.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjured her she should ever keep it,)

That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it to Iago :
What he will do with it, Heaven knows, not I ;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO, L.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?

Emi. Do not you chide. What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

Iago. What handkerchief ?

Emi. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ? *[Eagerly.*

Emi. No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;
And to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Emi. What will you do with't, that you've been so
earnest
To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what's that to you ? *[Snatching it.*

Emi. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady ! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't ; I have use for it. Go,
leave me. *[Exit Emilia, L.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.—
The Moor already changes with my poison.
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so ;
Look where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Not all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to the sweet sleep
Which thou owd'st* yesterday.

* *Owd'st*—i. e.—Possessed.

Enter OTHELLO, R. S. E.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?— [*Comes down, R.*

Iago. Why, how now, general? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou'st set me on the rack:

I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw't not, thought it not; it harmed not me;

I slept the next night well; was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,

Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all. [*Cross L.*

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,

Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. Oh! now, for ever,

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,

That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And, oh! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible? My lord—

Oth. [*Seizing Iago.*] Villain! be sure thou prove my
love a whore!

Be sure of it—give me the ocular proof—

Or, by the worth of my eternal soul,

Thou hadst better have been born a dog, Iago,

Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or (at the least) so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,

To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;

On horror's head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that. [Crosses, R.]

Iago. O grace! O Heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
Heaven be wi' you; mine office take.—Oh, wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence. [Going, L.]

Oth. Nay, stay. [Crosses, c.] Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she's not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou'rt not.
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black
As mine own face.—

'Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.—
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will!

Iago. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her—

Oth. Death and damnation! Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?—
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,—
Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love,—

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs :
One of this kind is Cassio ;

In sleep I heard him say—*Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.*

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;
Cry—*Oh, sweet creature !*

And then cry—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor !*

Oth. Oh, monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream :
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise :—yet we see nothing done :
She may be honest, yet. Tell me but this :
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

*Oth.** I gave her such a one : 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge ! [*Crosses to L.*
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago :
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :—
'Tis gone !

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted* throne,
To tyrannous hate ? Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. Oh ! blood, Iago, blood ! [*Crosses to R.*

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may change.

* Thy throne in my heart.

Oth. Never, Iago ! [*He kneels.*]
 By yon marble heaven,
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow
 I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [*Crosses R., and kneels by his side.*
 Witness, ye ever-burning lights above,
 You elements that clip us round about,
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
 To wronged Othello's service ! Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody work soe'er.*

Oth. I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to't :—
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead :
 'Tis done, at your request—But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! Oh, damn her !
 Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil.—Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own forever. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Cyprus.*—*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, L.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emi. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me,
 And but my noble Moor
 Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 To put him to ill thinking.

Emi. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think the sun, where he was born,
 Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

* Shakspeare always uses *remorse* for pity or commiseration. "Let him command whatever bloody business, and in me it shall be an act not of cruelty but of pity to obey him."

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be called to him.

Enter OTHELLO, L.

How is't with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] Oh, hardness to dis-
semble !—

How do you, Desdemona ? [Crosses to R.]

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand—This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart,—
Hot, hot, and moist :—this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels.—'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand ! The hands, of old, gave hearts, .
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts. [Crosses to L.]

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ? [Turns back.]

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me—
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told me, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose, or giv't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true : there's magic in the web of it.
A sybil, that had numbered in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work.
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk ;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is't true ?

Oth. Most veritable : therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to Heaven that I had never seen it !

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Oth. Is't lost ? is't gone ? Speak, is it out o' the way ?

Des. Heaven bless us !

Oth. Say you ?

Des. It is not lost ; but what, an' if it were ?

Oth. Ha !

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't ! let me see it !

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit :—

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief : my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come ;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ;
Shared dangers with you—

Oth. The handkerchief !

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away !

[*Exit Othello, L.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous ?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief :
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.
Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO, R.

Iago. There is no other way : 'tis she must do't ;
And, lo, the happiness ! Go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news with
you ? [Crosses to c.]

Cas. Madam, my former suit.

Des. Alas ! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, altered.
You must awhile be patient ;
What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother,—and can he be angry ?
Something of moment, then : I will go meet him ;—
There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry ! [Exit, L.]

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state
Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
Nay, we must think, men are not gods ;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.

Emil. Pray Heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day ! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so ;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous. 'Tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind !

Emil. Lady, amen !

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here about :
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia, L., Cassio, R.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus.*—*An apartment in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago : this night ! I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago !

Iago. Do it not with poison : strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good ! the justice of it pleases : very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker :—you shall hear more by midnight. [*Trumpet without, L.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—

What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO and DESDEMONA, L.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives Othello a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Retires to R. and reads the letter.*]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord An unkind breach ; but you shall make all well.

Oth. [*Partly aside.*] Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord !

Oth. [*Reads.*] *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

Lod. He did not call : he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'tween my lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one. I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

[*Crosses to c.*]

Lod. May be, the letter moved him.

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello ?

Oth. [*Crossing to L. and striking her.*] Devil !

Des. I have not deserved this ! [*Weeps.*]

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much :
Make her amends : she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going, R.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn.

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on

And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;

And she's obedient—as you say, obedient—

Very obedient.—[*To Des.*] Proceed you in your tears ?—

[*To Lod.*] Concerning this, sir—Oh, well-painted passion !

—I am commanded here—[*To Des.*] Get you away ;

I'll send for you anon.—[*To Lod.*] Sir, I obey the man-
date,

And will return to Venice.—[*To Des.*] Hence, avaunt!
Cassio shall have my place.—[*To Lod.*] And, sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—[*Aside.*] Goats and
monkeys! [*Exeunt Oth. and Des. R.*]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas! alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Cyprus.*—*Another apartment in the Castle.*

Enter EMILIA and OTHELLO, L.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloves, nor no-
thing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought : it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy : the purest of her sex
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither ; go ! [Exit Emilia, R.]
She says enough—yet, she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel and pray—I've seen her do't !

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. 'Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ? [Crosses to c.]

Oth. Let me see your eyes—
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. [To Emilia.] Some of your function, mistress ;
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry—*hem*, if anybody come ;
Your mystery, your mystery—nay, dispatch. [Exit Em. R.]

Des. [Kneels.] Upon my knees, what doth your speech
import ?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord—your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it,—damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double-damned :
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. [Rising.] To whom, my lord ? With whom ?
How am I false ?

Oth. [Weeping.] Oh, Desdemona !—away ! away !
away ! [Crosses to L.]

Des. Alas, the heavy day ! Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?

If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found, in some part of my soul,
A drop of patience:—but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at,—
Oh! oh!

Yet could I bear that too—well, very well:—
But there, where I have garnered up my heart!
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!—
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there,
Patience,—thou young and rose-lipped cherubim,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay! as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken e'en with blowing. Oh, thou weed!
Who art so lovely-fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou had'st ne'er
been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write *whore* upon?—What committed?
Committed!—Oh, thou public commoner!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it! What committed?
Impudent strumpet! [*Crosses to R.*]

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,—
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell,

Enter EMILIA, R.

You, you—ay, you!—

We've done our course: there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit Oth. R.*]

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, my good lady?

Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. With my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is your's, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;
Pr'ythee, call thy husband hither. [*Crosses to R.*]

Emil. Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit Emilia, L.*]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

Enter IAGO and EMILIA, L.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with
you?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He called her—whore! a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore? Would it not make one weep?

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander. I'll be hanged else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man : it is impossible.

[Retires up the Stage.]

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him !

Emil. A halter pardon him !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor's abused by some outrageous knave,
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—
O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world !

Iago. *[Advances.]* Speak within door—you are a fool ;
go to.

Des. (c.) O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I lost him. *[Kneels.]* Here I kneel :—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—(though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement)—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! *[They raise her.]* Unkindness may
do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Iago. I pray you, be content : 'tis but his humour.
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you.

Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Des. and Emil. R.]

Enter RODERIGO, L.

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me, thou keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it ; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona, would have corrupted a votarist : you have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ; but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ; nor is it very well. By this hand, I say, 'tis very scurvy ; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself, I'll seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay ; and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even from this time, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo :—thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affairs.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour—this night show it. If thou the next night following enjoy'st not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is a special command come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then, Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident—wherein the none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Oth. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place—knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us.—Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—Cyprus.—The Castle Gates.

Enter LODOVICO OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, MARCO, and PAULO, R.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; [Crosses, L.] I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

[Exeunt Lodovico, Paulo, and Marco, L.

Oh!—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will return forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

[Exit, L.

Des. I will, my lord.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return immediately;

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

[Crosses to R.

Emil. I would you had never seen him! [Exeunt, R.

SCENE IV.—Cyprus.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, R.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk: straight will he come;

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.

It makes us, or it mars us: think of that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand: I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

[Retires a little, R.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—

'Tis but a man gone—forth my sword: he dies.

[Stands aside by the wing, L.

Iago. [Advancing.] Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels, that I fobbed from him

As gifts to Desdemona:

It must not be.—If Cassio do remain,—

He hath a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him: there stand I in peril.

No, he must die.—But so: I hear him coming.

[Stands aside, L.

Enter CASSIO, R.

Rod. I know his gait: tis he.—Villain, thou diest.

[He runs and thrusts at Cassio, who draws.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy, indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine. [*Wounds Roderigo, who falls.*]

Rod. Oh, I am slain! [*Iago advances, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit, R.*]

Cas. I am maimed for ever! [*Cassio falls.*]
Help, ho!—murder! murder!

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO in his night-gown, with naked sword and a light, R.

Iago. What are you, here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago! Oh, I am spoiled, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Rod. Oh, help me! here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [*Stabs Roderigo.*]

Rod. Oh, damned Iago! oh, inhuman dog! Oh—oh—
oh—! [*Dies.*]

Iago. Kill men i' the dark? Where be these bloody
thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, L.

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signor Lodovico?

Lod. He. sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio? [*Gra. and Lod. raise and support Cassio.*]

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Know we this face, or no? [*Turns and looks on Rod.*]

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo! No!—yes, sure! O Heaven, Roderigo!

Enter EMILIA, with a light, R.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter ? what's the matter, husband ?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on i'the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped ;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good Cassio !

Iago. Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happened.

[*Servants bear off Roderigo, R., and exit Emilia, L.*
Will you go on, I pray ?—[*Aside.*] This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt, R.*

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V .

SCENE II.—*Cyprus.*—*A Bed-chamber in the Castle—
Desdemona in bed, asleep.*

Enter OTHELLO, with a light, R.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !
It is the cause.—Yet, I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then——Put out the light ?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me ; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the rose
I cannot give it vital growth again :
It needs must wither.—I'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kisses Desdemona.*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword !—Once more. [*Kisses*
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, [*her*

And love thee after.—Once more, and this the last—

[*Kisses her.*]

She wakes.

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief—I will walk by ;

[*Crosses to L.*]

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit :

No, Heaven forefend ! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then Heaven

Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph !

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you're fatal, then,
When your eyes roll so : why I should fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not ; yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so :—what's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul !

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed—

Take heed of perjury : thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently ;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;

For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die !

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy, too ! I never did
Offend you in my life ; never loved Cassio,
But with such general warranty of Heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.*
Oh, perjured woman ! thou dost stone thy heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder,—which I thought a sacrifice !
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then ;
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confessed.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath—used thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay !

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopped :
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets, then. What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas ! he is betrayed, and I undone !

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my face

Des. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not !

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow : let me live tonight.

Oth. Nay, an you strive—

Des. But half an hour—

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer—

Oth. It is too late. [*Smother's her.*] [*Emilia knocks, L.*

Emil. [*without.*] My lord ! my lord ! What, ho ! my
lord, my lord !

* This alludes to a scene always omitted in the representation.

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful:

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So—so—[*Stabs her with his dagger.*]

Emil. [*without, knocking.*] What ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*without.*] Oh, good my lord, I'd speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes—'tis Emilia.—By and bye.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more of moving!

Still as the grave!—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again—no!—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—

My wife! my wife! What wife?—I have no wife!

Oh, insupportable! oh, heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

[*Emil. knocks, L.*

Emil. [*without.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,

Oh, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee:—Oh, come in, Emilia.

[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA, L.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done?

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath killed a young Venetian,
Called Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo killed?—

And Cassio killed?

Emil. No, Cassio is not killed.

Oth. Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh, oh, oh!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Des. Oh! falsely, falsely murdered!

Emil. Out, and alas! it is my lady's voice! [*Goes to the bed.*]
 Help! help, oh! help!—O lady, speak again!
 Sweet Desdemona! oh, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. Oh, who has done
 This deed?

Des. Nobody: I myself. Farewell:
 Commend me to my kind lord—oh, farewell. [*She dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?

Emil. [*Advancing.*] Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell:—
 'Twas I that killed her!

Emil. Oh, the more angel she,
 And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was as false as water.

Emil. Thou art as rash as fire, to say
 That she was false. Oh, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did use her: ask thy husband else.
 Oh, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
 But that I did proceed upon just grounds
 To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
 If Heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
 I say, thy husband:—dost understand the word?
 My friend, thy husband—honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 Rot half a grain a-day! He lies to the heart:
 She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best—

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—

[*He threatens her.*

I care not for thy sword—I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives.

[*Crosses behind to L.*

Help! help! ho! help!

The Moor has killed my mistress! murder! murder!

[*Oth. goes up the stage and leans upon the bed.*

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO, L.

Mon. What is the matter?

Emil. My mistress here lies murdered in her bed!—

Oh, are you come, Iago? You have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;

I know thou didst not: thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie: an odious, damnéd lie!

Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio? Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress.

What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh!

[*Falling on the bed.*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [*Rises.*] Oh, she was foul!—

I scarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped.
I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief—an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O Heaven! O Heavenly Powers!
That handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,)
He begged of me to steal it.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By Heaven, I do not—I do not, gentlemen!

Oth. Are there no stones in Heaven
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!

[*Othello makes a pass at Iago—Montano disarms him.*

*Iago then stabs Emilia, and runs out, L. She falls
on the couch, L.*

Mon. [*To Gra.*] Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano, L.*

Oth. I am not valiant, neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die—I die! [Dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber:
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's* temper;—

* In the brook called *Sala*, the ancient Spaniards plunged their swords while not

[*Crosses to R. and fetches the sword.*
Oh, here it is.—[*To Gra., without.*] Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Enter GRATIANO, L.

Behold ! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh, vain boast !
Who can control his fate ?—'tis not so now !
Do you go back dismayed ? 'Tis a lost fear :—
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go ?

[*Goes to the bed.*

Now, how dost thou look now ? Oh, ill-starred wench !
Pale as thy sheets ! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl,
Even like thy chastity.—O curséd slave !
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire ?—
O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?—Oh, oh, oh !

[*Falls down by her.*

Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO *brought in by* ANTONIO *and* JULIO,
MONTANO, IAGO *prisoner,* MARCO *and* PAULO, L.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was Othello—Here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? Bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet—but that's a fable ;
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago, and Montano disarms him.*

from the forge ; and to the icy quality of the waters they were supposed to be indebted for their stubborn temper.

Iago. (L.) I bleed, sir, but am not killed.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fallen in the practice of a curséd slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For naught did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confessed his villainy:—
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
[To *Lod.*] Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not:—Here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here, another; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket, too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damnéd villain,
But that, belike, Iago, in the interim,
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. Oh, the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's? [*Pointing to the handkerchief bound
round Cassio's leg.*]

Cas. (L.) I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confessed but even now,
That there he dropped it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast ; and e'en but now he spake,
After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. [*To Othello.*] You must forsake this room, and go
with us :

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : away with him.

[*Exeunt Iago, Paulo, and Marco, L.*]

You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you—a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it ;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice ; then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unuséd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.—Set you down this :
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Smote a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus !—
Oh, Desdemona !—

[*Stabs himself.*]

[*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor ;
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of that hellish villain :
The time, the place, the torture,—Oh, enforce it

Myself will straight aboard ; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

ANTONIO. JULIO. EMILIA [*on the couch.*]
GRAT. CASSIO. OTHELLO [*on the ground*]. MONT. LODO.
R.] [L.]

THE END.

No. XXIV.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

A Farce.

IN ONE ACT.

BY JOHN MADDISON MORTON, ESQ.

Author of "Who's the Composer?" "The King and I;" "The Corporal's
Wedding," "Thumping Legacy," "Double-Bedded Room," &c. &c.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COS-
TUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK :

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1850

ROBERT STANBROCK

PRINTED BY JAMES WILSON

LEAD ME FIVE SHILLINGS

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS little comedy was originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, the 19th February, 1846. We are informed by the journals of the day, that it was received with much laughter and applause, and stamped with the unequivocal seal of success. The Queen and Prince Albert were among the distinguished persons present on the occasion of its first representation.

Like many of the most attractive afterpieces of recent date, "Lend Me Five Shillings" is borrowed from the French—it being a version of the little drama entitled "*Riche d'Amour.*" *Golightly* is the *Arnal* of the original.

The humour of this ingenious trifle springs from the hero's perplexities and mortifications, in consequence of the want of the inconsiderable sum of five shillings—a dilemma not altogether rare or improbable. To a superficial reader the plot may seem flimsy, and the incidents slight; but it will be seen, in the representation, that the nicest dramatic skill has been exercised in their contrivance and adjustment. Let any one, unacquainted with the effects and capabilities of the stage and the actor, and who, in reading this piece, may see nothing that any clever writer could not have dashed off in the course of a winter evening—let any one entertaining such a belief try his hand at dramatising occurrences equally ludicrous and common-place. He will find, that what struck him as the simplest and easiest of tasks, is in reality the result of the most elaborate processes of the imitative art.

This piece was introduced upon the American boards soon after its appearance in London—it being first played in this country at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre. It has since been frequently performed at nearly all our principal theatres.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Park, 1846.</i>	<i>Olympic.</i>
<i>Mr. Golightly</i>	Mr. Bass.	Mr. Holland.
<i>Captain Phobbs</i>	" G. Barrett.	" Nickinson.
<i>Captain Spruce</i>	" Crocker.	" Levere.
<i>Moreland</i>	" M' Douall.	" Clark.
<i>Sam, a Waiter</i>	" De Walden.	" Bleecker.
<i>Mrs. Major Phobbs</i>	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Mary Taylor
<i>Mrs. Captain Phobbs</i>	Miss Kate Horn.	Miss Roberts.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

COSTUMES.

MR. GOLIGHTLY.—Light claret-coloured coat, white waistcoat, and black pantaloons.

CAPTAIN PHOBBS.—Blue body-coat, black velvet collar, gilt buttons, white waistcoat, black trowsers.

CAPTAIN SPRUCE.—Blue dress-coat and black trowsers.

MORELAND.—Black dress suit.

SAM.—Blue coat, white trowsers, and flowered waistcoat.

WAITER.—Ditto.

MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS.—Pink and white ball dress.

MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS.—Blue satin, with white lace over dress.

Guests for Ball—Dress suits.

Old white over-coat and two old hats for Mr. Golightly to change on stage.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room adjoining the Ball-Room, at an Hotel. The Ball-Room is seen at back, through three large folding doors.—Chandeliers on the stage, and also in the Ball-Room, lighted. Doors 2nd entrance, R. and L., also doors R. and L. in flat—Table and Chairs at wing, R.—At the rising of the Curtain, a Quadrille band, heard from Ball-Room, in which two Quadrille sets are formed. Another set is also formed on the Stage, composed and arranged as follows :—MR. GOLIGHTLY and MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, with their backs to the audience.—Opposite to them, another couple,—at L. of them, CAPTAIN SPRUCE and MRS. CAPTAIN PHOBBS, and opposite to them, MORELAND and a Lady.—As the Curtain rises, Golightly and Mrs. M. Phobbs and their vis-a-vis, are dancing the last figure of a Quadrille.*

Mrs M. P. [To Golightly, as they are breaking up.] So you are really partial to dancing, Mr. Golightly ?

Goli. I positively doat upon it—and with such a partner I flatter myself I could dance till I dropped ; in short, most fascinating of women, 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of men.

Mrs M. P. You're quite eloquent, I declare ! [*Smiling.*

Goli. Nothing to what I should be, if I wasn't so dreadfully out of breath—Phew ! [*Fans himself.*

Mor. [To *Mrs. Capt. Phobbs.*] You surely cannot refuse the last request I perhaps shall ever make ?

Mrs C. P. Indeed, I must, for I cannot grant it without compromising myself !

Mrs M. P. [*Aside and observing them.*] Can it be as I suspected ?—but I'll not lose sight of them !

Goli. I assure you, my dear madam, I haven't words in my vocabulary to express my delight in meeting you again. [*Moreland and his partner enter the Ball-Room, through L.C. Spruce and Mrs. C. Phobbs retire a little.*] Might I be allowed ? [*Offers his arm to Mrs. M. Phobbs.*

Mrs M. P. No ; thank you !

Goli. May I press an ice upon you, or a bottle of ginger-beer ? [*Tenderly.*

Mrs M. P. I'd rather not ! [*Coldly.*

Goli. Shall we stroll through the rooms ? [*Offers his arm.*

Mrs M. P. I am too fatigued !

Goli. Then I'll run and fetch a chair !

Mrs M. P. I'd rather stand ! [*Annoyed.*

Goli. Oh !—may I claim this fair hand for the next quadrille ?

Mrs M. P. 'Tis already engaged !

Goli. May I enjoy the felicitous prospect of polking with you ?

Mrs M. P. [*Sharply.*] Mr. Golightly, I wish you to understand, sir, that I am engaged for the whole of the evening. [*Turns her back on him, and joins Capt. Spruce and Mrs C. Phobbs. Spruce bows, and enters the Ball-Room, c.*

Goli. [*After a pause.*] Now, I don't want to flatter myself, but I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I consider myself very ill-treated—the lovely woman has humiliated me—and with respect to the lovely woman's assertion that she's engaged for the whole of the evening, I look upon the lovely woman as having perpetrated a very considerable thumper : it's evident she means to cut me, in which case, the most manly course for me to adopt, is obviously to cut *her*. I'll do something desperate !—I'll go and drink a whole glass of British champagne !—I'll rush to the gaming-table and plunge headlong into the intoxicating whirlpool of sixpenny shorts. There she is : she sha'n't see the agitation of this swelling bosom—no, no, I'll hum a tune, if I die for it—la ! la ! la !

[*Goes out, dancing and singing, r.*

Mrs M. P. [*Watching him out.*] Poor Mr. Golightly, his devotion to me really deserves better treatment. Julia, one word.

Mrs C. P. Not now, sister-in-law, my husband is waiting for me.

Mrs M. P. Where is Captain Phobbs?

Mrs C. P. As usual, at the whist-table.

[Goes towards D. F. R.]

Mrs M. P. One moment, excuse a sister-in-law's anxiety—but this young man, this Mr. Moreland.

Mrs C. P. Well?

Mrs M. P. He seems very attentive.

Mrs C. P. He's very agreeable.

Mrs M. P. Then he's the more to be feared. [Earnestly.]

Mrs C. P. Feared! what, Cousin George? ha! ha! Oh, my good, sober, serious sister-in-law, if you only knew—ha, ha!

Mrs M. P. Knew what? speak.

Re-enter MORELAND from c., followed by CAPTAIN SPRUCE.

Mor. [Hastily approaching the ladies.] May I be allowed to conduct you to the refreshment room, ladies?

Mrs M. P. [With marked intention.] Thank you, sir, but Captain Spruce has kindly offered to escort us; he is tenacious of his prerogatives as Master of the Ceremonies!

Spruce. Decidedly tenacious!

[The two Ladies take his arm, and are about to go off, when Captain Phobbs enters from R. D. F.]

Capt. P. (R. C.) [Towards room, as he enters.] You shall have your revenge presently, gentlemen!—Ha! ha! Such a run of cards! three bumper rubbers in succession!—Ha! ha! [Putting money in his pocket.] Ah, Julia! [To Mrs C. Phobbs.] not tired of dancing already, eh?—I say, Spruce, I am not afraid of trusting my wife with you.—You're not the handsomest fellow in the world—ha! ha!—so just take her a stroll.—I've something to say to my sister-in-law, here.—Au revoir!

[Gallantly kisses her hand, and she goes into the Ball-room with Capt. Spruce. Moreland follows them, c.]

Mrs M. P. Well, brother-in-law, what have you to say to me?

Capt. P. Why, the fact is, I'm obliged to leave "The gay, the gay and festive scene—the halls, the halls of dazzling light"—in other words, I'm going home.

Mrs M. P. Home!

Capt. P. Yes.—A memorial to the Commander-in-chief, which I must send off by to-night's post.

Mrs M. P. Surely, you'll not leave your wife here alone, in a public Ball-Room.

Capt. P. [*Imitating her.*] "Public ball-room!" What of that?—I'll trouble you, or any one else, to find a more respectable assembly in the three kingdoms, than our Bedford Assize Ball.—Besides, she couldn't be alone while you are here!—And I dare say I shall be back time enough to take her home;—and if I ain't, somebody else will!—There's her cousin George, for instance, he'll be delighted, I'm sure!

Mrs M. P. [*Aside.*] Too delighted, I'm afraid!

Capt. P. But she must be home by twelve o'clock, not a moment later;—so good-bye.—I say, sister-in-law, you'll take care she has lots of partners, will you? and plenty of negus. Good-bye, I'm in a devil of a hurry!

Mrs M. P. So it appears, since you're going without your hat!

Capt. P. So I am, I declare!—Let me see, I think I left it in the card-room! [*Hurries out at door, R. F.*]

Mrs M. P. So, the husband is as blind as the wife.—However, as Julia is left under my protection, I'll endeavour to secure her from Mr. Moreland's attentions.—But how?

[*Reflecting.*]

Enter GOLIGHTLY, R.

Goli. Now I'm happy? my mind's at peace.—I'm a ruined man—for the rest of the evening!—I've lost every shilling I had in my pocket!

Mrs M. P. [*Seeing Golightly.*] Mr. Golightly! may he not be of service to me?

Goli. Ha! ha!—I can't help thinking of my unfortunate partner.—An elderly female, with a sort of a scarlet towel round her head!—She wanted to know if I wished to rob her—ha! ha!

Mrs M. P. [*Approaching.*] Mr. Golightly!

Goli. [*Seeing her—aside.*] So! [*Aloud and singing.*] "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls!"

Mrs M. P. I hope you are not angry with me?

Goli. [*Aside.*] Oh, dear! [*Sighing.*]

Mrs M. P. I hope you'll forgive me!

Goli. [*Aside.*] Oh, dear!

Mrs M. P. You can do me a great service.—Will you refuse me?

Goli. If I do, damme!—I don't mean that.—Command me, interesting female.—Command me!—What is it?

Mrs M. P. Simply, to afford me as much of your society as you can spare me during the evening, and to escort me home when the Ball breaks up.

Goli. Ye gods! [*Cutting a high caper.*] Madam,—I don't know if it's peculiar to me—but somehow or other, I am generally at a loss to say what I mean, when I can't find words to express myself.

Mrs M. P. I'll let you know when I wish to retire, and perhaps you will order a Fly!—Adieu for the present!

[*Goes into the Ball-Room, c.*]

Goli. It's too much—it's much too much!—a tête-à-tête with a one-horse woman, in a fly—I mean with a fly with a one-horse woman!—No, that's not it.—With a woman, in a one-horse fly!—I'll engage one directly.—I'll take it by the hour.—I'll give the coachman half a crown to drive at the slowest possible pace!—Perhaps for five shillings he'd upset us!—Oh! exstatic thought!—I'll about it this instant.—Oh, lud! [*Suddenly recollects himself.*] I forgot.—I have'n got any money!

[*Hastily searching his pockets, one after another.*]

Enter MORELAND, from c., down l.

Mor. Heyday! Mr. Golightly!—What's the matter?

Goli. Ah! come here! [*Seizes his hand.*] Sir, I seize this opportunity of declaring to you, on the honour of a gentleman, that there is nobody in the world for whom I entertain more unbounded esteem, respect, and admiration, than I do for you.—Lend me five shillings!

Mor. Really, Mr. Golightly, I'm exceedingly sorry, but—

Goli. Now don't say you haven't got 'em, because such is the peculiarity of my present position, that you must lend me five shillings—or two half-crowns, I'm not particular, whether you've got 'em or not.

Mor. Pshaw! will you give me an explanation?

Goli. No, but I'll sell you one—you shall have it cheap—five shillings.

Mor. Proceed!

Goli. You must know, then, I have discovered this evening, in this very room, a treasure, which I thought I had lost forever.

Mor. Oh, what, you had dropped something, eh?

Goli. No, Sir! a lovely woman!—A female I most devoutly doat upon!

Mor. And she's asked you to lend her five shillings—ha, ha!

Goli. Pshaw!—Listen; it is now just fifteen months since I went to Harrowgate to drink the waters!—Did you ever drink the Harrowgate waters?

Mor. Never.

Goli. Then you've a treat to come.—Such dreadful—Oh, lud! [*Rubs his stomach.*] Well, the first, and, by-the-bye, the last time I imbibed the horrible beverage—a lady entered the pump-room for the same purpose;—and while I was admiring the Christian resignation with which she swallowed the contents of a colossal tumbler—it suddenly came on to rain.—Did you ever see it rain at Harrowgate?

Mor. Never.

Goli. Then that's another treat to come.—Instantly offered my umbrella;—which was accepted!

Mor. Lucky fellow!

Goli. I don't know that—because being obliged to walk home in the rain, I caught a cold, which kept me incessantly sneezing for the next six weeks.—However, the next day, by the lady's permission, I called, for the sake of politeness; and, I'm not ashamed to own it, for the sake of my umbrella.—I was shewn up into the drawing-room, where the lady, taking me by the hand and leading me up to a sort of mummy sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, and muffled up to the eyes in flannel, like muffins at Christmas, said, my dear Major, will you thank the gentleman for his politeness?—Upon which, the aforesaid mummy grunted out, Sir, there's my hand—and there's your umbrella!—upon which, I was civilly shown down stairs.

Mor. And the door slammed in your face?

Goli. No, Sir, not slammed—but shut.—I flatter myself I know the difference between a slut and a sham.—I mean between a slut and a sham.—I should say between a shut and a slam.

Mor. And with this lady you fell in love.—A married woman, too.—Oh, fie!

Goli. I did.—I admit the enormity of my offence—but I did.—Judge, then, my delight at meeting her, after an

interval of fifteen months, at our Annual Assize Ball, this evening.

Mor. And her husband—the mummy?

Goli. Is certainly not with her, or she would not have condescended to request my escort home.—No, the “dear Major” is still drinking the Harrowgate pump dry; or else he has done the handsome thing, by leaving his wife a widow.—Now, as I think I’ve given you a good five shillings’ worth, I’ll trouble you for the money!

Mor. Really, I’m ashamed to say, I haven’t got so much about me!

Goli. Goodness, gracious!—And you call yourself a respectable member of society!—Sir, I’ve a contempt for a man that isn’t worth five shillings!—I despise a man without two half-crowns in his pocket.—But I must have a Fly; if I die, I must have a fly!—Oh, for a pair of pistols, loaded to the muzzle!

Mor. Good heavens!—what would you do with them!

Goli. Do with them! [*Violently.*] Why, I’d sell them for five shillings! [*Crosses, L.*]

Re-enter CAPTAIN PHOBBS from R. D. F.

Capt. P. I’ve found my hat at last, and now I’m off!—Holloa! Cousin George, are you tired of dancing, too, like Julia, eh?

Mor. No.—I have the happiness of being engaged to her for the next quadrille!

Capt. P. That’s right! [*Exit Moreland, c.*] Here, waiter!

SAM runs in, R.

Sam. Yes, Sir!

Capt. P. Get me a Fly! it’s raining cats and dogs!

Sam. Yes, Sir—directly. [*Runs out, L.*]

Goli. [*Observing Captain P.*] It strikes me, I’ve seen that head on a pair of shoulders, somewhere or other!—At any rate, whether I have or not, I’ll claim his acquaintance, and ask him to lend me five shillings. [*Approaching him.*] Ah, Thompson, my boy!

Capt. P. [*Drawing himself up.*] Sir!

Goli. Beg pardon, I should have said, ah, Smith, my boy; how goes it, Smith?—Give us your hand, Smith.

Capt. P. My name's not Smith, Sir !

Goli. Quite sure it isn't ?—Well, that's very odd.—You remember me ?—Eh, Robinson ?—Of course you do—Goli-
lightly !

Capt. P. Go to the devil !

[*Crosses, L.*]

Enter MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, C.

Goli. [*Gallantly advancing to her.*] Ah !

Mrs M. P. [*Aside to him.*] Hush—Leave me !

Goli. [*Aside.*] What's the matter now !

Mrs M. P. [*To Phobbs.*] So, you've changed your mind
—You intend remaining here ! [*Delighted.*]

Capt. P. On the contrary, I'm only waiting for this in-
fernal Fly. [*Looks off.*]

Goli. [*Aside.*] She knows the gentleman ?

Mrs M. P. [*To Capt. P.*] Surely, surely, this business
can be deferred till to-morrow ? [*Anxiously.*]

Capt. P. Not for an hour ! for, with decent luck, in less
than a week I shall be a Major !

Mrs M. P. Indeed ! Then success attend you, my dear
Major !

Goli. [*Aside, starting.*] Her "dear Major !" —Good gra-
cious ; can it be ! —It is—it must be ! —She's not a widow !

[*Captain Phobbs has gone off, L., and Mrs M. Phobbs
has re-entered the Ball-Room.*]

Enter CAPTAIN SPRUCE, L. C.

Spruce. Now, Sir ! allow me to introduce you to a part-
ner.

Goli. Come here ! — [*Seizes him by the arm and drags
him forward.*] Do you know that stout, elderly individual,
there ? [*Points off, L.*]

Spruce. Perfectly ! — A brother officer of mine !

Goli. Oh ! — His name ?

Spruce. Phobbs.

Goli. [*Aside.*] That settles it ! — I didn't know him again
out of his flannels ! [*Aloud.*] Phobbs' health good ?

Spruce. Excellent !

Goli. That's a pity ! — I mean, that's a comfort !

Spruce. He's married to a charming young wife !

Goli. I know he is, poor devil ! [*Conceitedly.*]

Spruce. Oh, oh ! — Sly rogue ! [*Poking him in the side.*]

Goli. Ha, ha!

Spruce. But don't let Phobbs suspect anything; he's as jealous as a Turk, and would cut your throat to a certainty.

Goli. [*Very quick.*] My dear sir, *I* shan't tell him!—and I'm sure *you* won't, my dear friend! [*Squeezes his hand.*] I say, *I*'m sure *you* won't!—You inestimable creature, you!

Spruce. I'm not the man to spoil sport!—So come along!

[*They go laughing, arm-in-arm, towards Ball-Room.*]

Goli. [*Stopping, and eagerly to Spruce.*] You'll take your oath you won't tell Phobbs?

Spruce. Pshaw!—Ha! ha!—Come along!

[*They enter Ball-Room through the C. at L. Immediately MORELAND and MRS C. PHOBBS enter through R. C.*]

Mor. Pshaw! cousin Julia!—I'd no idea you were such a little prude!—After all, what is it I ask of you! Merely to enable me, before my departure from England, which takes place to-morrow, to present to your worthy husband a portrait of his good little wife; as a slight return for all his kindness and hospitality to me.—It will be an agreeable surprise for him, and it is all that a poor devil of an artist like myself can do.—And see, [*producing miniature,*] it only requires half-a-dozen slight touches.

Mrs C. P. Well, but—

Mor. Exactly—I perfectly agree with you, that a public assembly room is not exactly the place for a lady to sit for her portrait.—But while the company are assembled in the large supper-room, we can easily occupy one of the smaller rooms. I'll then run to my room for my box of colours; and then, while you are picking the wing of a fowl—

Mrs C. P. You can catch the interesting expression! [*Imitating eating with her mouth full.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Then, since it must be so, come! [*Exeunt, R. D. F.*]

MRS. M. PHOBBS immediately enters, L. C., and sees them go out. She goes to R. D. F., and looks after them. GOLIGHTLY enters, C. from L.

Goli. I can't see anybody to lend me five shillings!—what a distressing position. [*Shouting.*] Will anybody lend me five shillings?

Mrs M. P. Mr. Golightly !—quick ! [*He runs to her.*]
 You see that lady and gentleman ?—Follow them !—Ob-
 serve them !—Then—no—[*pushes him away,*] that shall be
 my task ! [*Follows Moreland and Mrs C. Phobbs.*]

Goli. What very remarkable behaviour !

Mrs M. P. [*Appearing at door, R. F.*] Mr. Golightly !

Goli. [*Jumping round.*] Coming !

Mrs M. P. Remember !—I rely on your escorting me
 home ! [*Disappears, R. D. F.*]

Goli. Of course ! [*Comes forward.*] It's very easy for
 me to say of course !—but how am I to do it ?—I have it !
 —After depositing the charming Mrs. Major P. in safety,
 I'll tell the coachman to drive to my lodgings.—That won't
 help me much, either ; I sha'n't find any money there : at
 least, I didn't leave any ; and I don't think it's very proba-
 ble, that anybody would take the trouble of breaking into
 the house merely to leave their purse there !—Then I
 sha'n't receive my salary till the 24th ; and this only the
 3rd.—I can't keep continually riding about in a one-horse
 Fly for three weeks ; that would be ridiculous ! [*Looks in-
 to Ball-Room.*] Holloa ! the Ball's breaking up !—Good
 gracious !—Here, waiter ! waiter

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. Sir !

Goli. My hat—my great coat—quick !

Sam. Yes, Sir ! [*Runs out, L. S. E.*]

Goli. I know what I'll do !—I'll go down among the
 one-horse Flys.—I'll select the most benevolent-looking
 coachman of the lot.—I'll put him in possession of the pe-
 culiarity of my position ; and if he won't trust me, he shall
 have my hat and great-coat as security for his fare !—It's a
 spick and span new Taglioni—worth ten times the mo-
 ney !—A brilliant idea !—I wonder it never struck me be-
 fore !

*Enter SAM, with a great-coat over his arm, and two hats in
 hand, L. S. E.*

Sam. Here's your great-coat, Sir !

Goli. Make haste !

Sam. Now, Sir ! [*Helps him on with a very long,
 shabby, white great-coat.*]

Goli. Holloa ! this isn't my great-coat !

Sam. It's the only one left, Sir !

Goli. The devil it is !

Sam. Yes, Sir.—All the good coats have been gone this half-hour !

Goli. [*Hysterically.*] Ha ! ha !—I've been robbed !

Sam. There are no thieves in this house, Sir !

Goli. No, the thieves are gone.

Sam. You'd better keep it on, Sir.—I dare say it's a mistake.

Goli. A mistake !—Pooh ! do you think anybody *could* mistake a superfine, pea-green Taglioni, for a second-hand, long-tailed, whitey-brown thing like this !—My hat.

Sam. Is this it, Sir ?

[*Hands him a hat very much crushed.*]

Goli. [*Vociferating.*] No ! [*Flings it at his head.*]

Sam. Then this must be it, Sir.—These are the only two left. [*Hands him an old broad-brimmed white hat with a wide brim.*]

Goli. 'Pon my life, this is pleasant !

[*Puts on the hat, which is much too large for him.*]

Sam. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Goli. Get out, you ruffian ! [*Drives him off at back.*]
Catch me coming to a public Ball again !—What one-horse Fly proprietor, I should like to know, would advance an hour's drive upon such a hat as this ? 'Pon my life, matters are getting more agreeable every minute.

Enter CAPTAIN SPRUCE, from c.

Spruce. Was it you who betted five shillings on the last rubber ?

Goli. [*Aside.*] There's a bit of luck !—Ha ! ha ! [*Aloud.*]
Oh, yes, 'twas I.

Spruce. Then you've lost.

Goli. [*Aside.*] Ha ! ha ! ha !—Another agreeable little incident ! [*Aloud.*] Very well—very well !

[*With apparent unconcern.*]

Spruce. Then there's your ticket for the Ball, fifteen shillings.

Goli. Ah !—Anything else ?

Spruce. Yes :—Mr. Moreland's ticket ; which he said you'd pay for.

Goli. Delicious!—Go on, don't be shy!

Spruce. That's all.—Just £1. 15s.

Goli. Then lend me another five shillings, and I shall owe you £2.

Spruce. Very good—very good indeed!—I'm in no hurry for the money!—Any time will do.

Goli. Pay now!—have you got change for a £1000 note?

Spruce. I think I have.

Goli. [*Aside.*] Damn it!

Spruce. At least, I can get it.

Goli. [*Quickly.*] I'm in no hurry.—Any time will do.

SAM enters, L., carrying a tray with cakes.

[*Sees Sam.*] By Jove, I've an idea! [*To Spruce, familiarly taking his arm.*] Spruce, my boy, as I've nothing but £1000 bank notes about me, could you just lend me five shillings? [*Spruce looks surprised.*] Not for myself.—Not for myself.—No, but I wish to tip the waiter something.

Spruce. Certainly.—Sam! [*Sam runs to him.*] This gentleman begs me to give you five shillings.—There!

[*Gives money.*]

Goli. [*Aside.*] Confound it! hang it! dash it—damn it!

Spruce. Delighted to have it it in my power to serve you, sir.

Goli. [*Disgusted.*] Don't be absurd!

Spruce. Sir!

Goli. Nothing—thank you, my dear friend, thank you!

[*Exit Spruce, at c.*]

Sam. [*To Golightly.*] Thank you kindly, Sir.

Goli. [*Indignantly.*] Pooh! don't thank me.

Sam. Take a few cakes, Sir?

Goli. No, I won't—yes, I will.—[*Clears the tray of the cakes, which he puts into the pockets of the great-coat.*] Good gracious! the people are going. [*Looks off.*]

Voice. [*Without.*] Mr. Jones's fly.

Voice. [*Without.*] Mr. Jackson.—Miss Dobson and Mrs. Bumpus' flies.

Goli. The flies will all be gone.—Sam!

Sam. Sir!

Goli. If you'll lend me that five shilling piece I gave you just now, you shall have a sovereign to-morrow.

Sam. I was just a-going to give it to you back, Sir!

Goli. Thank you, worthy Samuel, thank you! [*Gives it*]

Sam. It's a bad one, Sir.

Goli. A bad one!

Sam. You know it is!—you call yourself a gentleman: for shame of yourself! [*During this, Goli. has been biting the five shilling piece, and ringing it on the Stage—he then, in a fury, flings it off—wing, R., a smash heard.*] There's a pane of glass smashed!—that's another five shillings!—ha! ha! ha! [*Golightly makes a violent dash at Sam.*]

Enter MRS. MAJOR PHOBBS, with her cloak, &c. on, from
R. D. F.

Mrs M. P. Where can Mr. Golightly be? [*Approaches him.*] Pray, Sir, are you acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Golightly?—if so— [*Golightly turns—she recognizes him, and bursts out laughing.*]

Sam. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs M. P. Everybody has left the Ball-Room.—Is the Fly at the door?

Sam. Lor, Ma'am, the flies are all gone long ago!

Mrs M. P. Mercy on me!

Goli. No such thing—don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. Major P.—I'll get a conveyance for you in a moment; I will, if I have to drag it here myself.

[*Runs out, L., followed by Sam.*]

Mrs M. P. Julia is not here,—she must have returned home—doubtless accompanied by Mr. Moreland. How provoking! I, that had so cleverly arranged that Mr. Golightly should accompany us both—but, late as the hour is, I'll see her on my way home,—I'll speak to her—reason with her.

Re-enter GOLIGHTLY, L., running.

Goli. Now, then, my dear Mrs. Major P.

Mrs M. P. Is the carriage at the door?

Goli. Not exactly—but what of that? The rain has ceased—the puddles are drying up—the little stars are twinkling.

Mrs M. P. Surely, Mr. Golightly, you would not have me walk home in satin shoes?

Goli. Why not? I'll carry you over the crossings.

Mrs M. P. Sir, once for all,—Sir, will you procure me a conveyance home?

Goli. Of course I will. Hilloa! There's something upon wheels driving past now. [*Shouts.*] Sam!

Sam. [*Without.*] Sir!

Goli. Stop that vehicle.

Sam. Stop that what, Sir?

Goli. That coach—carriage—cab—fly—cart—whatever it is.

Sam. Yes, Sir.

Goli. Now, my dear Mrs. Major P., I hope you are satisfied.

Mrs M. P. I should be very ungrateful if I were not.

Enter SAM, L. S. E.

Sam. The coachman says he must have double fare—it's past 12 o'clock.

Goli. [*Aside.*] Just my luck!—[*Aloud.*] Of course,—of course. [*Exit Sam, L.*

Mrs M. P. Now, Mr. Golightly. [*Takes his arm—he places his hand on hers, and kisses his fingers—she smiles.*

Goli. [*Aside.*] She likes it.

[*About to do it again, she withdraws her arm.*

Mrs M. P. You will be good enough to desire the man to drive us first of all to the Barracks.

Goli. To the Barracks!—at this time of—

Mrs M. P. Yes, Sir, I've a visit to pay there; I sha'n't keep you waiting more than half an hour.

Goli. Oh!

Mrs M. P. And from there, you'll direct him to drive me home.

Goli. And that is—

Mrs M. P. About two miles and a half beyond the Turnpike.

Goli. Oh! [*Aside.*] On a moderate calculation, about five miles from my lodging,—a three hours' job at the very least,—double fare, too,—pleasant,—but, as I'm in for it, I may as well go it.

Enter SAM, L., followed by a WAITER carrying a lady's cloak.

Sam. I tell you, it's all right,—you'll find the lady and gentleman in the small supper-room, No. 2.

[Waiter runs off, R. D. F.]

Mrs M. P. Eh! Surely, I can't be mistaken;—it was Julia's cloak; then she's not gone home yet.—It's impossible I can leave the house now.

[Hurries to R. D. F., and anxiously looks off.]

Sam. Mr. Golightly's one-horse fly stops the way.

Mrs M. P. *[Comes quickly down.]* Don't think me capricious, Mr. Golightly, but—if you have no objection—we'll remain here—that is, for the present.

Goli. Delighted!—Sam, send the fly away!

Mrs M. P. Yes, pay the man his fare, and let him go.

[Looks anxiously, R. C.]

Goli. Don't you hear, Sam,—the lady says you're to pay the man his fare, and let him go.

Sam. Certainly, Sir! *[Holds out his hand to Golightly.]*

Goli. Then let the man stop.—*[To Mrs. M. P.]* You may change your mind again! *[Gallantly.—Exit Sam, L.]*

Mrs M. P. That's very considerate of you, indeed! *[Aside.]* How to find an excuse for the apparent inconsistency of my conduct: I can't leave Julia here.—Ah, I have it!—*[Aloud.]* Mr. Golightly, don't you find that dancing gives you an appetite?

Goli. *[Aside.]* Now, what does she mean by that? Good gracious me! she can't want any supper.—*[Aloud.]* No, ma'am, quite the contrary!

Mrs M. P. That's very odd,—do you know, I'm vulgar enough to feel exceedingly hungry!

Goli. *[Aside.]* That's a pretty broad hint—it's a clear case! I'm in for a supper, as well as a one-horse fly.

Mrs M. P. Well, Mr. Golightly, since you press me so very much, I will take some refreshment!

Goli. *[Aside.]* Good gracious!—I'm sure I didn't press her the least little bit in the world!—Sam!

Enter SAM, L.

Of course, at this time of the night, it's out of the question asking for supper?

Sam. Oh, dear, no, Sir,—that is, if you have it here, Sir—all the lights are out in the supper-rooms.

Goli. [*Aside.*] My last hope's gone. [*Aloud.*] Then let us have something.—[*Aside to Sam.*] Something reasonable, you know.—A crust of bread and cheese, and pickle,—about a shilling's worth,—I don't mind fourteen pen-n'rth—

Sam. Only one charge here for supper, Sir,—seven shillings a-head,—however, I'll see what I can do for you, Sir.
[*Exit, L.*]

Goli. Seven shillings a head!—I keep getting deeper and deeper into it,—I sha'n't get off under a five-pound note, that's clear—and, as I haven't got it, I think the chances are about ten to one, that the landlord gives me in charge for swindling. [*Drives his hands into the pockets of the great-coat.*]—Hilloa!—what's that?—[*Rattles the pockets.*] Sounds like the chink of money,—and yet—[*Drives his hand down to the bottom of the pocket.*] it is!—a purse—ha! ha! filled with sovereigns,—ha! ha!—Jack's alive again!

Enter SAM, L., with a small tray.

Sam. I've managed it, Sir—crust of bread and cheese, and a pickle!

Goli. Who for, Sir?

Sam. For you, Sir—you said—

Goli. Don't tell me what I said, Sir,—I know what I said, Sir,—I said Champagne, Sir, and plenty of it,—Turkeys, Sir, and plenty of them,—Burgundy,—Partridges,—Lobsters,—Pine-Apple Punch—pickled Salmon,—everything,—look sharp,—be off. [*Pushes Sam off, L. S. E.*]

Mrs M. P. Oh, Mr. Golightly!—I really can't allow—

Goli. Not a word, I beg,—whatever I do, I like to do it in style,—bless you,—I don't care how money goes,—[*Aside,*] especially when it isn't my own!

Re-enter SAM, L. S. E.—goes and lays cloth, &c.—Moreland appears at R. D. F.

Mor. Waiter! [*Sees Mrs M. P.*] Ah! [*Disappears.*]

Mrs M. P. Ah,—Mr. Moreland,—'twas he!

Goli. [*To Sam, while taking off great-coat, which he puts over one of the chairs.*] You understand, young man,—every delicacy of the season!

Mrs M. P. [*Who has been hesitating near R. D. F.*] I will follow. [*About to do so.*]

Capt. Phobbs. [*Without.*] I tell you, she is here!

Mrs M. P. My brother-in-law—if he sees me, I cannot conceal my suspicions from him, and then,—ah!—in here. [*Runs into D. F.*]

Goli. [*Who has given directions to Sam.*] Now make haste.

Enter CAPTAIN PHOBBS, hastily, L. S. E.—Goes into Ball-Room, L. C., and returns, R. C.—Sam exits, L. S. E.

Come, that's settled, and now, my dear—[*Turns, and finds himself face to face with Capt. Phobbs, who looks at him for a moment, and then turns and looks in all parts of the Stage.*] [*Aside, L.*] Her husband! "The dear Major!"—Now, why couldn't the worthy man stop where he was, instead of coming here and interfering with his wife's little innocent recreations?

Capt. P. (R.) [*Coming back to Golightly.*] So,—Mr. Go—brightly!

Goli. Go—lightly, Sir.

Capt. P. You're still here—eh?

Goli. I'm not aware of being anywhere else!

Capt. P. Then, Mr. Go—slightly——

Goli. Go—lightly, Sir,—omit the S.

Capt. P. Yet stay—before I enter into particulars, allow me to give you an insight into the state of my mind.—Mr. Go—tightly!

Goli. Go—lightly, Sir,—I never *do* go tightly!

Capt. P. You see before you a man, furious with indignation, Sir,—literally boiling over!

Goli. Well, Sir,—I'd advise you to wait till you simmer down a little.—[*Aside.*] It's as well to appear cool and collected before people—but, I confess, I wouldn't have his wife show her face at this moment, for a very considerable trifle! But where can she have got to?

Capt. P. I see you are dying with curiosity to know what has excited my anger, which I consider both inquisitive and impertinent.

Goli. My dear Sir, you are mistaken;—I don't care one single straw about you or your anger either. You may boil all away, as far as I'm concerned.

Capt. P. Then you're a man devoid of feeling—Mr. Go—sprightly!

Goli. [*Shouting.*] Go—lightly!—d'ye hear—Go—lightly—[*Very quietly,*] don't let me have to tell you again.

Capt. P. Are you married, Sir?

Goli. Quite the contrary, Sir,—I haven't that happiness.

Capt. P. Happiness—he, he!—I'm married, and look very happy, don't I?—ha! ha! [*Grimacing,*

Goli. No, I can't say you do!—I never saw a more wretched looking object in all my life!

Capt. P. Ha!—ha! no wonder,—you shall hear!—I brought my wife here to the ball to enjoy herself, and shortly after went home.

Goli. I see!—you went home, that your wife might enjoy herself!

Capt. P. No such thing!—Well, Mr. Go—Go,—something or other,—I waited at home till 12 o'clock,—no wife—half-past 12—no wife;—so I came here after her, and they want me to believe that everybody's gone.

Goli. So they are,—arn't they, Sam?

Tipping a wink to Sam, who has entered, L. S. E., just before, with supper, which he places on table.

Sam. Yes, all gone, long ago.

Capt. P. [*To Sam.*] Zounds and the devil, Sir!—

Goli. [*Aside.*] Now he wants to pick a quarrel with the waiter!

[*Exit Sam, R. S. E.*

Capt. P. Then, Sir, you are alone here, eh?

Goli. I was alone, before you honoured me with your remarkably agreeable society.

Capt. P. Indeed!—then pray, Sir, how is it that the table happens to be laid for two?

Goli. [*Confused.*] For two?

Capt. P. [*Vociferating.*] Yes, Sir, for two?

Goli. [*Starting away.*] Don't shout in that dreadful way! you'll fracture your voice!—I had the table laid for two, certainly,—it's a fancy of mine—besides, a friend might drop in.

Capt. P. Well, that's civil of you,—very—thankye—thankye. [*Shaking his hand violently.*

Goli. Pooh!—pooh!—I didn't mean—

Capt. P. Hush!—[*Violently seizing his arm, and listening.*] I thought I heard—no—it's nothing.

Goli. You call it nothing!—You've dislocated my arm, that's all.

Capt. P. I say, I can't allow you to pay for my supper, though—

Goli. [*Indignant.*] Pooh!—a very likely matter!

Capt. P. Oh, very well,—if you insist upon it.

[*Sits at table.*]

Goli. Well,—ha!—ha!—delicious!

Capt. P. Now, then, sit down. [*Golightly, who is buried in reflection, takes no notice.*] Sit down, I say!

[*Banging the table with the handle of his knife.*]

Goli. There! [*Disgusted, and sitting down opposite.*]

Capt. P. What's here!—Partridges?—shall I cut 'em up?

Goli. Oh, bother—yes!—cut 'em up!

[*Turns from the table.*]

Capt. P. I can't let you pay for the supper, if you don't eat.

Goli. Oh, very well. [*Sticks his fork into the partridges, and putting them on his plate one after the other.*]

Capt. P. [*Bursting out.*] By Jupiter, if I thought my wife was deceiving me!

[*Flourishes the knife close to Golightly's face.*]

Goli. I wish, Sir, you wouldn't flourish your knife about in that absurd way!

[*Cutting Partridges.*]

Capt. P. Beg pardon.—[*Sits down.*] Only let me catch a man paying attentions to my wife, that's all! Ye Gods!

[*Starts up again, and flourishes knife more violently than before.*]

Goli. [*Jumping up.*] Put down that knife, Sir! I say, Sir, put down that knife, Sir!

Capt. P. I'd annihilate him!—as I do this!

[*Sticking fork into Partridge.*]

Goli. Waiter!

[*Jumping up and shouting with all his might.*]

Capt. P. [*Going to him.*] Sir,—I beg your pardon.

Goli. Really, Sir, you seem to have no other object in life than to beg my pardon.

Capt. P. Make some allowance for me.—I'm not uneasy without grounds,—for my wife is young and retty.

Goli. I know she is!

Capt. P. How the devil should you know?

Goli. I mean—I suppose she is—if she was old and ugly, you would not be so excited.

Capt. P. Ha! ha!—very good—ha! ha!

Goli. Ha! ha! ha! [*Capt. Phobbs suddenly stops Golightly's laughter, by placing his hand over his mouth.*]

Capt. P. Oh!—I swear I heard somebody in that room.
[*Points to door, R. S. E.*]

Goli. No such thing.

Capt. P. I tell you, I did. [*Breaks away from him, and banging the door open with his fist, runs in, R.*]

Goli. Oh, lud!—it's all over with me.—I wouldn't give a straw for my life! [*Sinks into chair.—During the last two or three speeches, Mrs. M. P. has come out of door, R. S. E. and observes; as soon as Capt. P. goes R. S. E., she advances hastily down.*]

Mrs M. P. [*Touches Golightly on the shoulder.*] Sir!

Goli. [*Jumping round.*] Come on—eh?

Mrs M. P. Hush—you must send him away instantly, —some pretext or other,—I care not what—but you must send him away!

Goli. It's very easy to say “send him away,”—but the man's a wild beast,—a Hyena!

Mrs M. P. It must be done, my happiness depends on it.—Ah! [*A loud crash of broken crockery.—Mrs. M. P. hastily runs through R. D. F.—at the same moment, Capt. Phobbs enters, followed by Sam, R. S. E.*]

Sam. But, Sir!

Capt. P. Don't tell me,—how should I see your infernal crockery in the dark!—put it down in the bill!

Goli. Pooh!—pooh! come, I like that.

Capt. P. [*To Sam.*] Go along—be off.—[*Drives him off, L. S. E.*] Well, she isn't there!

Goli. Then, my dear Sir, if I were in your place——

Capt. P. Well, Sir——

Goli. I should go home—have a bason of gruel, and go to bed.

Capt. P. Oh,—that's what you'd do.

Goli. I should, decidedly.

Capt. P. That's as much as to say, you've had enough of my company.

Goli. Very little of anything satisfies me!—besides, I

want to go to bed myself.—I've been dancing no end of Polkas, and I sha'n't be sorry to get into a horizontal position!—Ugh.— [Yawning and stretching.

Capt. P. Damn it, I won't allow you or any man to yawn in my face!

Goli. Then you'd better take your face somewhere else,—for I can't help,—yaw.— [Yawns.

Capt. P. I see, Sir, you want to pick a quarrel with me.

Goli. [Aside.] I'll see if I can't frighten him a bit.— [Aloud.] Dash my wig and buttons, Sir! [Starts up to him.

Capt. P. That's enough!—you shall soon hear from me.

Goli. The sooner, the better.—[Aside.] I'll shoot him as dead as a herring, and then marry his widow.

Capt. P. We'll have it out to-night, Sir,—in this very room, Sir,—pistols, as a matter of course, Sir.

Goli. No, Sir,—I beg your pardon—I don't look upon pistols as a matter of course, at all,—I prefer swords, Sir,—or foils,—suppose we say foils.

Capt. P. Pshaw!—Waiter!

Enter SAM, L.

My great-coat!

Sam. This is it, Sir.

[Helps him on with the white great-coat on chair.

Capt. P. I shall soon be back, Sir—d'ye hear, Sir?

[Exit, L.

Goli. Come, I've got rid of him at all events, and now I think the best thing I can do is to pay the bill, and be off. [Feels in his pockets.] Holloa!—he's taken the great-coat away with the purse in it.—Stop thief!—stop thief!

[Shouting at door, R. S. E.

Moreland. [Without.] Indeed,—it cannot be, madam!

Goli. Holloa!—holloa! [Retires, watching.

Enter, from R. D. F., MORELAND and MRS. M. PHOBBS.

Mrs M. P. A woman may be imprudent, Mr. Moreland.

Mor. Imprudent!—Nay, my dear Madam——

Mrs M. P. Silence, Sir; but however imprudent she may be, it ill becomes a man to compromise her.

Mor. Compromise!—ha!—ha!—my dear madam, if you will but hear me——

Mrs M. P. I'll hear nothing, Sir, till I have possession of that miniature!

Mor. There, my dear madam, you must excuse me.

Mrs M. P. I understand, Sir,—doubtless, the affectionate interest you take in the original, prevents your parting with it.

Mor. Put whatever construction you please upon my motive, madam, but with this miniature I will not part.

[*Going, L.*

Goli. [*Grasps his arm, and in a very faint voice.*] Mr. Moreland!

Mor. Well, Sir!

Goli. The original of the miniature you speak of—I tremble to ask it—it is—Mrs. Phobbs?

Mor. It is, Sir.

Goli. And you've a sneaking kindness for her?

[*In a tremulous voice.*

Mor. Hark ye, Mr. Golightly,—[*Crosses, L.*] I take a sufficient interest in the lady you have mentioned, to blow your brains out, if I thought you presumed to take any—you understand me, Sir,—farewell.

[*Exit, L.—Golightly sinks on chair.*

Mrs M. P. Now to remove Julia from the house. [*Perceives Golightly.*] Good heavens,—Mr. Golightly!

Goli. [*Lifting up his head—he is very pale.*] Where am I? [*Rises and falls on her shoulder, who in vain strives to make him stand off.*

Mrs M. P. I shall never forget your kindness, Sir, and should we not meet again——

Goli. Not meet again! [*Takes her hand and deliberately leads her down to the front.*] Not meet again! and is it for this, Mrs. Major P., that I lent you my umbrella, 15 months ago, at Harrowgate?

Mrs M. P. It was very kind of you.

Goli. Is it for this that I gave way to a degree of rapture on meeting you again, such as, I flatter myself, was totally unworthy of a rational being?

Mrs M. P. I'm sure I was not displeased at seeing you again.

Goli. Is it for this that I engaged a one-horse fly to take you to the Barracks, and then two miles and a half beyond the Turnpike?

Mrs M. P. And I admit it was very kind, I really feel—

Goli. Is it for this that I ordered supper, at seven shil-

lings a-head, and though last, not least,—is it for this, Mrs. Major P., that I got rid of Phobbs,—by insulting Phobbs, and promising Phobbs that I'd set myself up as a target for Phobbs to fire at?

Mrs. M. P. Good heavens,—a duel!—Believe me,—Mr. Golightly, should you fall, nobody would regret it more than I.

Goli. I beg your pardon, madam, but I think *I* should;—and now, madam, the sooner you reward the affectionate interest of Mr. Moreland, the better.

Mrs. M. P. Mr. Moreland!—are you mad?—I take no interest in Mr. Moreland!

Goli. Yes, you do,—I'll bet you five shillings of it, if you'll lend 'em me.

Mrs. M. P. What proof do you require?

Goli. There's only one will convince me—and, unfortunately, it is not in your power to offer it just now.

Mrs. M. P. What is it you mean!

Goli. That fair lily-white hand!

Mrs. M. P. [*Aside.*] He's popped the question at last. [*Aloud.*] There, Mr. Golightly,—take it. [*Offers her hand.*]

Goli. Eh,—no,—oh, joy,—rapture,—extatic moment!—
[*About to take it.*] and yet——

Mrs. M. P. How, Sir,—do you refuse it?

Goli. No—that is—I—[*Aside.*]—Good gracious! she can't seriously contemplate committing bigamy!

Capt. P. [*Without.*] I tell you, you shall come with me.

[*Mrs. M. P. hastily retires up to back, and meets Mrs.*

Capt. Phobbs, who enters from R. D. F., at the same moment Capt. Phobbs enters, L., with a pair of pistols, followed by Moreland.

Capt. P. [*Marches up to Golightly, and gives him a pistol.*] There,—and now,—[*Walks back, measuring.*] One—two,—three—fire!

Mrs. M. P. Stop! [*Comes down with Mrs. C. Phobbs.*

Goli. Yes, stop—by all means.

Mor. Really, Sir, this violent state of indignation, about a trifling dispute at a supper-table.

Capt. P. No such thing!—It isn't a question of a paltry supper at all, but of a lady, Sir, and that lady my wife, Sir—yes,—[*Shouting to Golightly.*] The waiter has told me all!—She was to have supped here, alone with you, Mr.

Go—sprightly, and that's why the table, Mr. Go—brightly, was laid for *two*,—Mr. Golightly; therefore, as I said before,—one—two—three—fire!

[*Measures, and presents pistol.*]

Goli. Be quiet!—[*With great calmness.*] I don't deny Sir, that I was to have supped here with a lady,—and a very charming lady,—[*Aside to Mrs. M. P., who nudges him.*] Don't be alarmed, I won't compromise you,—such a brilliant thought! [*Takes Mrs. C. Phobbs's hand, and leads her towards the Captain.*] Now, Sir, I should like to know what possible objection you can have to my supping with this lady?

Capt. P. Ha!—ha!—there, you hear!—he confesses it! [*Seizing and shaking him.*] Now, Sir,—one—two—three—fire!

[*Puts the pistol close to Golightly's nose.*]

Goli. [*Shouting.*] Waiter!—take this man away, and bring me a gentleman!

[*Goes to R. corner.*]

Capt. P. To Mrs. C. P.] Now, madam, what have you to say to this,—eh?

Mrs C. P. Simply, that I never remember to have seen this gentleman before; let that satisfy you, my dear husband!

Goli. [*Aside.*] Her dear husband!—he's got two wives!—I'll transport the aged delinquent.

Mor. [*To Capt. P.*] My dear Sir, allow me to explain the mystery;—if your jealousy must have a victim, why, egad, you must take me.

Goli. Certainly,—take him, by all means.

Mor. But, before you blow my brains out, allow me to assure you, that the few moments I passed alone with your wife, were devoted to a worthy purpose,—namely, to enable me, on the eve of my departure from England, to present you with this [*Giving miniature,*] as a slight return for your kindness to Cousin George.

Capt. P. My wife's portrait!—Well, thank ye, George! [*Shakes hands.*] Give me a kiss,—[*Kisses Mrs. Capt. P.*]—and you, too!

[*About to kiss Mrs. Major P.*]

Goli. [*Pushing him back.*] No—no—I won't allow it.

Capt. P. I am Major Phobbs' brother, Si

Mrs M. P. And I,—his widow!

Goli. Widow,—no,—say it again!—worthy man!—Let

us bury our little differences in each others' arms,—embrace your brother-in-law. [*Throws his arms round Capt. P.*

Mrs M. P. Brother-in-law,—nay, Mr Golightly; when I offered you my hand just now, you appeared to hesitate.

Goli. Just give me another chance,—that's all.—[*Mrs. M. P. offers her hand, which he eagerly takes and kisses.*] Now, if there's anybody here inclined for a bet,—I'll lay very considerable odds, that I'm the happiest fellow alive.

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. [*To Goli.*] The bill, Sir.

Goli. [*Aside.*] The devil!

Sam. Don't be alarmed,—it's paid!

Goli. [*Delighted.*] Paid!—[*Assumes an important air.*] And who, I should like to know, has taken the liberty of paying my bill?

Capt. P. Why, as I destroyed the supper, the least I could do was to pay the bill.

Goli. [*Pretends to be annoyed.*] Well, I don't like the sort of thing,—but, as it's done—it can't be undone!

Capt. P. Then suppose we all adjourn to Barracks. There's a fly at the door.

Sam. It's Mr. Golightly's.

Capt. P. Is it? then you can set us all down.

Goli. Of course—that is,—[*Aside.*] Now, really, this is a very awkward situation to be placed in! I don't like to apply to strangers;—but then—[*To Audience.*]—You are not strangers—I think I know a good many of you, and I'm sure you all know me,—therefore, if at any time you should see me in a dilemma, from which such a trifling amount would extricate me, I'm sure, not one here would hesitate for a moment to

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

Mrs. M. P.

GOLI.

Mrs. C. P.

CAPT. P.

R.]

L.]

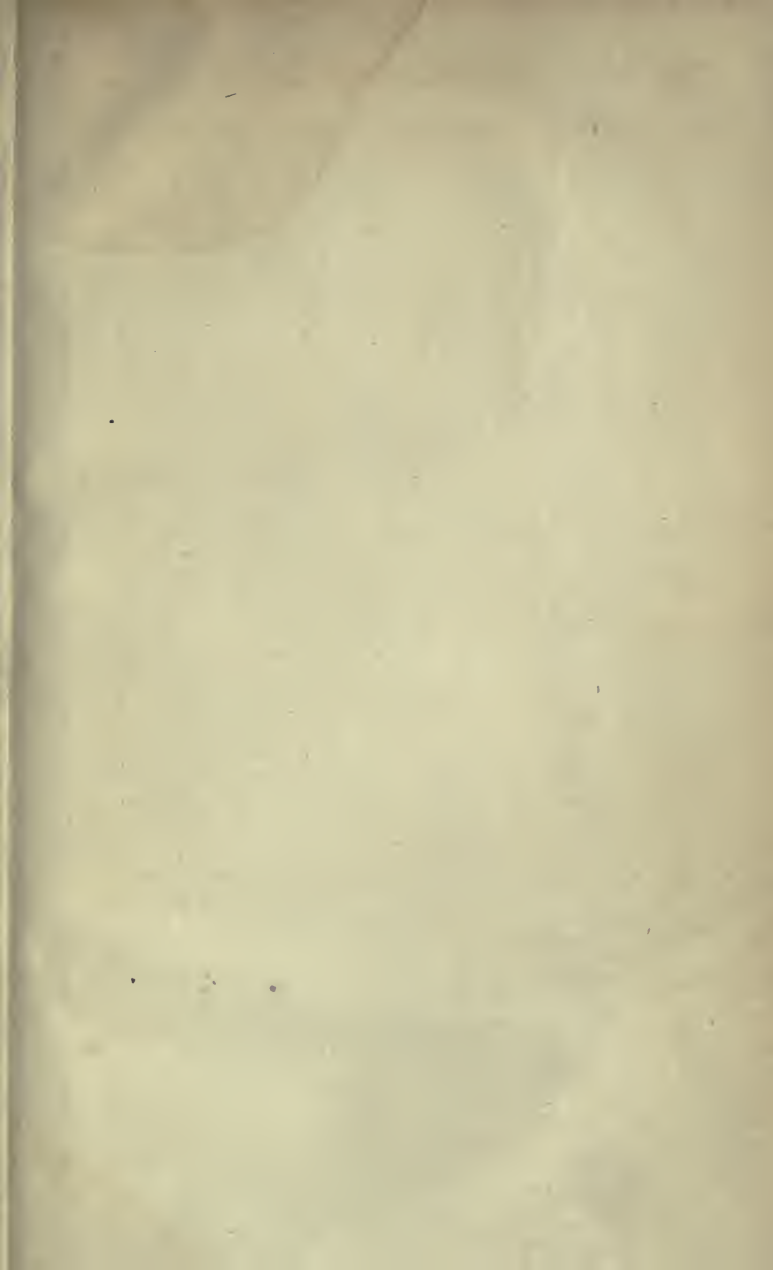
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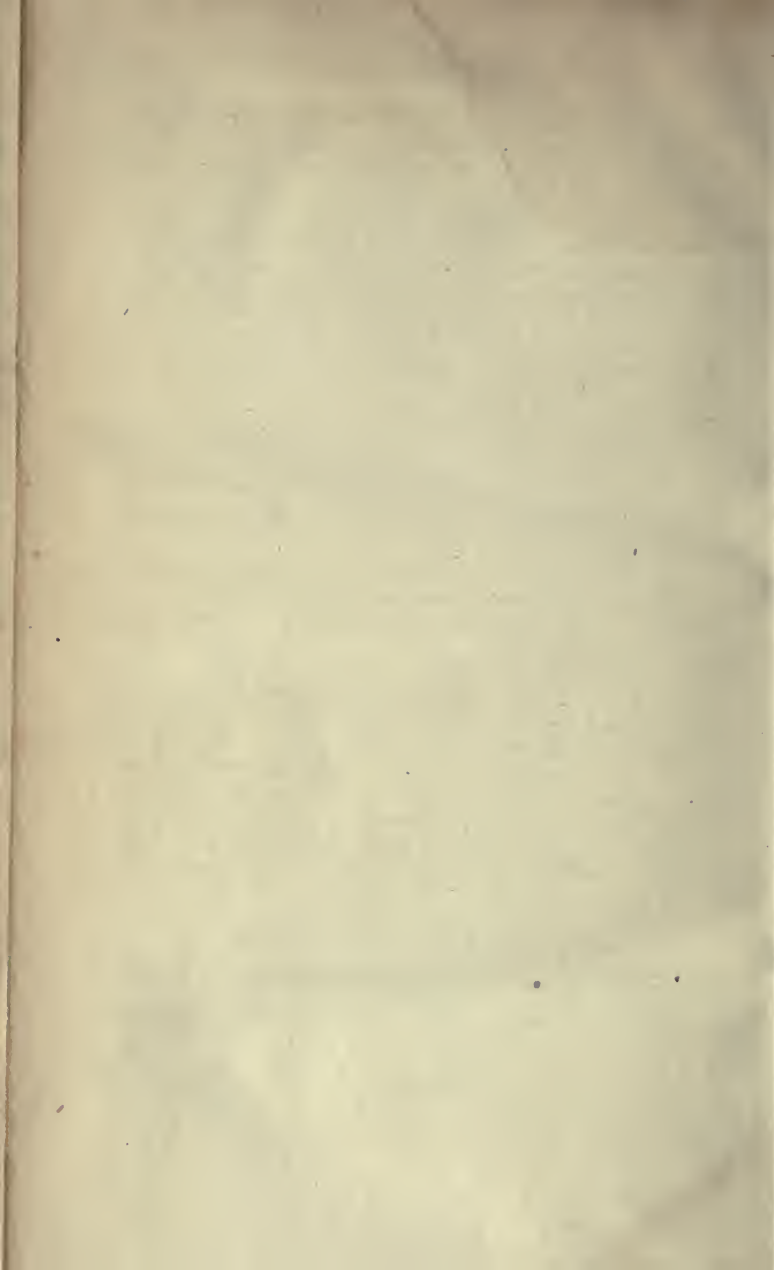
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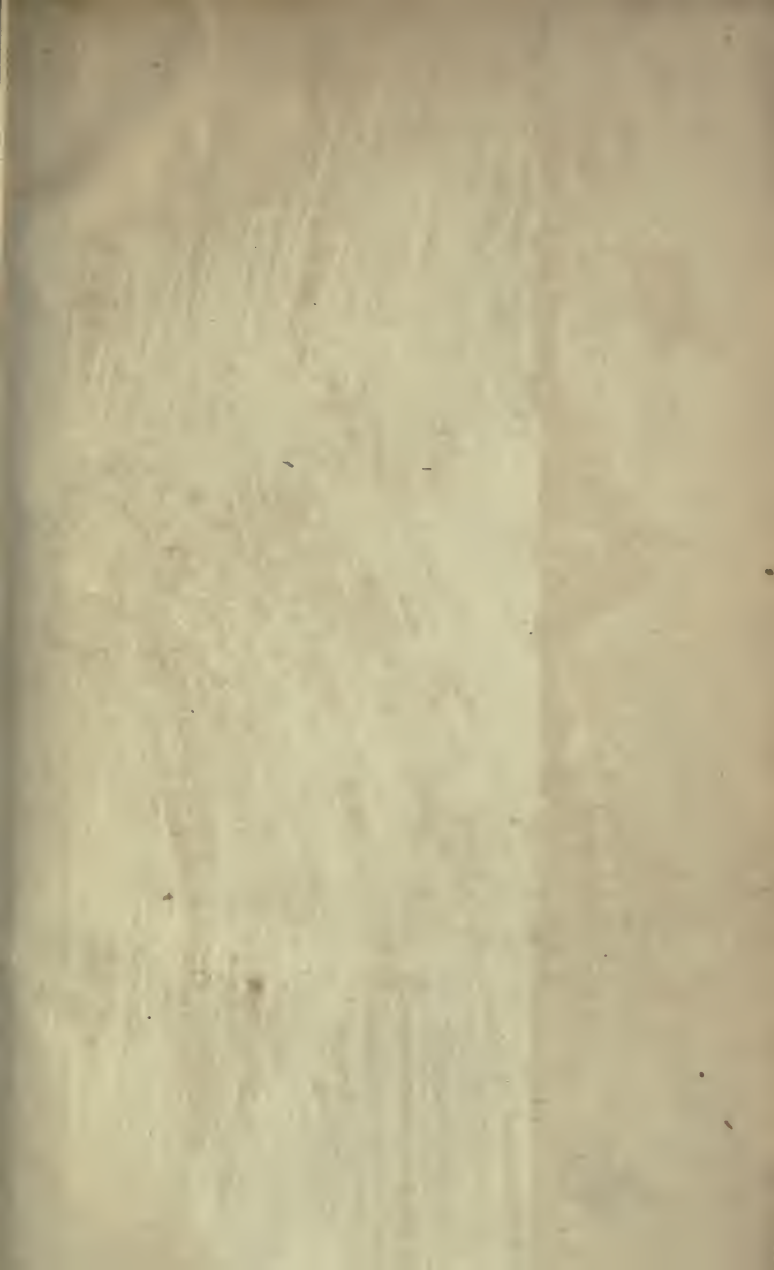
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